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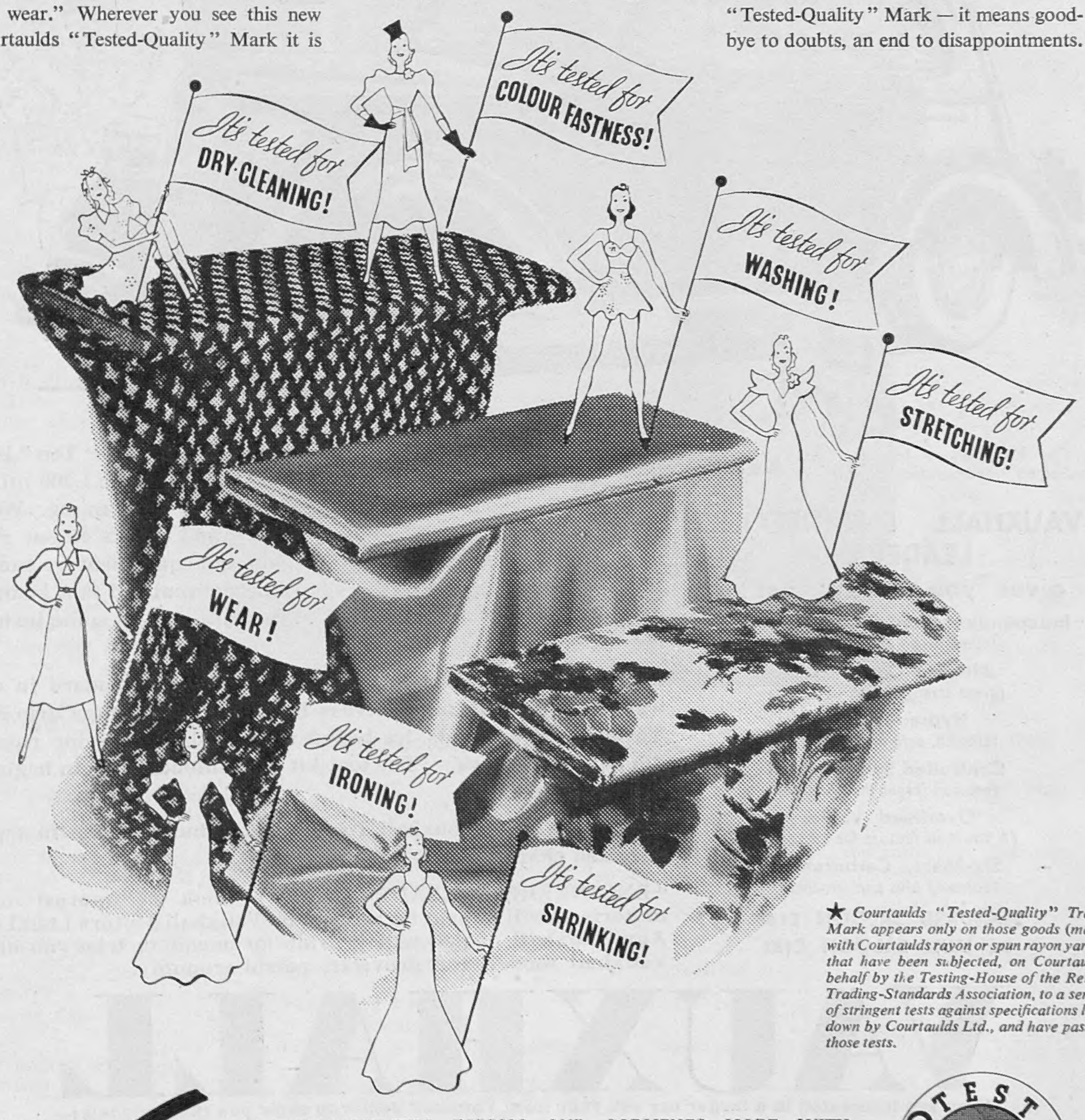
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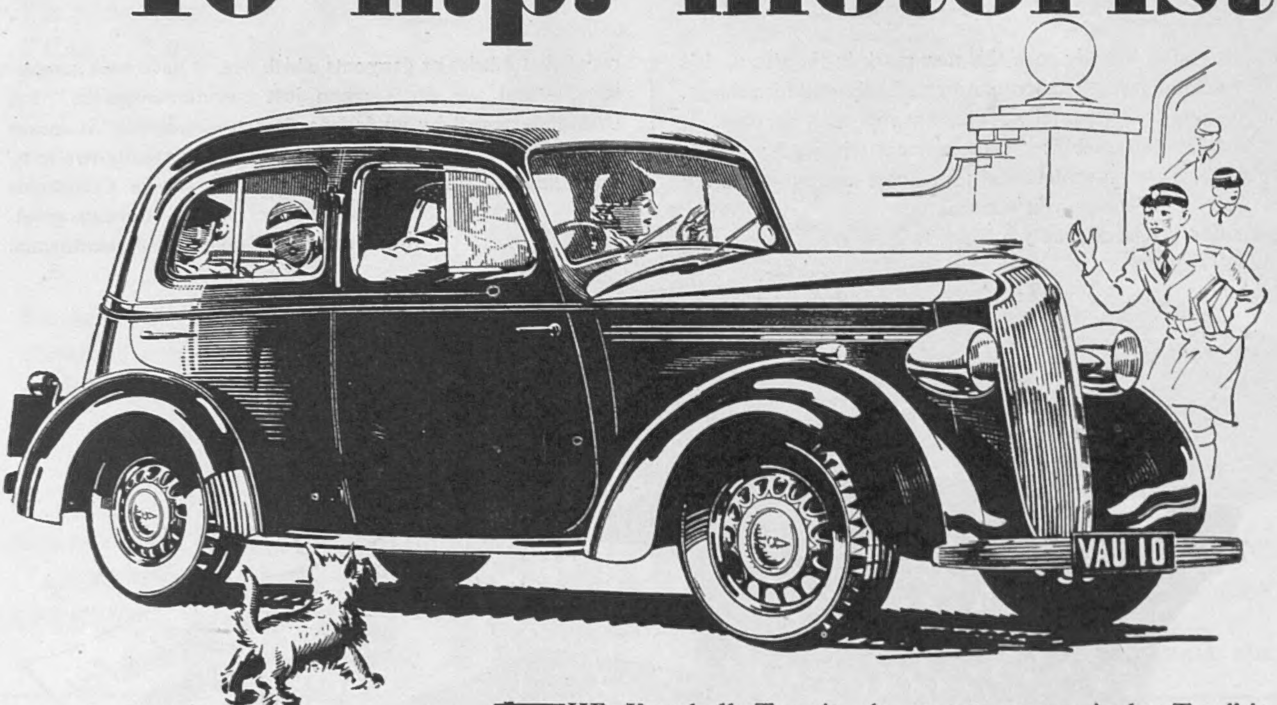

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 16, No. 6. JUNE, 1938

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by *Carl Shreve*

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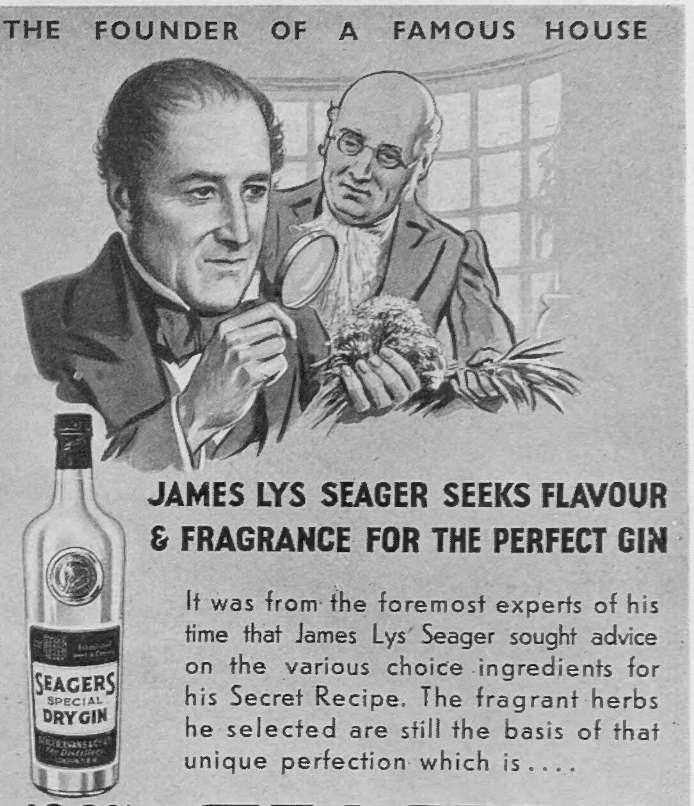

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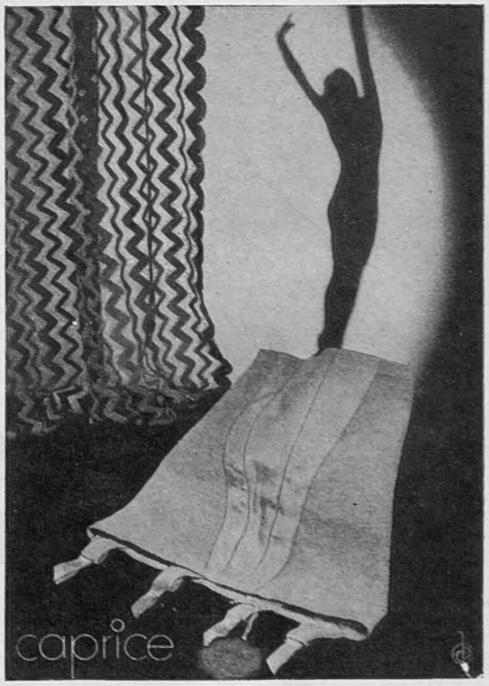

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Serbian Calendar)

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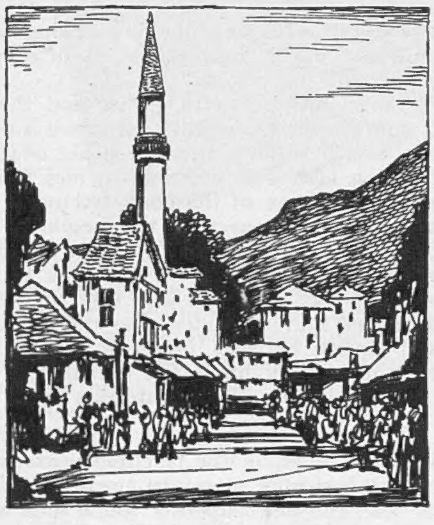


SCENE ONE

A bedroom in Ilidze, Austria-Hungary, through the window of which the early morning sun streams. Before a mirror a tall, strong-featured man is shaving. On the edge of the bed a plumply-pretty middle-aged woman is looking at herself in a mirror.

"It will be hot to-day," says the woman, "I think I shall wear my white. What do you think?"

"*Mein leibling ?*"

"I shall wear white to-day."

"Yes, yes," replies the man abstractedly. "Wear white. Hurry, we mustn't miss Mass."

The woman yawns.

"I wish to-day was over. Such a bore; always the same. Cheers, silly people waving handkerchiefs, and a ridiculous burgomaster, probably hating it as much as we do. Oh, dear, Franz!"

"As long as it's only a bore everything will be well. If——"

The man is brushing his hair now.

"—If we get safely through to-day I shall be grateful. You know what these Slavs are. God knows they have no better friend in all the Empire than I."

A knock at the door.

"Yes?"

"Ten minutes to nine, your Imperial Highness," comes a muffled voice.

The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary buttons into his tunic, gives himself a final inspection in the glass, picks up a feathered helmet and walks out of the room, wagging a finger at his wife, who is still gazing into her hand mirror.

SCENE TWO

Same time, six miles away at Serajevo. An elderly man is seated at breakfast. Outside the church bells are ringing.

"It's going to be hot."

"I think so," agrees the woman across the table.

"Hate these affairs when it's hot. Always hot, too. My uniform is getting so tight these days. Everything is always late, and when anything goes wrong I'm always blamed. Not my General Potiorek, he's never to blame. Always the Mayor. Another cup, please."

"What time do they arrive?"

"They are supposed to be here at ten-thirty. They are motoring over from Ilidze in Count Harrach's car. I meet them on the steps of the Town Hall."

"I think you're really very pleased about this royal visit," reproves the woman gently with a smile. "You are always saying that nothing ever happens in this part of the world. . . ."

"Nothing ever does," grunts the Mayor of Serajevo.

SCENE THREE

Same time, a small room with shuttered windows.

"Quite understood, then?" a small man is saying to a group of young men. "There must be no mistake. Three of you together in each spot. Don't lose your heads. And throw no bomb at the wrong car, as was once done. Quite clear now, Gavrilo?"

"Yes, Danilo Ilitch," says Gavrilo Princip. He is a weedy youth, with wild eyes and a pale face.

"I understand."

"So. All of you: and now here is the medal which the Black Hand presents to its loyal members. I have not spoken of this before to you, but the time has come."

From his waistcoat pocket he takes a little box, opens it, and to each of the six hands a small pill.

"What is this?" asks Nejelko Cabrinovic.

Danilo Ilitch smiles, shakes his head.

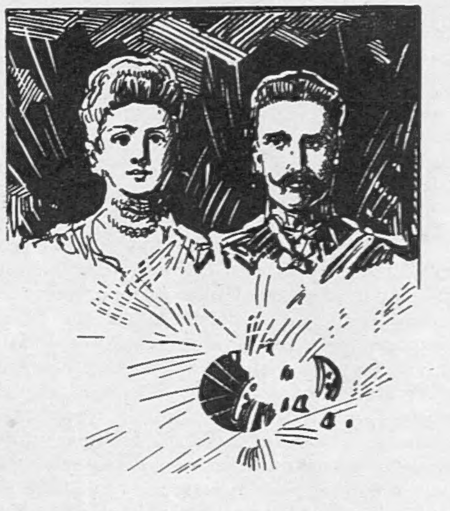
"Your escape. Cyanide of potassium. Remember. What you are doing now, you do for the sacred cause of Serbia, against the brutal tyranny of the Austrian invader of Serbian soil. To-day is the anniversary of the assassination of Sultan Mourad at the hands of our patriot Obelic! Immortal! So shall *you* all be immortal—if you do your duty!"

SCENE FOUR

The top of the steps of the Town Hall of Serajevo. Eleven o'clock.

The Archduke Ferdinand is in a rage.

"What does it mean?" he is asking the trembling Mayor. "What sort of a Serajevo reception is this? The Duchess and I have a bomb thrown at us—on a Sunday morning! Have you no police here? Vienna will hear of this. It is outrageous. I-I-I-I am very angry . . . I am . . . very angry. Now, come; read your address of welcome."



He fingers his collar, and, with the Duchess, walks into the Hall.

"What happened?" whispers one officer.

"A bomb was thrown, down the street. You didn't hear it? Fell on the hood of the Archduke's car, rolled off into the street and exploded just as the second car passed. Hurt lots of people."

"Who threw it?"

"Don't know. They got the man. He jumped into the river, but they saved him."

Music from inside the Hall, and then the playing of the Austrian National Anthem.

SCENE FIVE

Gavrilo Princip is standing on a corner of the Quai d'Appel. He is trembling so that he cannot grip the revolver in his pocket.

Everything has gone wrong; Cabrinovitch has been arrested; the four others have all deserted their posts; only Princip is left to save his country.

Cheering! Down the street a cloud of dust.

The police car first. What's happening? Why has that police car gone up that street? Should come straight along. The Archduke's car stops. Someone is shouting to the Archduke's driver not to follow the police car; it's taken the wrong road. Wrong road? Yes, confound you; back a little, then carry straight on. Is there room to back, sir? Yes, there is, says the Archduke; back, back, back just a little more.

Before Gavrilo Princip stands the Archduke's car. Perfect target at five yards range. Princip pulls out his revolver, aims it, pulls the trigger. Once, twice. . . .

Twenty minutes later both Archduke and Duchess are dead.

CURTAIN

My Years *in* Germany

Martha Dodd, the author of this article, is the daughter of William E. Dodd, American Ambassador in Berlin in 1933-1938. During that time she had exceptional opportunities of recording the political and domestic changes in Germany under the Nazi regime.

The Editor wishes it to be understood that the views expressed in this article are Miss Dodd's and not necessarily those of "Britannia and Eve."

THRUST from a pleasant, productive and quiet life in literary and academic surroundings to the glamour and intrigue of one of the most important countries in Europe was like coming from a peaceful, soft country scene to the flame and excitement of Broadway. My father was chairman of the History Department at the University of Chicago, and I was working on the literary page of a big newspaper in Chicago, writing occasional short stories and enjoying an average American life. His appointment as American Ambassador to Germany came as a tremendous surprise to all of us. We left Chicago in July, 1933, for Germany. I found myself the next moment in the most interesting international society of Europe, in a position of whose meaning and importance I had not the slightest notion.

I don't mind confessing that I was dazzled and that my dazzlement lasted for months. In a foreign country whose tongue and customs I did not know, among personalities who were forming the destiny of Europe, in a land whose beauty and variety are unmatched in Europe and whose people I loved instantaneously, I felt the challenge and brilliance of a world I had scarcely dreamed of. I was fascinated by the machinations, the jewel-like sophistication of the diplomatic corps, their powdered and perfumed lies. I really believed they were the heart of international policies.

With a different sensation I mingled with the Nazis and their famous leaders, some of whom have since disappeared. I felt that here was something fresh and eager, full of the dynamism of youth and dreams, frankness of heart and idealism. When I hear now the impressions of home-coming American tourists who have "done" Nazi Germany in a few weeks or months I can, as no one else, sympathise with and understand their enthusiasm. Because I, too, had the identical experiences. The streets were clean, the young people strong, the trains on time; order had been restored, the land was beautiful, the Nazis themselves models of courtesy.

BUT I stayed on four and a half years. I learned to know the men and women, the leaders and the simple folk over the whole country. I know the good impressions one inevitably carries away, but I know how these good things were effected, at what cost to the lives and spirits of human beings. After almost five years one is bound to penetrate below the surface. I learned that diplomacy is a heart-breaking game, not entrancing at all, but full of scheming and terrible boredom. I discovered that many of the leaders of the Nazi movement were not idealists but ruthless opportunists, prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, endangering the peace of the world and the prosperity and happiness of millions of people. I found out that espionage and terror are not words to be thrown lightly about in a fashionable drawing-room, but words that drain the blood from the heart of a man, weaken or destroy his soul.

In a few months the clouds began to gather and the air darken for me. A month after I arrived I witnessed a scene of brutality against a Gentile woman because of her relations with a Jew, which left a lasting impression on me, though I tried to minimise it in the face of the good I thought was being done. This led me to question the remarks and propaganda, unknown as such to me, I had so glibly accepted. I looked further and asked more questions. I began to read newspapers, magazines, books, to think and talk to people. I studied political moves and attitudes, the discrepancies between oratory and action, between promises and realisations. For the first time in my life I felt actual curiosity about economics and politics. These interests had not seriously held my attention before.

MOST people the world over, in the last five years, have become aware of the storms about to break upon the world. One cannot read the newspapers a single day without learning of new instances of cruelty or persecutions. War on a large and aggressive scale is ravaging two sections of the earth. It may break out any day in another. It is small wonder, then, that I, along with all the other slowly awakening people of my generation, living in one of the most important capitals of Europe, should wake up to the issues at stake. What I shall attempt to describe is by no means the last word or the fullest, but it is a sincere effort to analyse conditions in a country I love and whose people I feel close to, where the talk and thought of war are as food and drink and whose destiny is vitally connected with our own.

When I left Germany a few months ago the fear and tension of the population had reached a high pitch. Hitler, after having exhausted the working people and middle classes by taxes, lowering standard of living and insufficient wage, now begins a cautious campaign to exploit the rich. Industrialists talk and complain openly to people they trust of heavier and heavier taxes, of burdensome subsidies for export trade, of the growing lack of raw materials for their factories, of the expensive and uneconomic Four-Year Plan by which the German nation hopes in a few years to substitute all raw materials it now imports—thus becoming completely self-sufficient.

These business men and industrialists are caught up in the vortex of an economy expressed in the memorable phrase, "it is better to have cannon than butter." They realise that if heavy industry, arms for the most part, stops or appreciably decreases, they will have again the terrible problem of unemployment. And they also know that a huge war machine cannot remain idle and unused. But they are busier now than ever before and they still make their profits. They do not want war because they are afraid, whether victors or vanquished, of the economic bankruptcy that inevitably follows. Yet they do not want too many restrictions. They want a sane conservative government that will attempt no rash

experiments. They hope against hope that Hitler can keep frightening the other nations of the world to do his will without war; yet they realise that war is already raging and that England, France and Russia are not preparing formidable army and air forces for the fun of it.

Though the news of the Spanish war is utterly perverted, the common man nevertheless understands that after a year and a-half the end is not yet in sight. Unlike Mussolini, Hitler has not announced, through press and propaganda, Germany's part in this tragic struggle. But the news leaks out from all sorts of sources and there is not a man or woman in Germany who does not know his country is deeply involved, not so much in men as in arms and ammunition. The fact that this war is not yet finished creates a nervousness in all groups, Nazi and anti-Nazi alike. They fear that Europe itself is in constant danger of being caught up in the conflagration.

PEOPLE in Hamburg and Bremen see strange and camouflaged transport ships sailing for distant and unannounced ports. Someone has seen them loaded and the word speeds on through the whispering network, one of the few ways truth becomes known in Germany. Occasionally a mother or sister or relative will receive a curt note telling of the death of a loved one, killed for the fatherland in Spain. They are forbidden to mourn or to tell their friends. They *do* mourn and they *do* tell their friends. A woman in heavy mourning met a friend of mine, by arrangement, in the park. Through her weeping my friend heard the painful questions: " What was he doing in Spain? When he left he told me he was going to military camp." My friend explained to her that this excuse is often the only one the leaders can use. They have had cases of desertion; for instance, only a short time ago when two aviators refused to carry through their commissions and deserted on the way, remaining in Vienna. Then the woman added, " We read in the newspapers that communism must be wiped out in Spain. But what business is it of ours to 'stamp' out communism so far away? What (*Continued on p.132*)

UT OF BOUND
TO
BRITISH TROOPS
DANSE DU
VENT

NIGHTS OUT

by

NEGLEY FARSON

Decorations by J. Nicolson

I HAVE puttered about Chinatown off and on for twenty years, trying to find one of the heroines of Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*. And one night I did.

It was in the chop suey dump across from Charley Brown's place. The one where you see all the trunks in the doorway with the labels AMSTERDAM on them. Amsterdam, because it is illegal now to sign on a Celestial crew in any British port; so the ships go across to Holland to recruit them. This has caused a great drop in the permanent population of London's Chinatown. That, and the dope-death of a well-known war-time actress (a great favourite of the Royal Air Force) in Brilliant Chang's place, which is right around the corner from the East India Docks. When the Gaiety girl died Scotland Yard made a dope-raid and hundreds of Chinese were deported as a consequence. Brilliant Chang made his get-away and got out to China where, I hear, he went blind and they took all his money away from him. At any rate, very few Chinese remain in Limehouse to-day (probably less than two hundred), and those who are left are very much prized by their white wives or the white girls they are living with.

It was the Police Court Missionary himself who told me that John Chinaman makes the best husband on earth—he is so faithful.

WELL, closing time in Limehouse for drinks is ten o'clock, and I had come out of Charley Brown's—that Hollywood director's dream of what a waterfront pub should be—and gone across to the chop suey place for a last cup of tea before going up to the West End. I was sitting with a girl called Rosie. I had never seen her before, but she was sitting at the only empty table in the room, and Rosie, she said, was her name. While I was sitting there a girl came up and threw her arm around Rosie's shoulder.

"Honest, Rosie," she said, "you *know* I loved that man!"

"Yes—and what did you do to him?" sneered Rosie.

"Listen, Rosie. . . . You know I was received everywhere in Chinatown once—pukka poo dens, fan tan, Charley Brown's—there was no place that Pearl couldn't go. Making a good steady five pounds a week, I was—*wasn't* I, Rosie?"

"You was." Rosie turned to me. "Fancy—*she gave all that up for him!*"

Her tone was not sarcastic; just the opposite. Pearl wasn't paying the wages of sin; she was paying the price of having gone straight. She had met a Limehouse man, fallen madly in love with him—and left the streets. Since then, as she put it, she had worked her fingers to the bone for him.

Then one day Pearl found out what everybody in Limehouse knew before her—her man was two-timing her.

THE life and lustre seemed to have gone out of Pearl's fair hair. Her face was swollen from days of weeping. She clutched a blue coat around her neck; and whatever she had on underneath did not look buttoned. Rosie was embarrassed by this maudlin confession and shrugged her shoulder to shift Pearl's arm away.

"Honest, Rosie, I didn't mind getting bashed about a bit—we expects that; and when he come home and began to slosh me that night—I took it. But he was so drunk he didn't know what he was *saying*. . . ! He told me everything. Her name! . . . He *laughed* at me. . . . And—do—you—know—what—I—did . . ?"

"Yes—we all knows what you did."

"I don't mean that—I mean what I did *first*?"

L'ECHO DE PARIS

THE AUTHOR ADMITS IN THIS ARTICLE THAT HE HAS SPENT A CONSIDERABLE PART OF HIS LIFE AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT IN A SEARCH FOR THE EROTIC AFTER DARK. HE DECLARES IT IS THE MOST FUTILE PURSUIT KNOWN TO MAN, BUT HE WILL ALWAYS KEEP ON WITH IT.

" Well, you tell *'im,*" said Rosie.

" This is what I did "—Pearl thrust her pale face close to mine and tried to fix me with her blue eyes. " This is what I did. . . . I waited—I waited until he was in a snooze. . . . And then I took all his clothes off him. Yes . . . I took off *all* his clothes. Then I piled them in a little heap right on the floor. . . ." Pearl sighed.

" Then . . . " she said, " do you know what I did ? I went out on the landing. I sung out : ' Girls . . . hello, girls . . . do you want to have a ripping time ? ' And when they come I told them to go back and bring all their scissors. Yes. . . . And do you know what we did then ? We cut up all his clothes into *teeny-weeny* little bits . . . *tenny-weeny* little bits. . . ."

Pearl measured with a little finger-nail, deeply " in mourning," to show how small they were. Rosie snorted :

" Yes—and *then* what did you do ? Tell 'im *that* ! You *informed* on 'im—that 's what you did ! You went out into the street and you got a *policeman,* didn't yer ? Yes—and you got your man sent up for *five years for arson* !—didn't yer ? Didn't yer ; you ————." There was no need for Rosie to supply the missing word.

Pearl's tears shot out so suddenly that some of them fell on my shoulder before I could pull away from her. She had her arms around both of us by now. She wouldn't let go.

" Honest, Rosie," she sobbed, " I 've been rehearsing every night what I 'm going to say to that man when—when he gets out."

" Oh, shove off," said Rosie, jerking her shoulder loose. " You 'op it ! Me and this gentleman want to talk together."

" ' REHEARSING what she 's going to say to him when he gets out ! ' " mimicked Rosie. " Not 'arf, she will ! "

Two engineers from an American ship came in in blue dungarees, noticed the three sea-gulls tattooed on Rosie's ham-like bare arm, and made an impolite remark about them. Rosie replied by pointing at their straw hats and shouting : " Looks like we 've got a 'eat wave comin' ! "

When the laughter had died down over Rosie's victory and the Yanks' discomfiture, I said to Rosie : " But why won't she have a chance to say what she has been rehearsing every night — what 's the matter ? "

" Why," said Rosie, " she 'll never even set *eyes* on that man again ! Soon 's his time 's up they 'll march him straight into a ship and send him home. He 's a Chink, you know."

THAT is the only authentic gem I picked up in some twenty years of night-prowling around London's Chinatown. Its sequel was, perhaps, even more startling. For when an American turned up from Chicago, with the usual comment : " Let 's see some life," I told him this tale and took him down to that lifesaver in such instances, Charley Brown's. " Why—there 's the girl herself ! " I cried.

Pearl was dancing with two sailors. When she had finished I drew her over, under the stuffed calf with two heads, and told her this story about herself, but—" Oh," she said—" you mustn't call me Pearl. My real name is Gudren Olsen—I am a Norwegian, really."

In Berlin, Paris, Rome, London, etc., when holding down my newspaper job, I had the invariable stream of home-towners drop in, always demanding :" Let 's see some life." They were always hopeful ; I was always pessimistic. The saddest two weeks of my life were when I was given an assignment (in 1926) to write the night-life of Paris—in cold blood ! The paper did not want any debunking articles ; it wanted hot stuff. These were the days when Kiki reigned at the Jockey Club, when Middle West " hobohemians "—who were always going to write a book or paint a picture—spent all their time talking about it before the Dome or Café Rotonde ; when White Russian officers, dressed as Cossacks, tried to drag you into the door of every jingling café on the way up to Montmartre. A fortnight of this, coming home with the vegetables every morning—and I was only saved from suicide by the British General Strike.

(*Continued on p* 94)

Mr. Carl Shreve at work in his Chelsea studio, with his charming wife and Congo, the Scottie.

THE artist responsible for the design of this month's cover, Mr. Carl Shreve, has been chosen specially by the Editor to paint a series of colour designs in oils which will depict the girl of to-day in various forms of activity and sport. Mr. Shreve is a noted artist, journalist and world traveller who believes there is nothing quite so fascinating as travel. Thus he is an intrepid seeker of the romantic adventure of distant horizons which often entices him to the far-flung corners of the earth, where he interprets the lives of the people in note and sketch.

Mr. Carl Shreve with a snake-charmer in India.

Mr. and Mrs. Shreve in Bali.

Down in Witch's Hollow

THE vast moorland, desolate, bleak, spread about the boy and made him afraid. Since early morning he had travelled and it seemed that the character of the countryside would never change. Fantastic isolated tors; hummocky ground riven by narrow leats; sombre ling and vivid gorse. Mile after mile of it. And overhead a sky which dropped dank mists to shroud the horizon.

As the road lifted and swerved towards Brookablack Tor the lad's pace slackened. There were stone circles there, prehistoric monoliths of evil shapes. And the mist was thickening. Cottestone Prior seemed almost desirable.

Then he went forward again resolutely.

Yonder, in the unseen distance, would be the broad white road leading down to Plymouth and in that seaport, he was sure, a boy, very young but eager to please, would find a ship that would take him away to the other side of the world.

Yet those great stones, menacingly erect, were dreadful to pass and the fallen ones were strangely like dead bodies.

Then, faintly from the distance, came to his ears the clip-clippity-clop of horses hooves.

The small fugitive ran from the centre of the road, but was too terrified to flee into the moors. Even the hatred of Cottestone was preferable to the gnomes and hobgoblins which those weird little dells and crannies promised. Sure that he was being pursued he took bread and cheese from his satchel, cast it away. Maybe it had not been missed and he would escape being reminded that Cottestones were not thieves.

Down in that place of *Ghosts,* Roger *found Peace* and *Happiness*

By

Alan Hyder

Heart-broken he stood and faced back along the road.

Through the mist Slowey, the grey mare, tip-tapped towards him. On her Blenkins sat awkwardly, his striped black trousers rucked to display white socks. He rode up and dismounted with difficulty, eyed his captive sourly. "Led me a dance you have, young Roger," he grumbled. Then, "Ache, I shall, to-morrow."

Roger was silent. He would not pretend to be sorry.

Blenkins bent and tightened Slowey's girth, hoisted himself into the saddle again and leant down with outstretched hand, but the boy stood away and he kicked at the mare with elastic-sided boots, caught Roger's arm, swung him up on to the pommel.

Slowey turned and went homewards eagerly.

The serge of Blenkins sleeve rasped the boy's neck, his breath, sweetly rich with alcohol, fanned his cheek. Dust had percolated his shoes and his feet were sore. He was tired and would have been so glad to go back to a home where he was wanted, loved. Tears welled slowly.

A sorry finish to the adventure planned for so many weeks past!

Had he the Cottestone courage he would have set off over the moors, escaped. But then he would have been a Cottestone, at home, happy, wanted.

Blenkins twisted him as he reached behind for a bottle, lifted it and drank. Then, fortified by the spirit, he allowed Slowey to break into a gentle trot. Unlike the boy she was eager to get home. Blenkins was no horseman and Roger, hating horses as he hated most all the things Cottestones loved, was jolted heavily up and down. One bare knee chafed red on the pommel. The moor, so different in detail yet so similar in its vastness, rolled past and the road which had taken him so long to travel that day shortened rapidly.

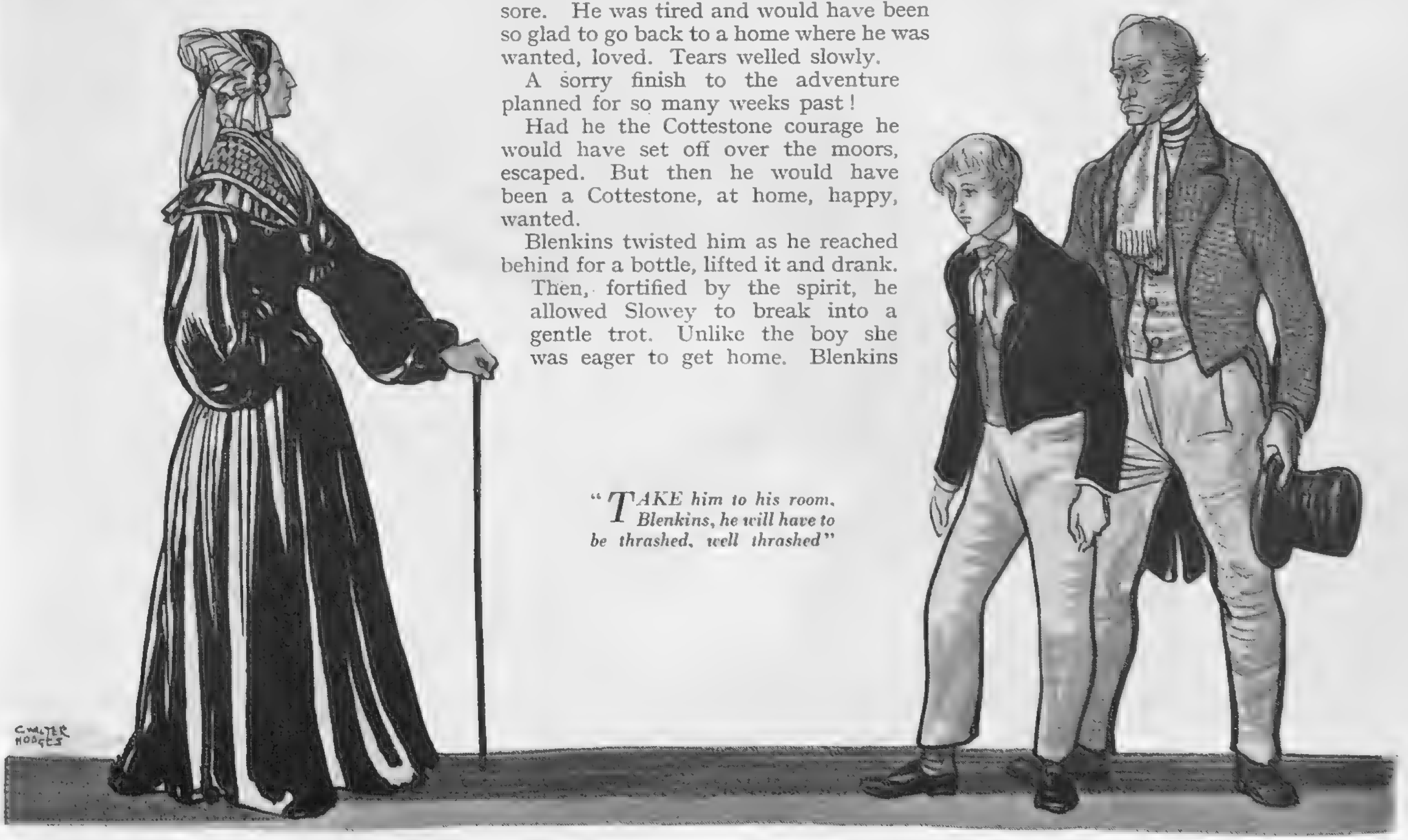
THE mound on which Cottestone Prior stood, came into view through the mist, and when they entered the village clustered about its base bare-armed women came to cottage doors, children ceased their shrilling, stood following with curious gaze the progress of the riders. Roger, staring down at Slowey's withers, knew they went over the cobbles but he did not look about him. And his eyes shut tightly as they climbed towards the Prior. From the manner in which he was pressed back against Blenkins he knew that they ascended the steep rise and passed the gate lodge, and he felt Slowey pull away towards the road branching off to the stables, then they halted and he was lifted down.

He was home again.

The huge grey stone entrance and nail-studded door fronted him formidably. Marsh came running to take Slowey and Blenkins caught the boy's arm, marched him up the steps. In the hall the man bent and tidied himself, thrust down his rumpled trousers, smoothed his jacket, and said expressionlessly:

"You'd better wait here."

Roger stood flinching from the dogs



"TAKE him to his room, Blenkins, he will have to be thrashed, well thrashed"

which snuffled about him and watched Blenkins at the Blue Room door. The man entered and then in a few moments which seemed such a long time to the frightened lad, emerged and stood straightly to one side.

"Sir Roger," he called primly, "Her Ladyship will see you now."

Blenkins crossed the hall as the boy did not move, dragged him to the door, thrust him inside.

The room, with an oriel window at the far end, was a vast space and Roger, as the door closed behind him, took an involuntary step backwards, his hands feeling for the handle. Then he took courage and looked at the old lady sitting in the recess by a work table. But she did not look up at him and sat silently for a while.

Then, "Come over here, Roger," she said coldly.

The boy's lips parted as though he prayed, but he could not stir.

"Come here, sir!"

Roger moved then, went timidly across the room and stood trembling before the chair on which his grandmother sat. Her needle stabbed the embroidery and she laid it carefully aside, looked up. For one brief instant they held each others eyes. Then she glanced away.

"Well?" she asked softly.

A little white dust from the road dropped about the boy's shoes.

"We are to have no explanation or excuse?"

Roger forced his attention from the window. "You know," he muttered.

"What do you mean, sir?"

Roger burst into a torrential explanation that accused hotly. "You hate me," he cried. "You don't want me here. So I ran away." And because he knew the aversion with which his grandmother regarded tears they were always close to the surface when she was near, and they flowed now. He could do nothing to check them and scarlet shame came into his cheeks. He dashed at his eyes with his coat sleeves.

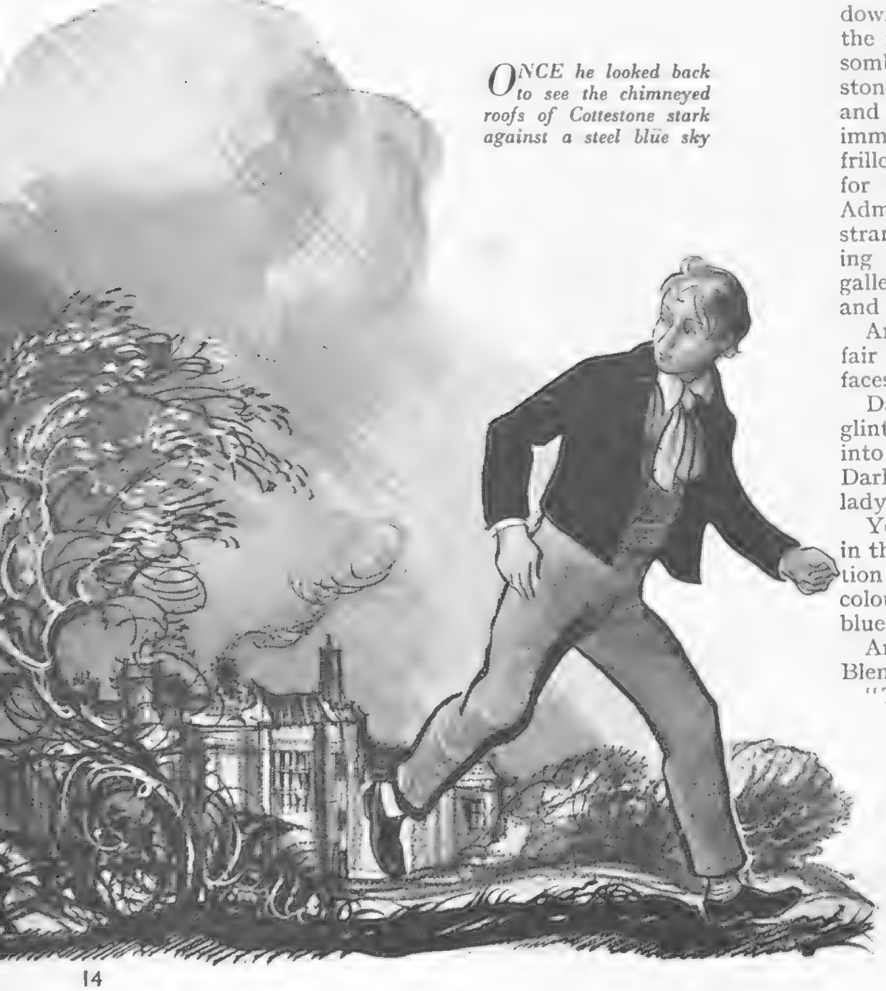
"You are eleven," she said scornfully. "A Cottestone should be beyond tears at that age."

That brought despair into Roger's eyes and dried them. "I would not have come back if Blenkins had not fetched me," he sobbed. "Why did you send him after me?"

"Do not be foolish."

"You hate me here and you won't let me run away."

Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges



ONCE he looked back to see the chimneyed roofs of Cottestone stark against a steel blue sky

"This is your home."

"It isn't. I don't belong to Cottestone."

"Cottestone belongs to you."

Lady Cottestone rose and, paced the room. Her tall, thin figure was clothed in black, and the silver-headed ebony stick on which she leaned slightly, rapped angrily on the floor. She paused before the window and spoke, not looking back.

"You will not be punished for this escapade. But I will have you locked in the gallery for an hour. You will stay there, alone, amongst Cottestones. Endeavour to realise that you are one."

"Oh, grandmother—" Roger felt the uselessness of his appeal and choked it off despairingly.

Lady Cottestone crossed the room and tugged the bell rope by the great Adam's mantel. Blenkins entered treading softly.

"Take Sir Roger into the gallery. Lock him in there until six o'clock. Then he is to have supper and go to bed. Be locked in his room. I will say good-night now, Roger."

The old lady sat and concentrated again upon her needlework. She did not look up as Blenkins led the boy from the room. At the door Roger stopped, looked back.

"Good-night, grandmother. I am—" Whatever it was he intended to say faltered, and died as he saw her unrelenting figure sitting coldly erect.

Blenkins followed Roger along the corridor to the west wing. At the gallery he stood aside and Roger went in slowly, not turning as he heard the door lock.

THE long stretch of parquet flooring shone dully in the darkening afternoon, and at the far end glinted scarlet and gold and blue from the Gainsborough Cottestone. Staring down miserably, Roger saw all along the floor, colours brilliant and colours sombre. Reflections of painted Cottestones. Haughty ladies in farthingales and ruffles. A stern old dame in an immense crinoline. A dainty maid in frilled pantalettes. And the men. But for two, one in the uniform of an Admiral of the White and the other, a strange intruder in the magpie colouring of the Law, were military. The gallery was vivid with uniforms, orders and decorations.

And there was no light hair or fair complexion in all those painted faces!

Dark, saturnine features, deep set glinting eyes like sloes, black hair smoothed slickly, tortured into intricate whirls and curls, or hidden beneath powdered wigs. Dark were these pictured Cottestones, dark like the stern old lady sitting down there in the Blue Room.

Yet the last of the line, the small figure standing tragically in the corner by the case, holding General Sir Blakeney's collection of china, was startlingly blond. His tousled hair the colour of sun-burned wheat, his tear-stained eyes holding the blue of Devon seas. An intruder among these pictured ancestors.

And in the Blue Room Lady Cottestone was frowning at Blenkins.

"The boy is all right?"

"Yes, my lady."

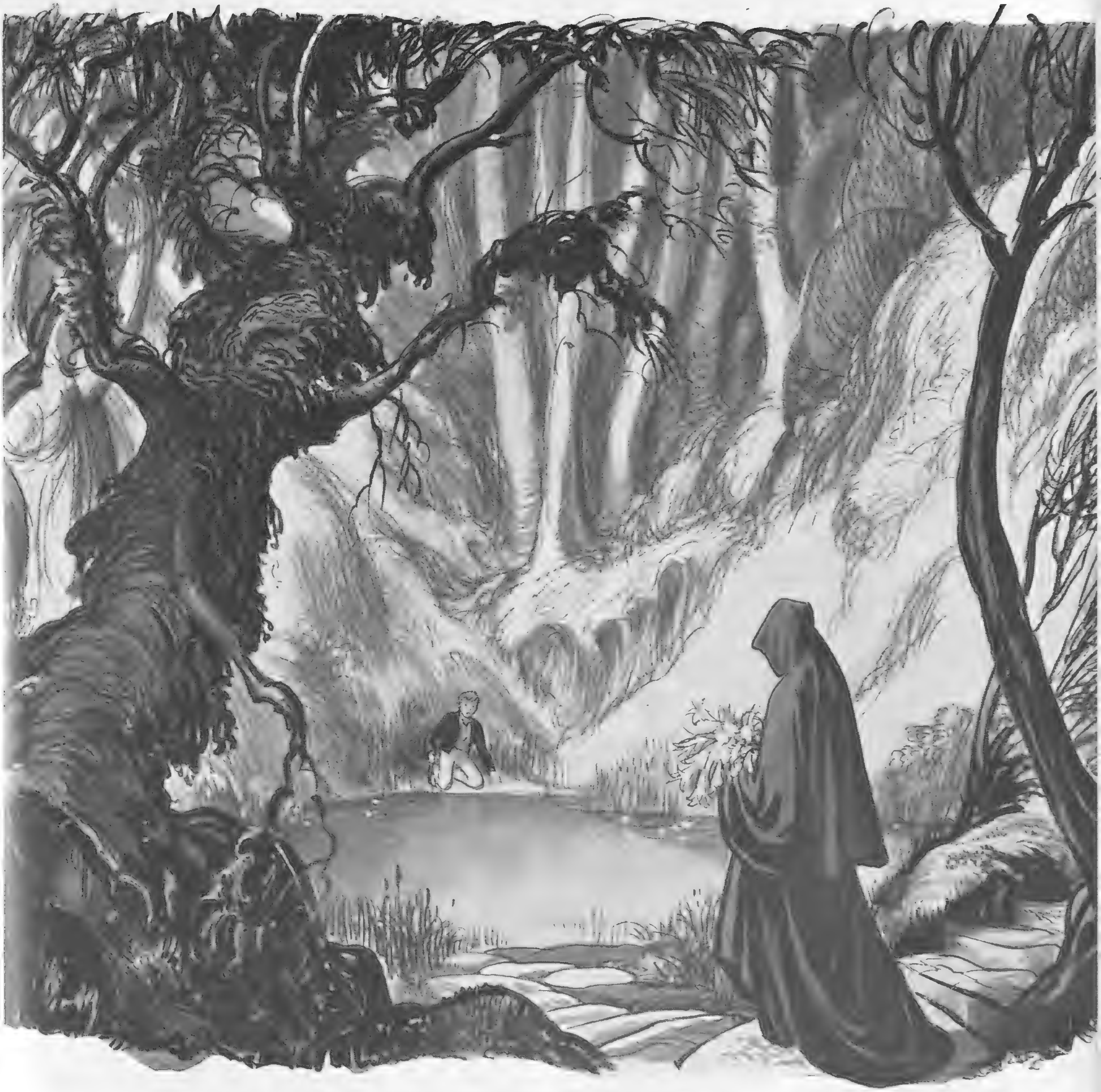
Her thimble tapped irritably. "You are certain—certain that he had no knowledge of what—what to-day is?"

"Yes, my lady. It is not general knowledge in the servants hall. I have been so careful. Marsh and Mrs. Gifkins and——"

"Yes, yes. But for the boy to abscond to-day. To-day!"

"Purely coincidence, my lady."

Blenkins nearly moved restlessly. That long ride had



A TALL hooded figure stood at the far side of Witch's Hollow. In one hand was a staff. In the other was a sheaf of white flowers

left him aching and he longed to retire to his pantry, take off his boots and have a drink.

"If—if——"

"My lady?"

"I was going to say—" Lady Cottestone spoke as if the words were forced from her. "Blenkins, am I unkind to the boy?"

"My lady! Of course not. He is well treated."

"Sometimes I— Oh!" Lady Cottestone reached for her stick and it struck the floor once sharply. "There is nothing of the Cottestones, nothing of my son in the boy at all. He is all that—wicked trollope who——"

Her voice quivered and died away. When she spoke again her voice was smooth, cold.

"I will see that Roger's heritage is safely kept. If I am spared I will see that Cottestone waits for him when he comes of age. But that is all. I can force myself to do no more for the boy than that."

Blenkins fidgeted.

"You will see that he has a good supper?"

"Yes, my lady."

"I wish. Oh! how I wish that—" Lady Cottestone began, and shook her head. "That will be all, Blenkins."

"Thank you, my lady."

Blenkins turned and padded softly away. From the door he asked:

"There will be nothing——"

A splintering crash interrupted him.

"What was that?"

"It came from the gallery, my lady."

"Roger?"

Lady Cottestone's work tumbled to the floor. She came out into the hall. Fumbling for the key Blenkins led the way, and she stood impatiently while he opened the door, then pushed him aside and entered.

Before the Gainsborough Cottestone Roger stood, defiantly, his legs astride. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes held the brilliance of tears beneath the rebellion. Fragments of the Ming vase he had hurled violently littered the floor, and glass from (*Continued on page 127*)

The Sûreté

Intimate Details *of the* French "Scotland Yard"

THE Sûreté National is situated in the rue des Saussaies, adjoining the Ministry of the Interior. It was rebuilt and modernised in 1934

FROM the moment King George and Queen Elizabeth tread French soil until they retread British in the form of the gangway of the war vessel bearing them back from France, their Majesties will be under the perpetual observation of *fins limiers* (No. 1 detectives) of the Sûreté National.

This famous forerunner of Scotland Yard is more than usually on its mettle, for two reasons. No one has forgotten what befell the last king who went on a State visit to France. And the Sûreté has been roused by the negative twist that has been given by "politics" to some of the best and most important work French detectives have ever done. One refers to the nation-wide C.S.A.R. pro-Fascist and terrorist plot to bring down the Republic, which the Sûreté revealed in all its nakedness, only for the whole blackly criminal affair of the Cagoulards or hooded men, to be latterly as good as pigeon-holed.

A sensational trial and appropriate sentencing would, in the view of the powers-that-be, only divided France still more bitterly, while the evidence that would inescapably have to come out, would only further anger and alienate a certain foreign power whose identity every French schoolgirl knows.

Plans for intensive control over foreigners living in France, may lead to the immediate expulsion of a large number of undesirables, were studied at a recent meeting of the French cabinet.

M. Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, examined the best methods by which the machinery of supervision of foreigners may be improved, and a decree will be shortly issued.

ONE of the rooms of the Sûreté National in which 10,000,000 dossiers relating to living or not long deceased persons, are filed for reference

Left:
ONE of the latest captures of the Sûreté was the tracking down and arrest of Weidmann. He is seen at Versailles prison

Steps Out

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Orders were given to the Sûreté National and the Prefecture of Police to revise their list of suspects and undesirables and to submit them to the Ministry. As a result of this two hundred and twenty foreigners were ordered to leave France.

The system of expulsion is also being reformed and steps taken to see that undesirables cannot return to France.

The assassination of King Alexander revealed much laxity on the part of Sûreté officers detailed from Paris to Marseilles to protect the royal visitor. These controlling officers laughed at fears expressed by the local Sûreté branch and authorities, refused to ask for the military to line the route, refused even the last-minute offer of a police cyclist patrol of twenty to surround the royal car as it progressed—yet if this patrol had been accepted, the assassin could never have reached the running-board whence he fired.

Since then a broom has been busy and that there will be no such grievous sins of omission at the end of this month, in Paris, is clear from information elicited at the rue des Saussaies, rebuilt and modernised headquarters of the Sûreté, adjoining the Ministry of the Interior. The King and Queen will use a deep-seated, bullet-resisting outsize Renault car without running-board; troops will line the route on each big occasion when progress is slowed down; and a numerous motor-cyclist patrol will at all times entirely surround the royal vehicle.

IN more normal times there would not be the slightest anticipation of an attempt on such a democratic sovereign couple as ours, save by a lunatic, but the forthcoming State visit is recognised as having high significance in a crazy Europe, whose tension can easily breed unbalanced "exalted ones," and on that account an exhaustive sieving of the French capital's 400,000 aliens is already well advanced, while all new arrivals from abroad are being subjected to close scrutiny which will be intensified as the date of the royal visit approaches. Scotland Yard is aiding by supplying its list of international anarchist suspects, as it will also assist the Sûreté by the presence in Paris of a dozen of our No. 1 detectives.

THE detectives, Poignant and Bourguin, of the Sûreté National, who arrested Weidmann, the murderer. They were given the highest award in the force for their bravery—a gold medal

SERVIC
DES
ETRANGER
OUV

M. MONDANEL, Director of the Sûreté National being made an officer of the Legion of Honour, for his services to the State

The French authorities are thankful the number will not be more, remembering, as they do, the muddle that supervened when other sovereigns arrived in the past with scores of their own secret police (even as the dictators journey to-day). The worst was on the occasion of the late Tsar's last visit. Over a hundred "plain-clothed men" accompanied him, standing about wherever the Tsar happened to be, with the result that, their faces being quite unknown to the Sûreté men, and their attitude being highly suspicious, they were constantly being arrested and marched off despite their violent though unintelligible protesting.

Not for years has the Sûreté had such (*Continued on page 98*)

The Escape

Sadie had had many affairs, but when she met the Real thing she . . .

By Holloway Horn

THE manager of the Java branch of his father's firm met Peter Warley as he came ashore at Batavia. The company's headquarters were fifty miles away—a couple of hours in John Ashden's car—and by the time they got there he felt he was going to like the boy.

"He's just down from Oxford," Sir John Warley had written. "He's accumulated more clotted nonsense there in the guise of 'ideas' than I thought possible. But contact with reality will probably knock most of them out of him. I shall be extremely glad if you will keep an eye on him for me."

"It's a new world, Mr. Ashden," Peter Warley said as they turned into the compound. "The colours are wonderful!"

"Good! I hope you like it. Anyway, here we are. I'm a bachelor but you'll be fairly comfortable here for a while. The office opens at eight o'clock in the morning, by the way."

"How grisly!" Warley smiled.

"It's too hot to work in the afternoon," the manager explained.

"I shall adjust myself, I hope. When are my books likely to be here?"

"To-morrow, sometime. Your father told me you were a poet. Very interesting."

Peter Warley smiled: "I've never heard it described as 'interesting' before."

"You'd better just blow around this afternoon. Later on I'll introduce you at the club. Meantime, there's one or two jobs I must attend to. Make yourself at home!"

The club to which Ashden took him that evening was disappointing. The men and women he met there seemed to him to be devitalised. Particularly the women, among whom was not a single unattached one. He received several invitations and became involved in a game of bridge which was played without either enthusiasm or skill. Still, they meant well and had done their best to welcome his father's son.

Ashden had several members of his staff to dinner at his bungalow in order to meet Warley. The future head of the firm was an important person and they were, naturally, anxious to create a good impression.

"Quite a nice babe!" was the general verdict.

Within a week he had grown accustomed to the routine of the business. He was conscientious and curiously precise in all his dealings, but some of his opinions startled his colleagues. It was difficult to *place* him. He drank and smoked in moderation but the ordinary after-dinner story current in a place like Surinbaya merely irritated him.

"He has a virginal mind," old Sear, the best mining-engineer in Java when he was sober, said of him. "Ashden's taking him to Gullio's Café this evening, I hear. I'd like to see his reaction."

Ashden himself, conscious of his responsibility to Sir John, was doubtful about the whole affair. "I don't think you'll like the place, Warley," he had said when the youngster suggested it.

"Why not?"

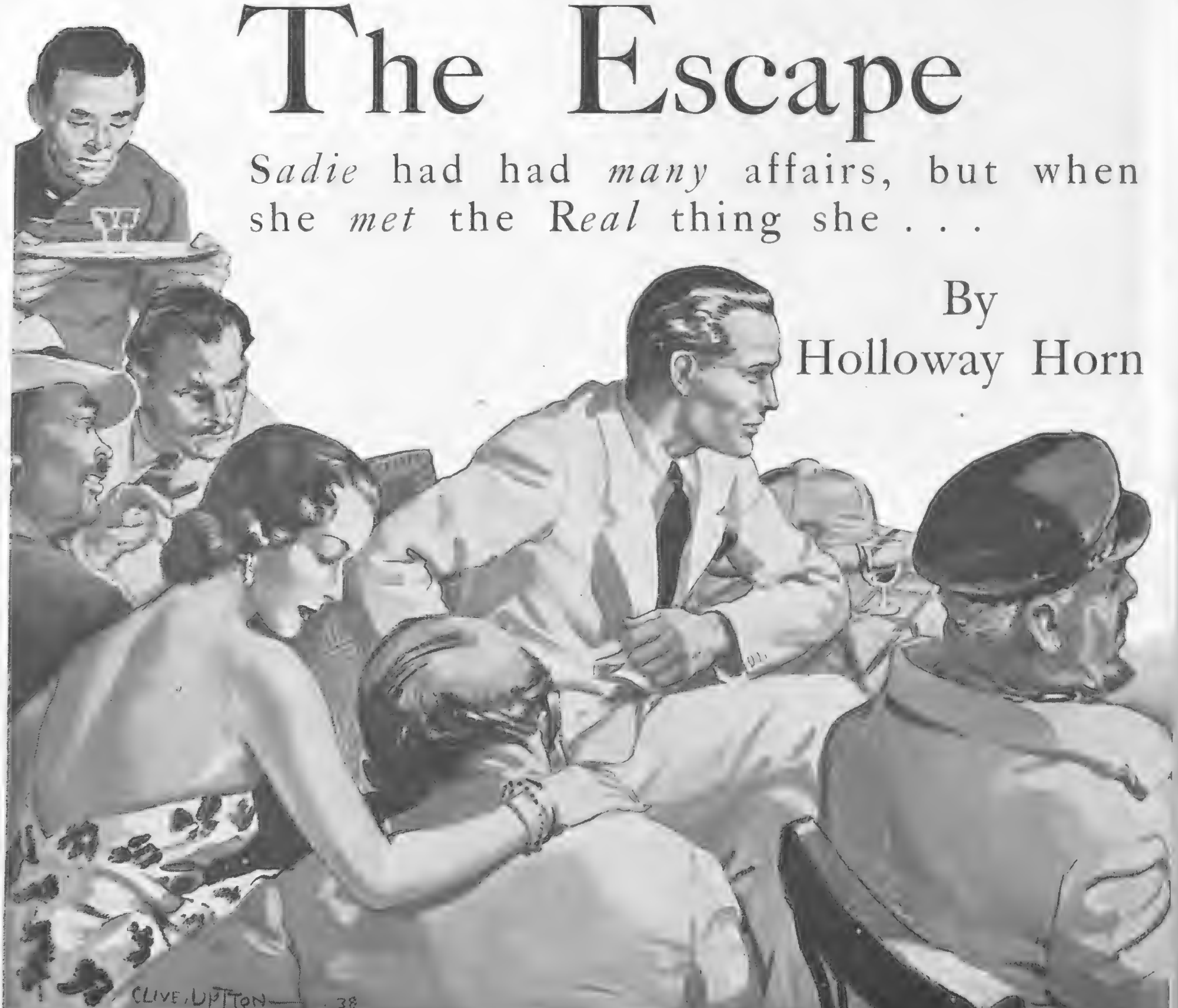
The manager shrugged his shoulders. "It's like many other such places up and down the Seven Seas. Amusing if you're in the mood for it, but not a place you'd choose for a Sunday-school outing."

"Still, I'd like to see it."

"Very well, we'll go."

Gullio himself, an Italian of the greasy type, conducted them to the table which Ashden had reserved in the alcove near the stage.

"The show starts at eleven o'clock,"



Ashden explained. "Usually fourth-rate cabaret turns, I'm afraid. Still, we needn't stay if we're bored."

"Who's that girl?" Warley asked. "The one sitting with those three sailors."

"Oh, that's Sadie Lorrimer. She's one of the artistes."

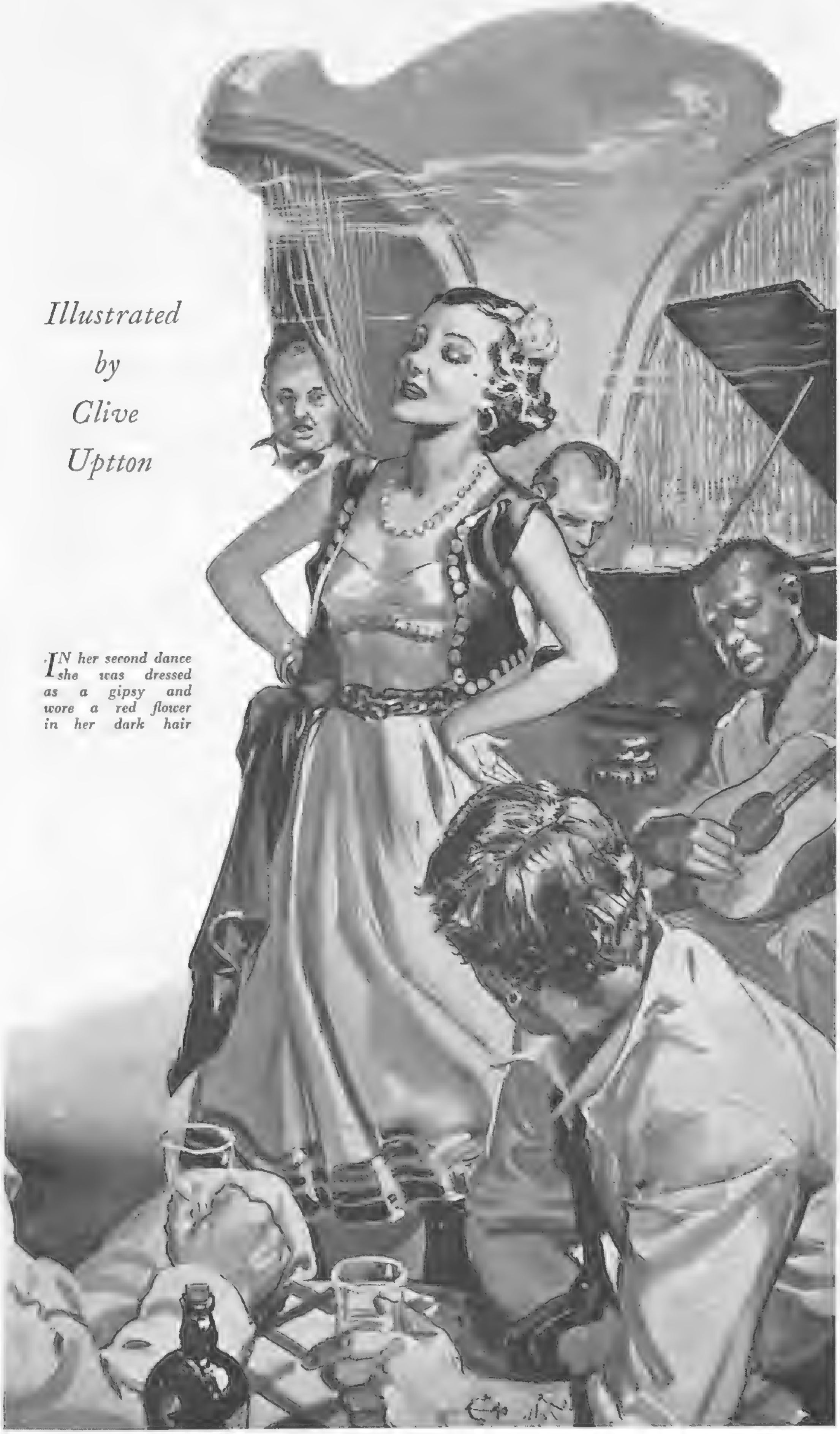
"A singer?"

"And a dancer. I fancy she's been used to better places than this. She's very good still . . . at times."

"She has a very lovely face."

Ashden smiled. "She's supposed to be an American; goodness knows what she really is. May be a touch of the tar brush! Anyway, she's clever."

He had had a quiet chat with Gullio and as a result—for he was an important man in Surinbaya—Sadie's performance that evening was rather more restrained than usual.



Illustrated by Clive Uptton

IN her second dance she was dressed as a gipsy and wore a red flower in her dark hair

"She's very charming," Warley said as he walked back to the bungalow with his host. "How long is she likely to be in Surinbaya?"

"A week or more, I suppose. Depends on how she goes and what Gullio thinks of her and what bookings she has."

"What a life for a woman! From one place like Gullio's to another!"

"She probably gets quite a lot of fun out of it. And I don't suppose she does too badly."

"But in places like Gullio's . . . and with those men!"

"She can look after herself. She's not as young as she appears—in many ways. You found the place amusing?"

"I did, indeed."

The following evening Ashden had to attend the meeting of his Lodge in Batavía and after an ineffective game of billiards at the club Warley turned into Gullio's on his way home. The Italian beamed on him as he entered and led him to a table near the stage. Sadie Lorrimer was sitting with another girl at an adjoining table. It was early for Gullio's and the place was not full.

"You know Mees Lorrimer . . . yes?" Gullio said.

Sadie smiled at Peter and without further formality crossed to his table.

"I saw you here last night."

"Rather!" said Peter. "I liked your dancing. Er . . . will you have a drink?"

"Sure!"

"You staying here long?" he asked.

"Another two weeks. Then I go on to the new cabaret in Batavia."

"You know, Miss Lorrimer, this kind of thing is a new world to me. Four months ago I was still at Oxford."

"But you seem quite grown up," she smiled.

"You've been all your life in these places?" he asked.

"I've been on the stage since I was ten. But not usually in holes like this, though."

The café gradually filled up and she had to leave him in order to change for her turn.

Her dancing was clever and, if one liked tap-dancing at all, one liked it. In her second dance she was dressed as a gipsy and wore a red flower in her dark hair. Her lips were vivid but apparently she wore no other make-up. Her turn ended with a song—a bright, spicy, slick American song—which she half spoke, half sang, in her pleasantly-husky voice.

Afterwards, still in her gipsy dress, she came back to Peter Warley's table.

"Jolly good!" he congratulated her. She smiled. "You're a nice kid!"

"*You* aren't much more."

"In years maybe. The last time I talked with a boy like you was in the Café del Sol in Havana. Come on. Let's dance!"

"I'm not much of a dancer," he said as he rose.

Her eyes were half-closed as

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she danced; she appeared to move automatically.

"You like this life—this ceaseless movement from place to place?" he asked when they were again at their table.

"I have known no other. Nor am I likely to. It's in my blood. My mother was a dancer. Besides, it has its moments. Now, for example."

"Why now?"

"You're different," she said simply. "Men are usually so much alike whenever you meet them. Just men! And to them a woman is merely a woman."

"Do you like poetry?" he asked, with a queer diffidence.

"Poetry?" She repeated the word as if it were something strange and abnormal. "Poetry . . . I . . . I don't think I know any."

"I'll lend you some."

"You *are* a funny kid," she said. "Tell me about your girl in England."

"I'm afraid I haven't one," he smiled.

"No? I thought you hadn't," she said, rather to his surprise.

"Do you stay here?"

"No. Just over the road at Grote's Hotel. It's not a bad place. Why not drop in there to-morrow afternoon? I'll make you some English tea."

"Er . . . thank you. Here's Ashden!" he went on.

The manager came up breezily. "Hallo!" he said nodding to Sadie. "I got back earlier than I thought and heard at the club you were here," he went on to Warley. "May I join you?"

"Of course. Miss Lorrimer took pity on my loneliness."

"I feel like another little drink and then home," the manager said.

"Right-ho," said Warley.

"You seem to be finding your feet, Peter," Ashden said as the two men walked on to the bungalow.

"Yes. I don't think I've ever met a more interesting girl than Miss Lorrimer. She struck me as being so frank and friendly."

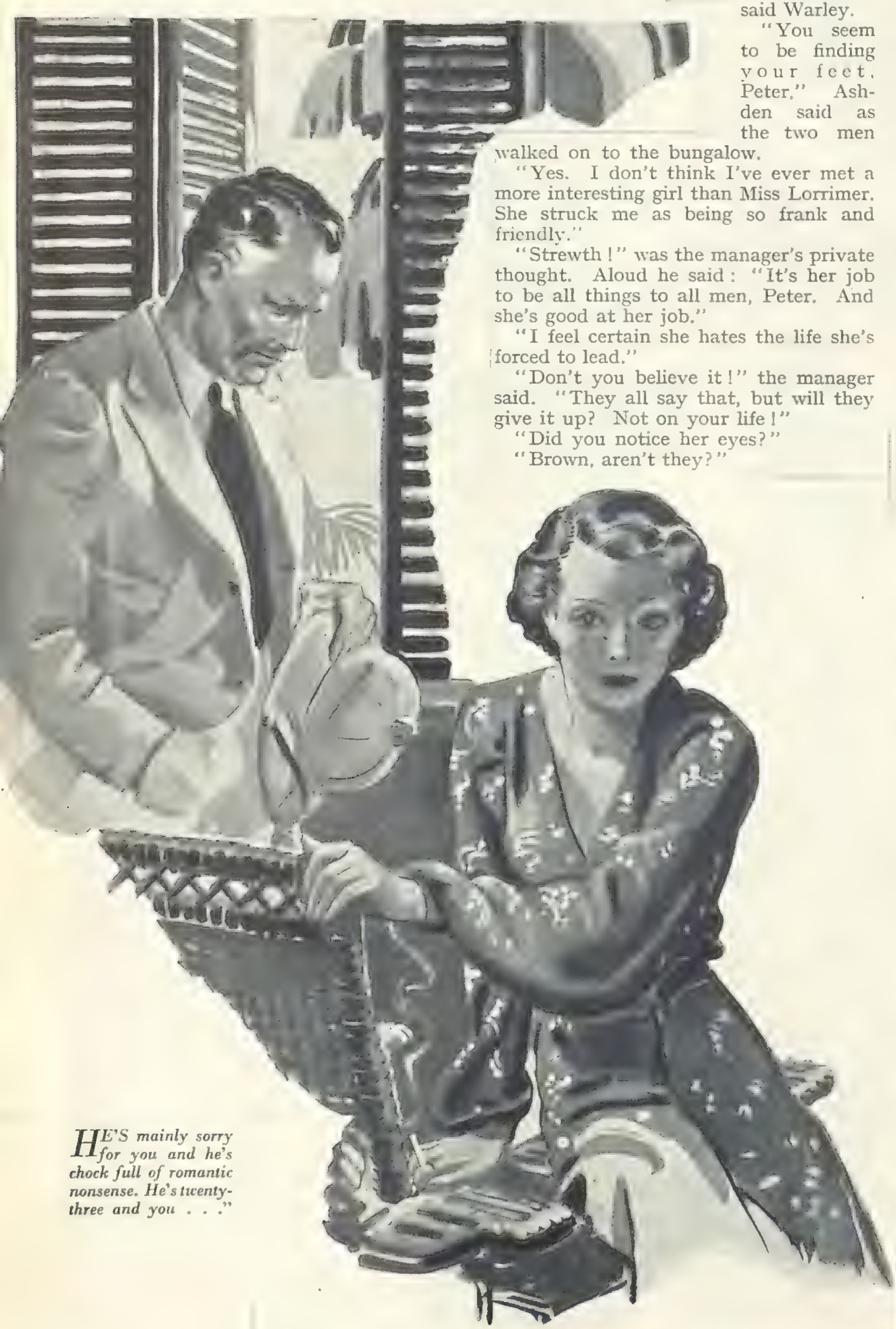
"Strewth!" was the manager's private thought. Aloud he said: "It's her job to be all things to all men, Peter. And she's good at her job."

"I feel certain she hates the life she's forced to lead."

"Don't you believe it!" the manager said. "They all say that, but will they give it up? Not on your life!"

"Did you notice her eyes?"

"Brown, aren't they?"



HE'S mainly sorry for you and he's chock full of romantic nonsense. He's twenty-three and you . . ."

"I've never seen such lovely eyes," Peter Warley said.

"She seems a very amusing young woman," Ashden admitted, and added casually: "She's anybody's money, you know."

"That's only partly true," Peter replied. "You may buy a woman's body, but her soul remains her own."

For a moment Ashden was worried. He was under no illusions either about the girl they had left in the café or Peter—knew, indeed, that Peter would be as clay in her hands. But, after all, he reflected, in a few days she would be gone and in the meantime he decided to have a word with Gullio.

Warley called at Grote's Hotel the next afternoon.

"Madame expects you," the Japanese bar-tender told him. "Go straight up. Number seven on the first floor."

Rather doubtfully he went up the dirty staircase and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" she called and added as he opened the door: "I didn't think you would come."

"But I said I would," he protested, from the doorway.

"Men have made promises overnight and forgotten them before this," she smiled.

She was wearing a simple little silk frock and no make-up at all as far as his inexpert eyes could tell.

"I've brought you some poetry," he said. "There's a book by Yeats and one by Shelley."

"I will read them," she said gravely.

"You'll find I've marked the lines I liked."

"It's . . . it's very kind of you," she said. "Shall we sit on the balcony?"

"Just as you like. This is a rather unconventional visit, I'm afraid," he said with a smile.

She shrugged her shoulders. "If you don't mind, I don't. It is more comfortable than in the stuffy rooms downstairs."

"It's very nice of you to let me come at all."

"I wanted you to come. It's such a change to meet a man one wants to see again."

"You must meet some pretty foul specimens, I'm afraid."

"Pretty foul," she agreed. "How long are you staying here?"

"A few months . . . then I'm going back to the head office in London."

"Gullio tells me you will one day be Sir Warley."

"Sir Peter Warley! Not for many years, I hope. The old boy is what we call a baronet."

"You English are so serious. Even when they are drunk Englishmen usually remain serious. But I will make tea. Smoke if you want to. Are you coming to the café to-night?"

"It depends to some extent on what Mr. Ashden is doing. He seems to think he's responsible for me. What time do you leave there?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Two . . . half-past. It depends. We are supposed to stay until it closes."

"It's a wretched life," he said almost angrily. But she smiled as she went in to make the tea.

He mentioned his visit to Ashden at dinner that evening.

"You were in her room at this hotel?" the manager asked in surprise.

"Yes."

"People talk here every bit as much

as they do in Golder's Green," he said warningly.

"Let them!" said Peter Warley calmly.

He called at her hotel again the following afternoon and they wandered through the old town to the harbour. The Dutch have built a sea wall there and at the end they found an upturned boat which provided a certain amount of shade.

"You're a nice child," she said, after a silence. "I can imagine what your life has been from books I've read about England. I was born in a hotel not unlike the one where I'm staying now. My life has been what you see as far back as I can remember."

"Anyway, it hasn't been dull."

She smiled. "So dull that you cannot conceive it," she said. "To you, Gullio's is vivid and colourful. When you've danced in a hundred such places . . . but I mustn't bore you like this."

"I want you to talk about yourself."

"That's funny, too. Most men want to talk about themselves."

"Your mother is dead?"

She nodded and for a moment was silent. "Ten years ago."

"And you've been on your own since?"

"Yes. You don't make friends moving about. Hundreds of acquaintances up and down the world . . . hundreds of them. Men . . ."

She shrugged her shoulders and was silent. In the sunlight her skin was a warm gold as he watched her sitting there by his side.

"I wonder you haven't married," he said.

She laughed. "Several hotel keepers and such people have asked me to—usually Greeks and Dagoes. Decent men don't *marry* women like me. Why should they? I remember a sea-captain once solemnly proposed to me at Charley Block's Bar in Malacca but he was drunk at the time and already married anyway."

"Why shouldn't a decent man marry you?" he protested.

"Would you? Would you take back to your home in England—to your mother and sisters—a girl you'd picked up in Gullio's Café?"

"If . . . if I loved her, yes."

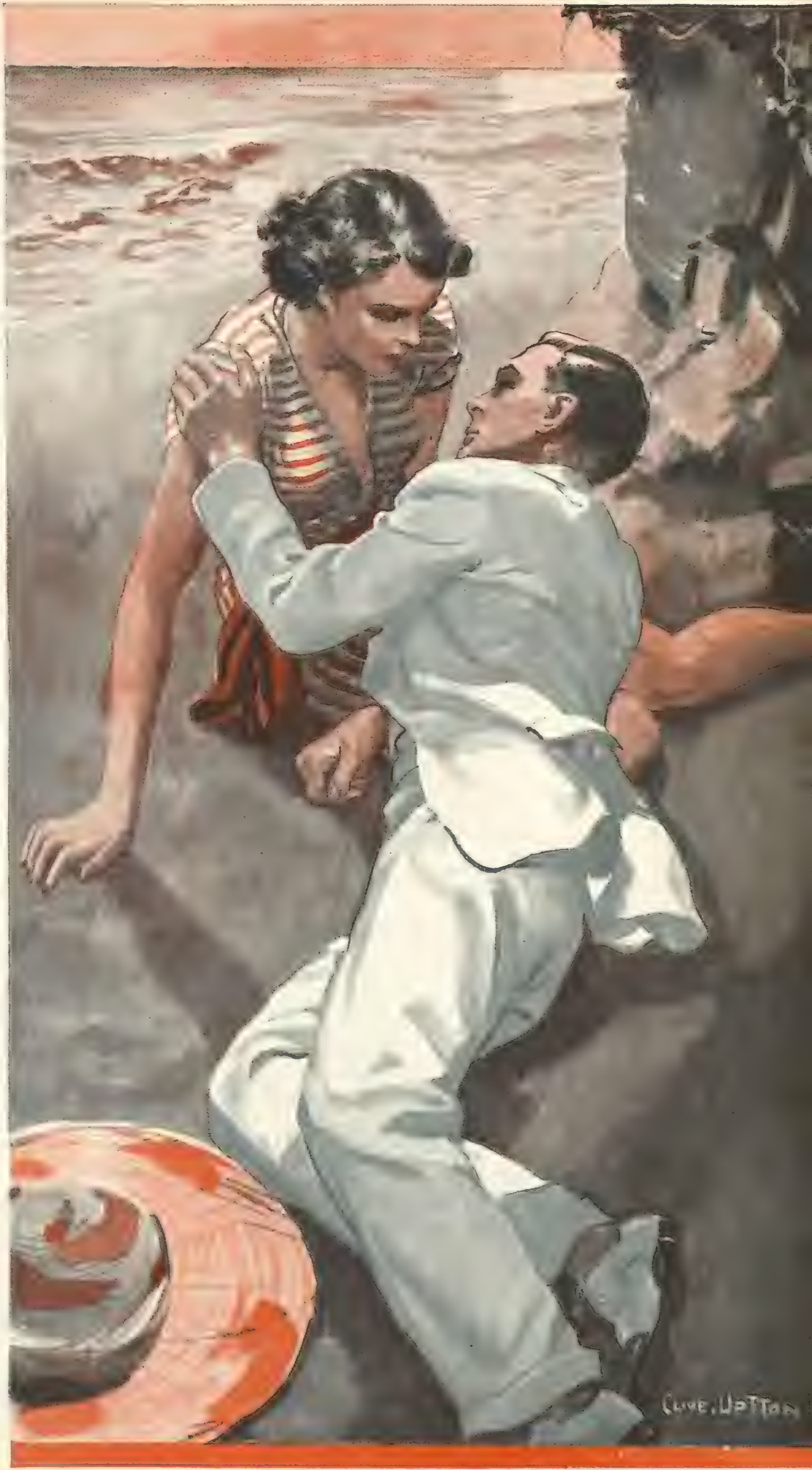
She turned to look up at him. "You wouldn't," she said, "unless you were out of your mind. But it's unfair to talk to you like this when you've been so decent to me. Let's go back and I'll make you some tea and behave just as if I were an English lady."

IT was early in the next week that Ashden called on Gullio at the unusual hour of eleven in the morning. He was a very influential man in Surinbaya and Gullio listened to him attentively.

"She certainly won't stay after this week in any case, Mr. Ashden," the Italian said. She's no good. There's no kick in her show, particularly when your young man is in the café. She's no good to us."

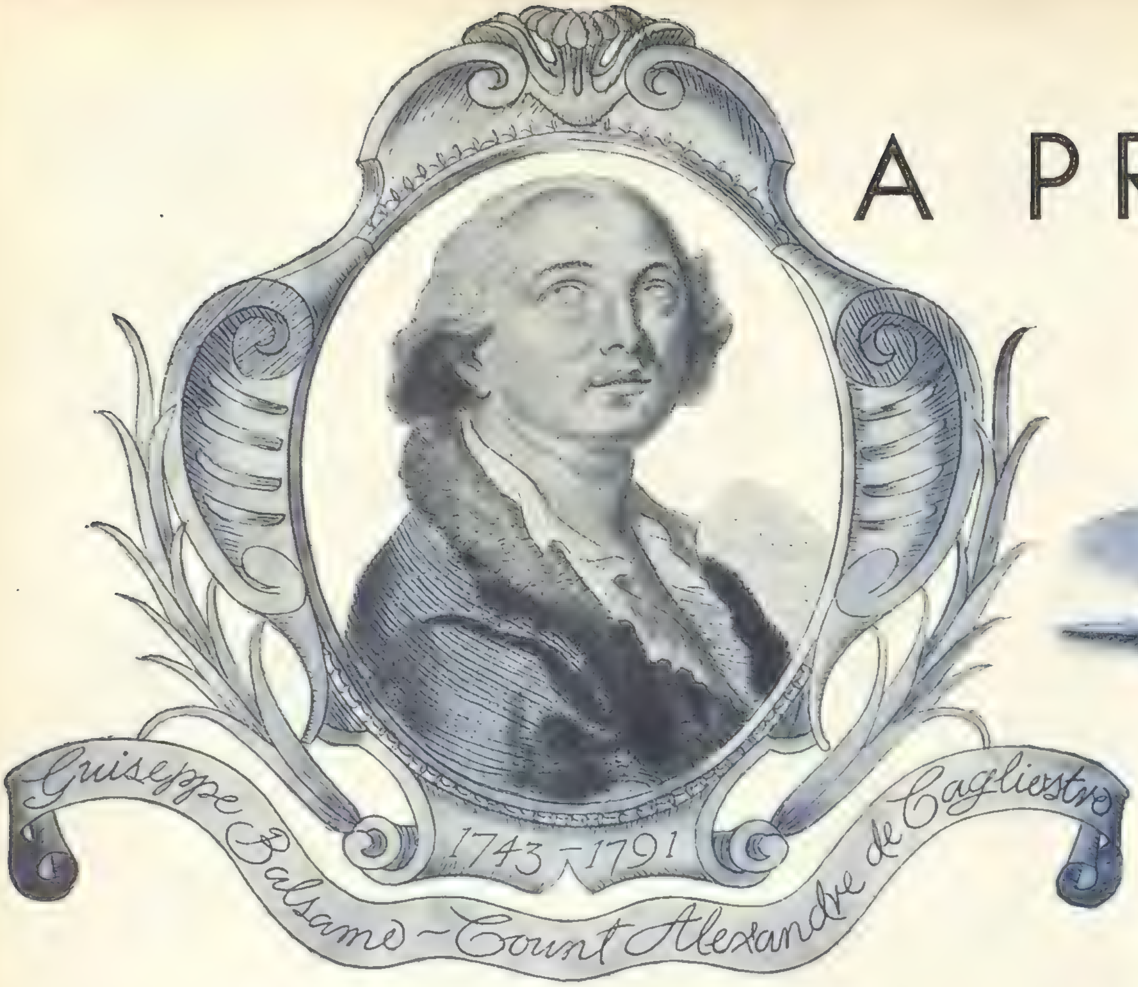
"Thanks, Gullio!" said Ashden. "He's at an age when nothing is too damn

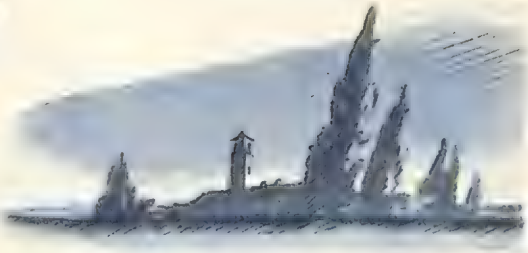
(Continued on page 112)



"PETER!" she said. The word was a whisper and instinctively he took her in his arms

A PRINCE


Guiseppe Balsamo—Count Alexandre de Cagliostro
1743–1791



By Marjorie Bowen

TWO men with dark lanterns, spades and sacks were hastening over some barren land outside the city of Palermo. The distant church chimes had just struck midnight and the moon, bright as a chip of ice, hung in a purple sky; the wind made a dry rustling in the brittle leaves of the ilex trees and the fantastic shapes of the cacti, like gigantic hands with swollen fingers, showed dark and monstrous.

"Are we nearly there?" asked the elder of the two men, his teeth chattering with excitement; he was Vincenzo Marono, one of the richest and most miserly men in Palermo, a goldsmith by profession and his acquaintances would have been very surprised if they could have seen so cautious, respectable and so dour a citizen on what seemed so queer an errand.

But gravity seemed to be given to the occasion by the habit of the other man, which was that of a novice of the *Benfratelli*, the Brothers of Charity, whose convent was at Coltagirone, the little town on the rock. "Everything goes very well," answered this personage. "Have you your offering?"

"Yes, yes," replied the goldsmith with great agitation, "but to part with sixty ounces of gold goes to my heart!"

"What is that, Signor Marono, compared to the treasure you are about to discover?" And the voice, to encourage his companion, recited yet once more, tales of the vast hoards of gold and jewels found by lucky people in Sicily. Had not the island constantly changed hands? And had not the inhabitants often had to conceal their belongings hastily from the rapacious greed of the conqueror?

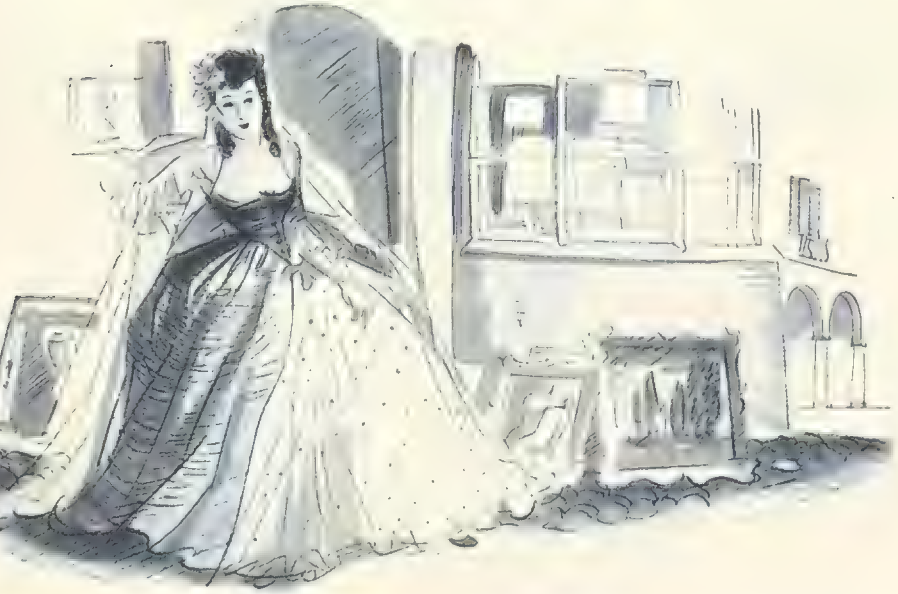
"Many people go searching for treasure," added the young novice, "but not many of them have the benefit of the help of a magician like myself." So saying, he threw back his hood and the vivid southern moon showed a remarkable face, compact and brilliant, with the elegance of a snake; large, glittering eyes and a cluster of black curls on the massive brow. "Here is the place where the spirits told me to look," he said, indicating a low pile of golden rock pierced by a dark tunnel. "Go ahead with your lantern and begin to dig, while I will remain here and draw the cabalistic signs on the earth."

For a second, the goldsmith hesitated; Guiseppe Balsamo had a dubious reputation; he had no right to the robe he wore, for the good brothers had turned him out of the convent where he had studied medicine in the laboratories, to no good purpose. On the other hand, though some might call him a scamp, all agreed that he had some extraordinary gifts in astrology, the cabala and all forms of magic. "Think of the treasure and take courage," he now advised, while a smile curled his sensuous mouth, "the time, the place, the celestial signs are all fortunate—place the gold, the offering to the spirits, here. . . ."

The goldsmith shuddered and placed his bag of gold in the large white hands of Balsamo, then hastened in the cave, put his lantern on the floor and began to dig with desperate haste. No sooner had his spade touched the dry yellow earth than a fearful scream split the silence of the cavern.

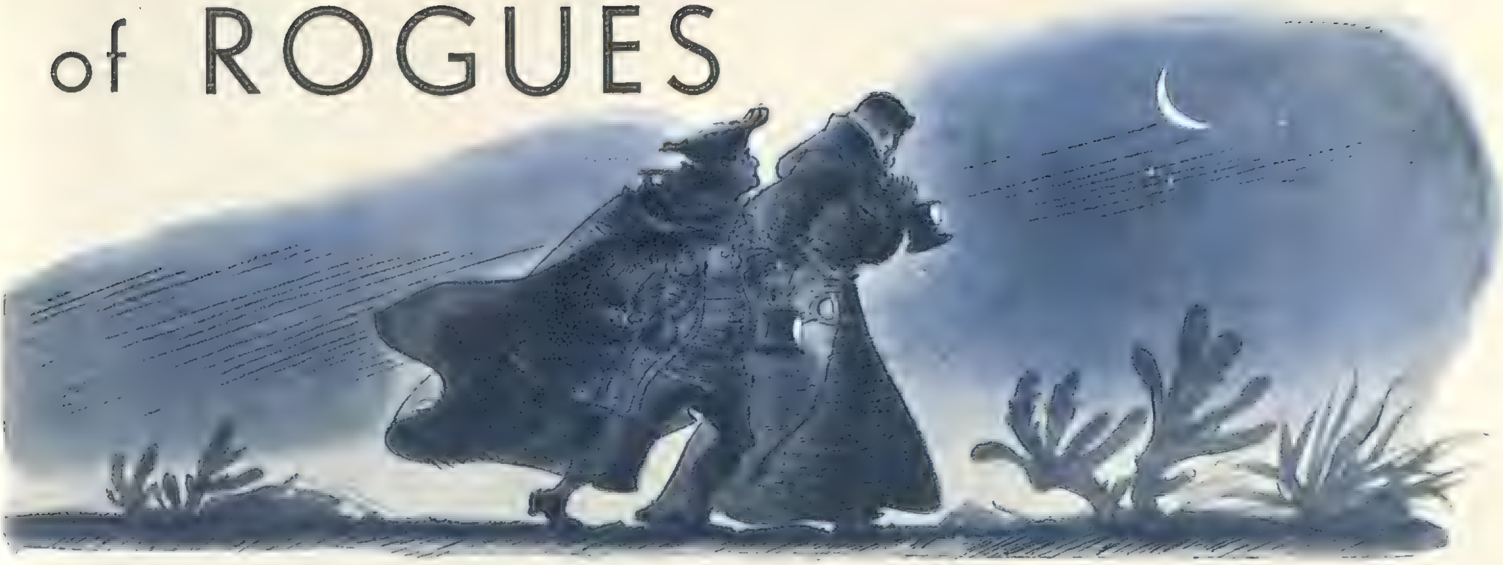
Marono, gibbering, fell to his knees and could only catch a glimpse of demoniacal figures, dancing in the lantern-light, before

Illustrated by Trefor Jones



Lorenza idled in the doorway with flowers in her hair and the most gossamer of scarves over her white shoulders

# of ROGUES



Two men with dark lanterns, spades and sacks were hastening over some barren land outside the city of Palermo

he fell senseless under the blows they dealt him.

THE goldsmith did not recover until the clear light of the dawn penetrated the cave. He staggered up to find himself covered with blood, bruised, stiff and alone. At the entrance to the cave, flung down as if in mockery, was the novice's robe. "I have been deceived by that scamp!" he moaned. "I have been robbed of sixty ounces of gold!" and he limped back to Palermo to inform the police.

There had been some other counts against Balsamo who could not, however, be found. Together with the two tavern friends who had been his accomplices in the fraud, he had fled from Sicily and from Calabria. He was now twenty years old and possessed every asset save a good reputation. With the goldsmith's money he set up as an engraver in Rome. He was clever, especially at copying old masters. His talent he used for all manner of forgery, from theatre tickets, letters of introduction, signatures to money bills.

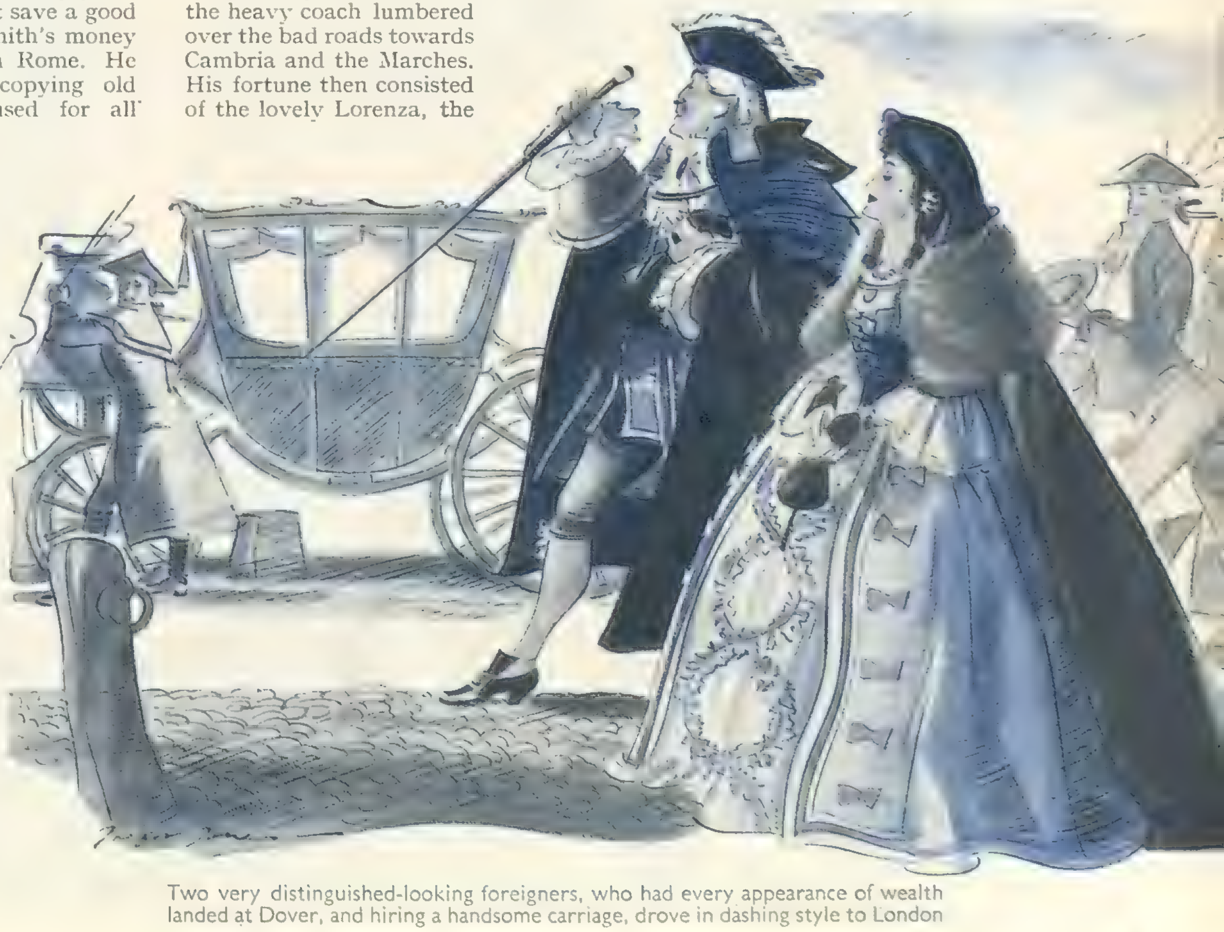
For some while he supported himself agreeably in Rome, but he was ambitious and dreamt of greater things. Besides, he fell in love, with Sicilian ardour. The lady was fifteen years of age, had bright auburn hair and blue eyes, her name was Lorenza Feliciani and she was the child of honest working people, who considered Balsamo a vagabond.

"They are ignorant people, my child," Balsamo assured his beloved. "Nor am I the poor engraver that I seem. If you will marry me, I will give you diamonds, a coach and four horses, a palace, servants—all in good time."

Dazzled by this and the powerful personality of the heavy, handsome young man with the delicate features, the girl coaxed round her parents and Guiseppe Balsamo was married to Lorenza, who brought with her a small dowry. Possessed of this capital, Balsamo threw over the engraving. "I can do better than hawking prints about," he boasted to his wife, and he proposed that they should leave her parents home and set out on their adventures. He had good reason for this, for his father-in-law had discovered that he was forging rent receipts and money-bills and had decided to rescue his daughter from an odious marriage by denouncing Balsamo to the Papal police. But the Sicilian had discovered this treachery, as he termed it, and set out with Lorenza, who was like wax in his hands, from Rome, on a bright winter day.

"I will try my fortune in Germany," he said, as the heavy coach lumbered over the bad roads towards Cambria and the Marches. His fortune then consisted of the lovely Lorenza, the small sum left from the dowry and the forgery and his own wits. He was twenty-five years of age and had with him three rogues also flying from the police. One was disguised as a marquis, one as his valet, and the other as an abbé secretary. In this fashion began the astounding adventures of a man whose name was to ring throughout Europe and who was to fulfil all his boasts with the most amazing success.

The almost penniless troupe stopped at Loreth and secured a "loan" from the governor by offering him a forged letter from Cardinal Orsini. The fraud was discovered, however, and they were arrested at Bergamo, but contemptuously released by (*Continued on page* 104)



Two very distinguished-looking foreigners, who had every appearance of wealth landed at Dover, and hiring a handsome carriage, drove in dashing style to London

THE Cardingham Party was going well. One of Binnie Cardingham's great gifts was the ability to make a party go well, even when she outrageously mixed the ingredients. Under the child-like gaze of her periwinkle-blue eyes, which demanded of everyone that they should like each other as much as she liked them all, the most unlikely people fraternised.

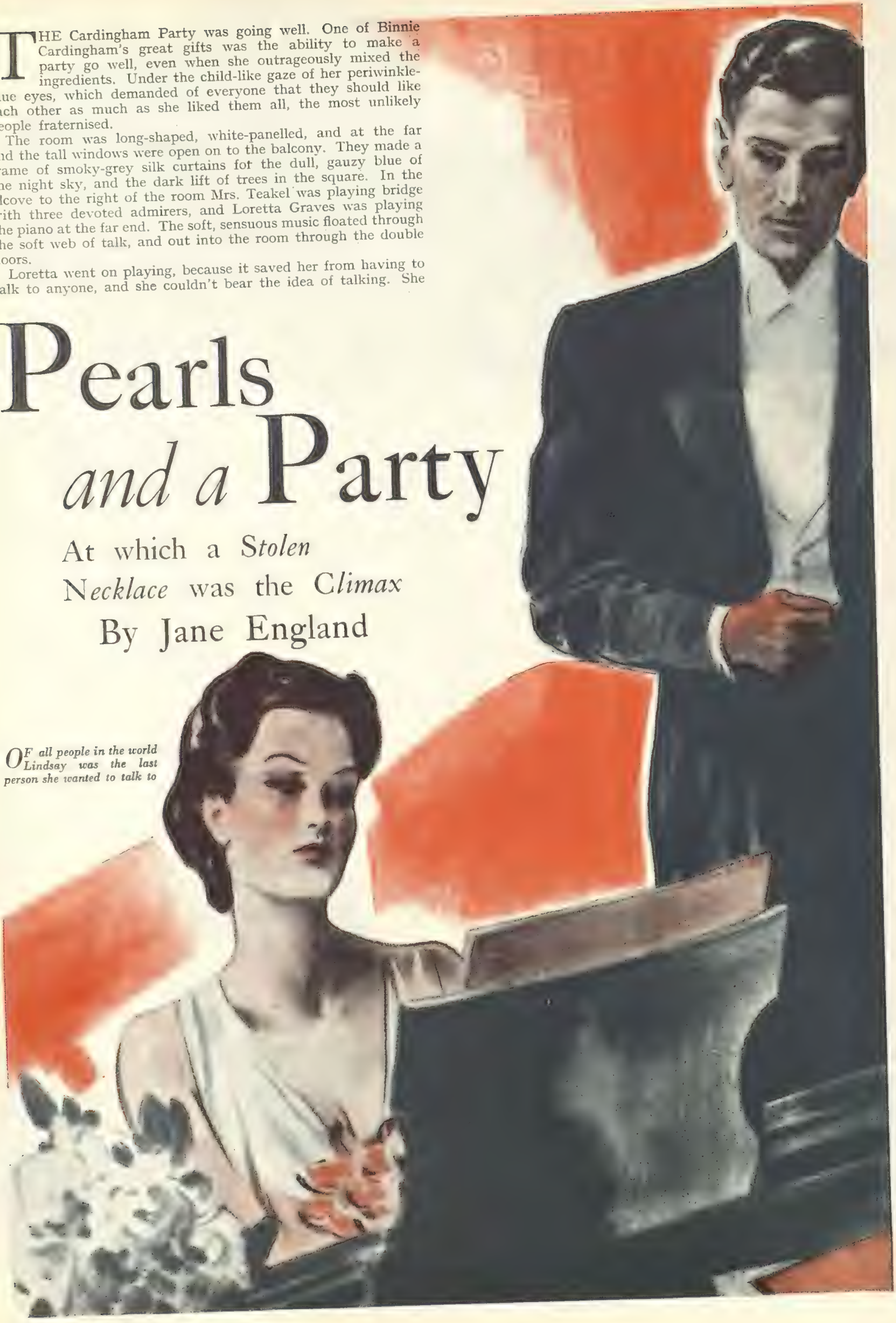
The room was long-shaped, white-panelled, and at the far end the tall windows were open on to the balcony. They made a frame of smoky-grey silk curtains fot the dull, gauzy blue of the night sky, and the dark lift of trees in the square. In the alcove to the right of the room Mrs. Teakel was playing bridge with three devoted admirers, and Loretta Graves was playing the piano at the far end. The soft, sensuous music floated through the soft web of talk, and out into the room through the double doors.

Loretta went on playing, because it saved her from having to talk to anyone, and she couldn't bear the idea of talking. She

Pearls *and a* Party

At which a *Stolen Necklace* was the *Climax*

By Jane England



OF all people in the world Lindsay was the last person she wanted to talk to felt she could only manage to exist until Richard came; provided she was able to go on playing the piano. Her dark hair was tied in a coronet round her small head, and her eyes were as grey as rain, set far apart in her oval face, with the clear pale skin that had the texture of a rose petal; a queer little smile touched the corners of her mouth, and gave her a debonair aloof charm. Lindsay Fiennes, who was the other side of the room talking to a woman who bored him to tears, found that he wanted to watch Loretta all the time. Watching Loretta, after spending a day in court defending a man who had been engaged in a series of bucket shop frauds, was like going into a cool wood after being in a sordid back street. But he was used to reading people's faces, used to seeing through the mask of indifference or casual amusement that people wore when they were badly frightened. It was invaluable to him when he was cross-examining a difficult witness; it told him almost always the point when they were going to break down. And now, watching Loretta, it seemed to him that she was the most frightened creature he had ever seen. Behind that delicious, cool exterior she was cold with fright. It worried him. It was all wrong. Years of seeing through people had made him cynical. He had known the loveliest women who had proved to be about as kind as man-eating tigers, but this worried him.

Politely, and with a lazy grace, he ditched the woman who had been talking to him, and sauntered over to the piano.

Loretta went on playing. She flickered her eyes and looked as if she hadn't noticed him. Of all people in the world he was the last person she wanted to talk to. She had the horried feeling that if he wanted to, he could turn her mind inside out and make him tell her about Richard, about her aching cold fear for Richard.

"Loretta," said Lindsay, "you make pretty music."

"I make much better music than I do conversation," said Loretta remotely.

"Where's Richard?" said Lindsay, in his lazy deceptive voice.

"Coming along, I don't doubt," said Loretta.

Clear through the pattern of talk came Mrs. Teakel's voice, grief-stricken and reproachful. Just the one word: "Partner!"

LINDSAY laughed, and Loretta gave a breathless little echo.

She wondered whether Lindsay was ever human. Barristers, she thought, got rather inhuman. A long time ago she had thought that he might be human, but that was before he became so horribly successful. She glanced at him sideways and realised how well she knew his face; she knew it by heart. The long jaw, and the straight nose, those clear hazel eyes, and the way his dark hair grew crisply away from his forehead.

She murmured: "How did your case go to-day?"

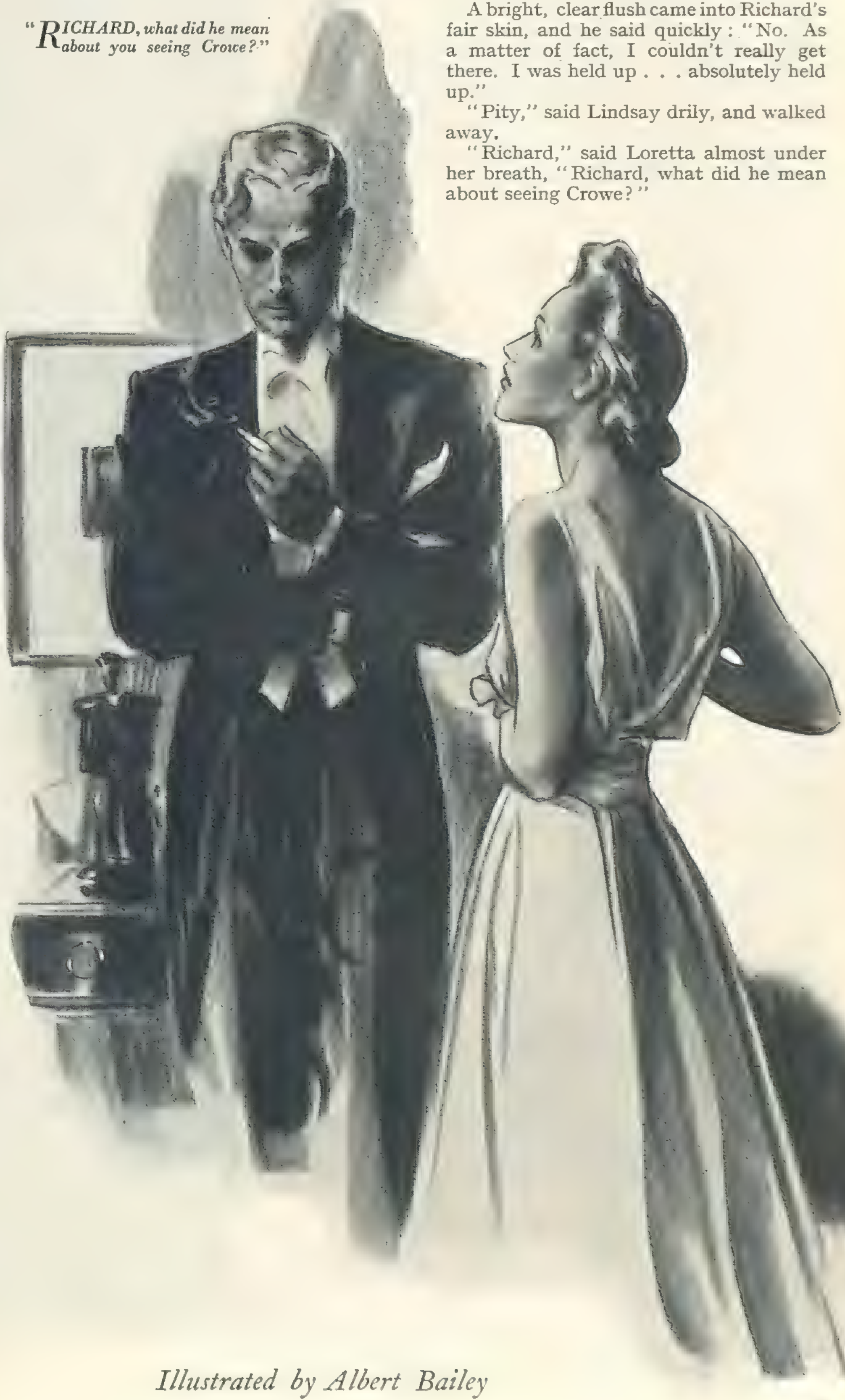
Lindsay shrugged. "As well as it could. He's got a chance . . . the glimmer of a chance. But I don't like the look in the eye of the foreman of the jury."

If I were to tell him about Richard, thought Loretta, what would he do? Look at me with that speculative look of his and raise his eyebrows and say: "My dear Loretta, how remarkably foolish you have been. I suggest you go off and stay with your aunt in . . . let me see, where is it? Corsica?" Or would he be like he was a long time ago when she had been only fifteen, and had got into that fuss about the gipsy. He'd been marvellous then, and there had been a glimmer of lovely humour in his eyes. . . .

She struck three high notes, and then took her hands off the keys and let them fall into her lap.

It was *time* Richard arrived; it was after time. She said to Lindsay: "I think I'll go into the next room and watch Binnie gamble. She's a grand gambler, don't you think?"

"RICHARD, what did he mean about you seeing Crowe?"



Illustrated by Albert Bailey

Lindsay didn't answer for a minute, and then he said: "Depends, Loretta dear, what you mean by grand."

"Oh, I mean . . . I mean she just takes everything in her stride . . . she doesn't grab."

She stopped, and said with a little gasp: "Oh, there's Richard."

He was standing by the door, looking round the room with his charming, wistful smile. One lock of brown hair fell over his temple, and his wide, generous mouth curled up at the corners. He saw Loretta and came impulsively towards her.

"Hullo, my sweet," he said. "Hullo, Lindsay."

Lindsay said: "Hullo, Richard . . . did you see Crowe this afternoon?"

A bright, clear flush came into Richard's fair skin, and he said quickly: "No. As a matter of fact, I couldn't really get there. I was held up . . . absolutely held up."

"Pity," said Lindsay drily, and walked away.

"Richard," said Loretta almost under her breath, "Richard, what did he mean about seeing Crowe?"

"Oh, sweet . . . don't fuss. He gave me an introduction to Crowe, and I was supposed to see him this afternoon about a job. But it would have meant going abroad . . . some godless place like Brazil. . . ."

He tucked her arm under his, and added: "Let's go and find Binnie's miraculous food and drink . . . and I'll tell you all about it."

SHE went with him, feeling a sense of cold anxiety, a sense of sheer despair. It was so like Richard never to tell her that he had had a chance of a job with Crowe. He wouldn't tell her, because he knew she would urge him to take it. And he didn't want to take it. No good not facing things . . . he'd hate to work. He wanted to go on running round, being charming Richard Neill, charming and gay and popular. He wanted someone to offer him a sinecure with a big salary. And he always pretended it was for her sake. "Loretta angel, as if I'd allow you to marry a man and follow him about among mosquitoes and sandflies. No, darling, one day I'll be able to give you the sort of life that's fine and right for you." And it wasn't any good saying: "Richard, darling, but I'd love sandflies, and mosquitoes, and all that, so long as you were there." Because he just smiled and said: "Darling, sweet of you, but I wouldn't let you. I love you too much." And you couldn't somehow say: "Richard, but I'd love you a lot more if you wanted to work . . . if you ever thought of working for me . . . I'd be wild with pride." No, somehow, you were scared of saying that.

"Champagne," said Richard, "champagne, angel Loretta. Binnie's champagne is fine and grand. The last good deed poor Cardingham did before he died was to stock the cellar."

Loretta didn't answer. It was silly, but she hated that sort of remark. It was fashionable among their set to be utterly callous; but somehow it always twisted her up inside, and just now she thought of Laurie Cardingham with his stolid red face and blue eyes, his eyes that were always looking after his wife with a kind of troubled surprise in them. Somehow it wasn't so good to talk of him like that.

She said: "Richard, tell me . . . what happened about the money?"

He made a casual, half-angry gesture.

"No good, darling. The man was adamant. Stony-hearted usurer. And he wouldn't look at your necklace . . . said it wasn't good enough security; and, anyway, he looked very old-fashioned, and wanted to know where I got it. Here you are, angel, you'd better have it back."

He put his hand in his inner pocket, fumbled, and his eyes became wide and his mouth twisted. He felt again furiously, and then looked at Loretta. "It's not there," he said baldly, "Loretta, it's not there."

Something quivered round Loretta's heart. It wasn't so much the necklace, though that was bad enough. It was something . . . something shifty in his eyes, something that looked out at her for a moment from those wide, frank blue eyes, something ugly. It was there, and then it was gone.

"Champagne," said Richard firmly. "I'll get that butler bloke . . . gallons of champagne, Loretta. Darling, this is awful!"

"Richard," said Loretta, and she was surprised to find that her lips felt quite stiff. "Richard, I *must* know. When did you lose my necklace? I mean, I shall have to claim from the insurance people, and they'll want to know. . . ."

He hesitated for the fraction of a second, and said: "I put it in my pocket before I started out . . . then I went into Tanner's and had a drink . . . oh, yes, Loretta, don't look at me like that . . . you're perfectly right, I had two or three drinks. And then I took a taxi and came along here."

He gave her some champagne, and added, with one eyebrow raised and a heartbreaking twist to his mouth: "Don't lets tell the insurance people about the necklace, sweetness . . . not for a day or two. I'll go straight back to Tanners and see whether perhaps I dropped it there."

"But I *must* tell them," said Loretta blankly "I mean, Richard darling, that I can't afford not to. And they'd be frightfully sticky if I didn't tell them for some days . . . and . . . and . . ."

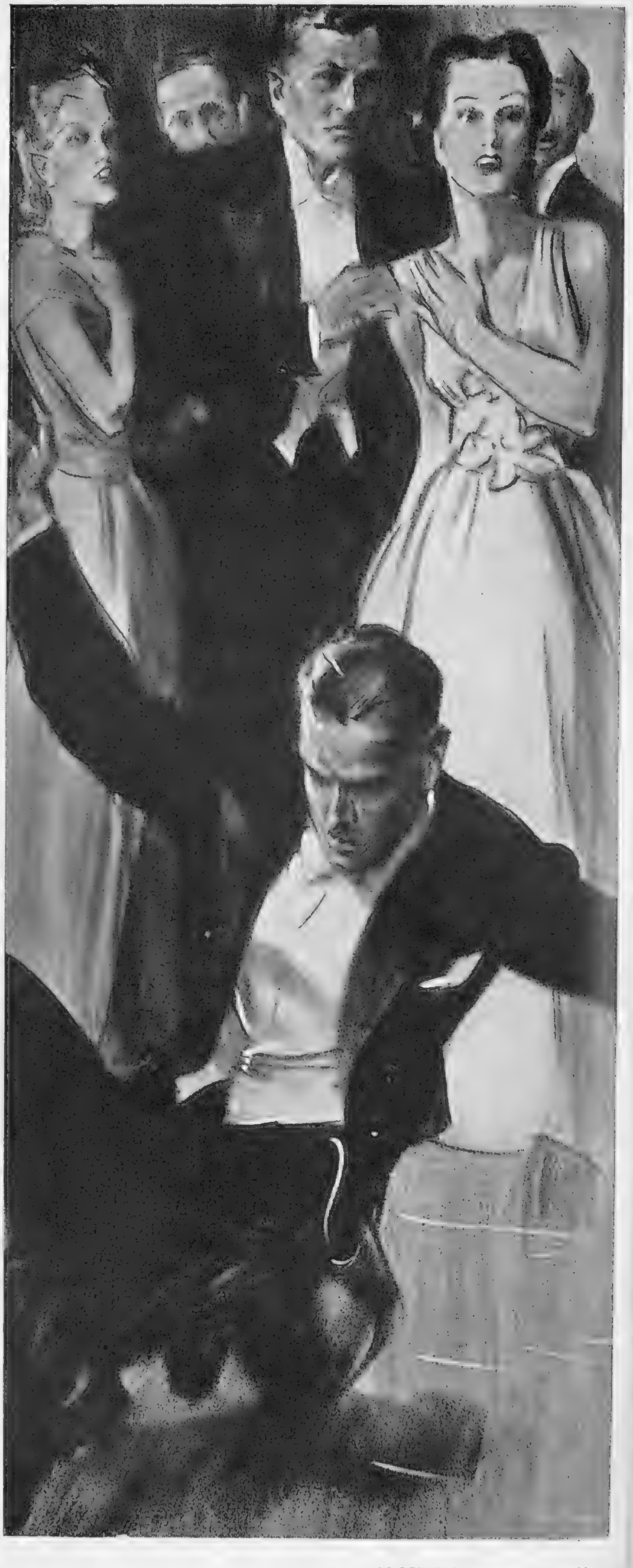
"It'll be difficult anyway, don't you think?" said Richard moodily. "A bit difficult explaining why I had it and all that?"

His face was very white, and there were fine lines round his reckless young mouth; his eyes gleamed like blue water between his lashes.

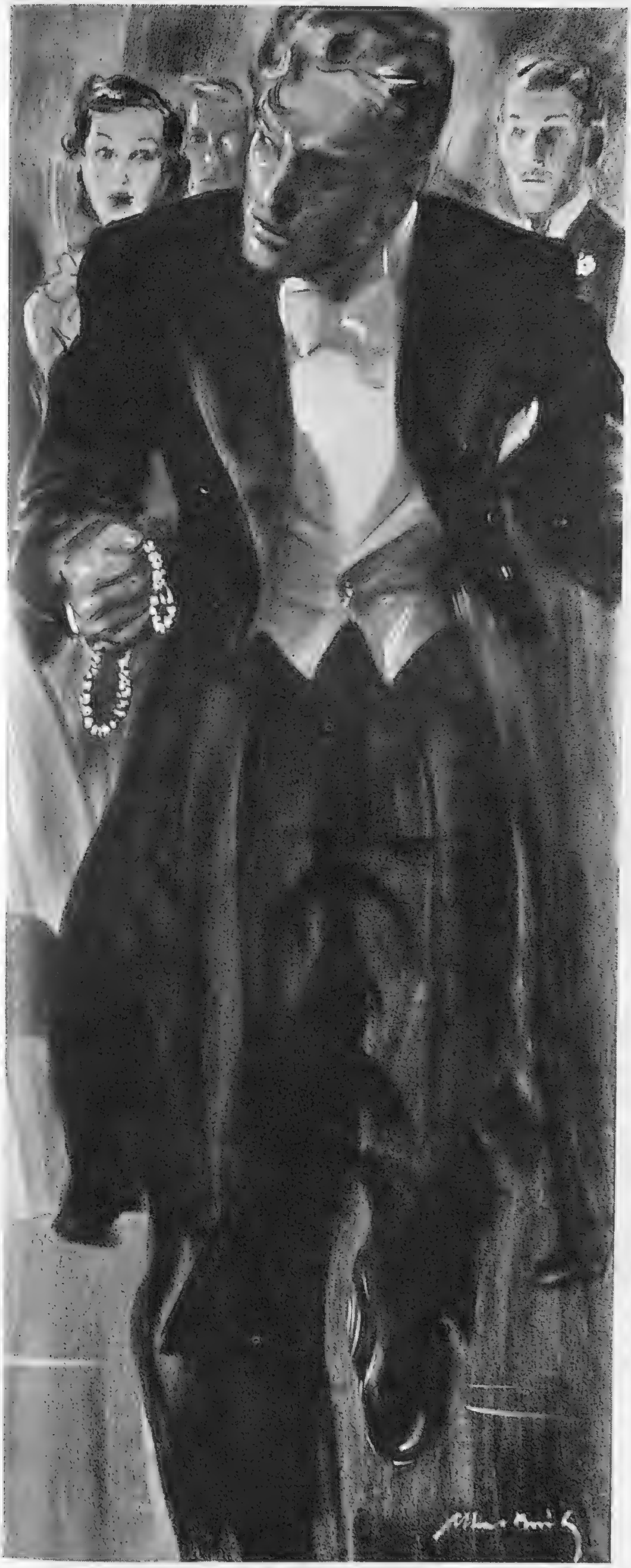
"Yes," said Loretta slowly, "it would be a bit difficult."

"So you'd better," said Richard with a fine carefulness, "let me see if I can get it back."

Loretta gave a sobbing breath. She had the queerest



RICHARD *snatched the necklace for the door, upset Garth with a*



from Lindsay's hand, dived rugger hand-off, and was gone

feeling. As if the bottom had dropped out of everything. As if she had seen Richard quite clearly for the first time and knew that he was fooling her, that he'd always fool her. That he'd done something with the necklace and was lying to her. It hurt her so much that she felt quite numb. She wondered just *what* he had done. And whether there was any chance at all of him getting out of the mess he was in. That man and the money! If Richard didn't pay him to-morrow, he would run Richard for false pretences. At least, that was what Richard had said. Richard had said that when he borrowed the money he had told the man that he was his uncle's heir, under a trust fund. And of course he wasn't. . . .

She felt the blood running out of her face and her heart; she felt herself going as white as a bone.

"Pull yourself together, sweet," said Richard in that dreadful wary voice, "here's Lindsay Fiennes making his way towards us . . . you wouldn't give way in front of Lindsay, would you?"

He stood up as Lindsay came to their side, and said: "I'm going to gamble, Lindsay. Look after Loretta for me."

And he strolled away, very tall, very elegant, with that heartbreaking, reckless smile, and the lock of brown hair falling into his eyes.

Lindsay sat down by Loretta.

"Cough it all up," he said; and she gave a flicker of a smile, remembering that long ago when she had got into that awful mess about the gipsy, Lindsay had sat down by her side and said: "Cough it all up." But she had imagined that long ago he had forgotten how to use phrases like that.

"It's nothing, Lindsay," she said dimly.

"It's a lot, Young Loretta," he said, "you're in a mess again."

She shook her head.

"I'm all right, Lindsay."

"If I called you a liar, I suppose you'd think it rude?"

A smile touched her eyes.

"Very rude," she agreed.

"Then I won't call you one. I'll get you a sandwich instead. No more champagne, Young Loretta."

She hesitated, and then touched his arm.

"Lindsay . . . let's go and watch them gamble."

He hesitated in turn.

"Loretta . . . tell me. You know Binnie better than I do. Does she run that room as a proper gamble? I mean, does she let strangers in to play? I heard a rumour that she takes a percentage on the bank . . ."

"She runs the bank," said Loretta in a surprised voice. "Why?"

"At roulette?"

"But yes, Lindsay. You know that."

"I wasn't sure. I don't gamble myself. It's not very safe, do you think, Loretta . . . with the gambling laws the way they are?"

"But it's a private party, Lindsay."

"Yes, I suppose it is. . . ."

He stood up, and she saw that his eyes were hooded, and very pale coloured; and he looked as if he were thinking of something he didn't like at all.

"All right," he added, "let's go and watch."

BINNIE CARDINGHAM gave a little squeal. Her wide blue eyes became huge, and she put one small hand to her throat. The sapphire bracelet on her wrist glittered in the light from the low, shaded lamps over the table, and a silence fell on the room. It was a horrible silence, breathless and suspicious.

Loretta, standing by Lindsay's side, felt her mouth go quite dry, and found that she was looking at Richard . . . and her heart was thudding up to her throat.

Richard was leaning back from the table, and the light fell on his face. It was set into a hard desperation, and yet he was smiling.

"My necklace," said Binnie in a constricted voice. "My necklace!"

"What of it, Binnie, my angel?" said Richard, and his voice was light and yet edged like a knife.

"It's gone . . . it's gone," said Binnie, and her voice rose into a thin fury.

Loretta, without knowing it, took Lindsay's hand, and her fingers curled round his and tightened. They were cold as ice, and amazingly strong.

Lindsay said, in his dry, casual voice: "Have you made quite sure that it's gone, Binnie?"

"Of course it's gone," said Binnie, and she jumped to her feet and stood there, slim and enchanting in her white frock. She wriggled her shoulders

(*Continued on page* 138)

Let's Break a Record

YOU will, I am sure, often have seen in your daily paper announcements to the effect that Mr. So-and-so, driving his Such-and-such car, has broken a motoring record at what seems to be a quite fantastic speed.

Probably you have passed over this news-item without giving it a second thought.

Possibly you have wondered idly just what is the good of all this mania for speed? Perhaps you have even dwelt on the subject long enough to wonder what it must really be like to set up a speed record in a racing car—what the driver thinks about—whether it is as difficult as it appears.

Would you really be interested to know?

Well then, let us assume that YOU are contemplating an attempt to break a record. . . .

IN assuming this, we must suppose also that you possess the requisite degree of driving-skill and nerve—the ability to sense a skid before it really develops and to check it; the skill to rev. up the engine for the get-away and to let in the clutch in such a way as to minimise wheel-slip and yet avail yourself of maximum power; the nerve to brace yourself in the cockpit, put your foot down on the accelerator and keep it there, driving your car just as fast as it will go, while the steering-wheel leaps and kicks in your hands, every little bump you ride over flings the car into the air and each "landing" tends to throw you into a skid; while the roar of the air rushing past and the din of the engine combine to deafen you and if you open your parched mouth your cheeks get puffed out like a toad's belly.

You still think you'll go? Right!

First of all you look down the table of existing records and pick on what strikes you as a suitable one to attack.

Your car has an engine of three litres capacity and flat out it is capable of something in the region of 160 m.p.h.

Examination of the list of records in International Class D (for cars between 2,000 and 3,000 c.c.) reveals that one record is no less than six years old!

On March 10, 1932, Albert Divo, driving his 2,274 c.c. Bugatti at Montlhéry, covered 124 miles 1,196 yards in one hour at an average speed for the hour of 124.68 m.p.h.

This seems to you to be the most favourable record to go for and you decide to attack it at Brooklands to save the expense of shipping the car overseas and in order to be able to rush up spare parts at short notice if necessary.

Now a number of details have to be taken into consideration.

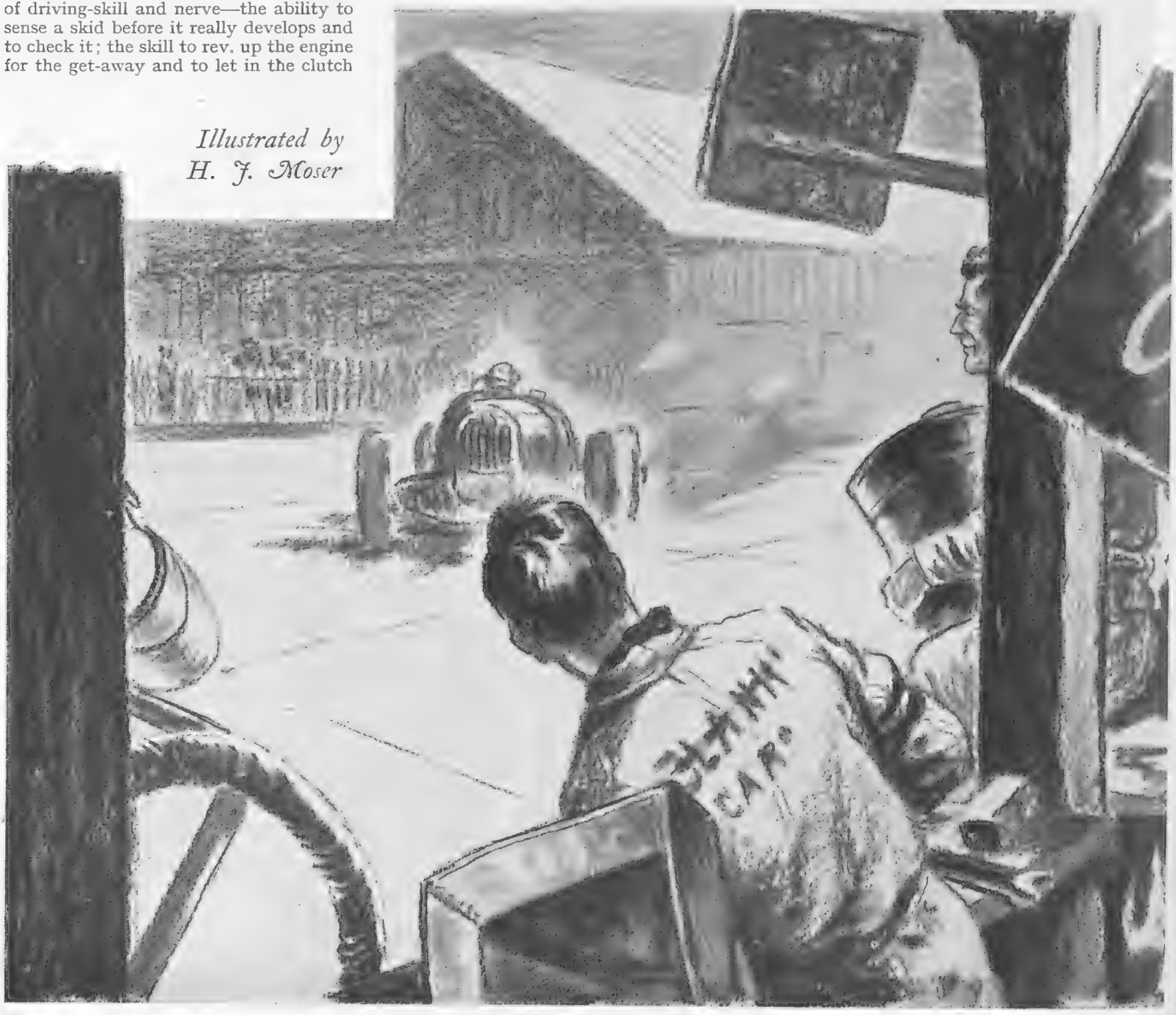
Is the petrol tank of great enough capacity to enable you to run right through without a stop for more fuel?

Will your tyres last out for an hour at the speed you will need to maintain?

What shall your speed schedule be?

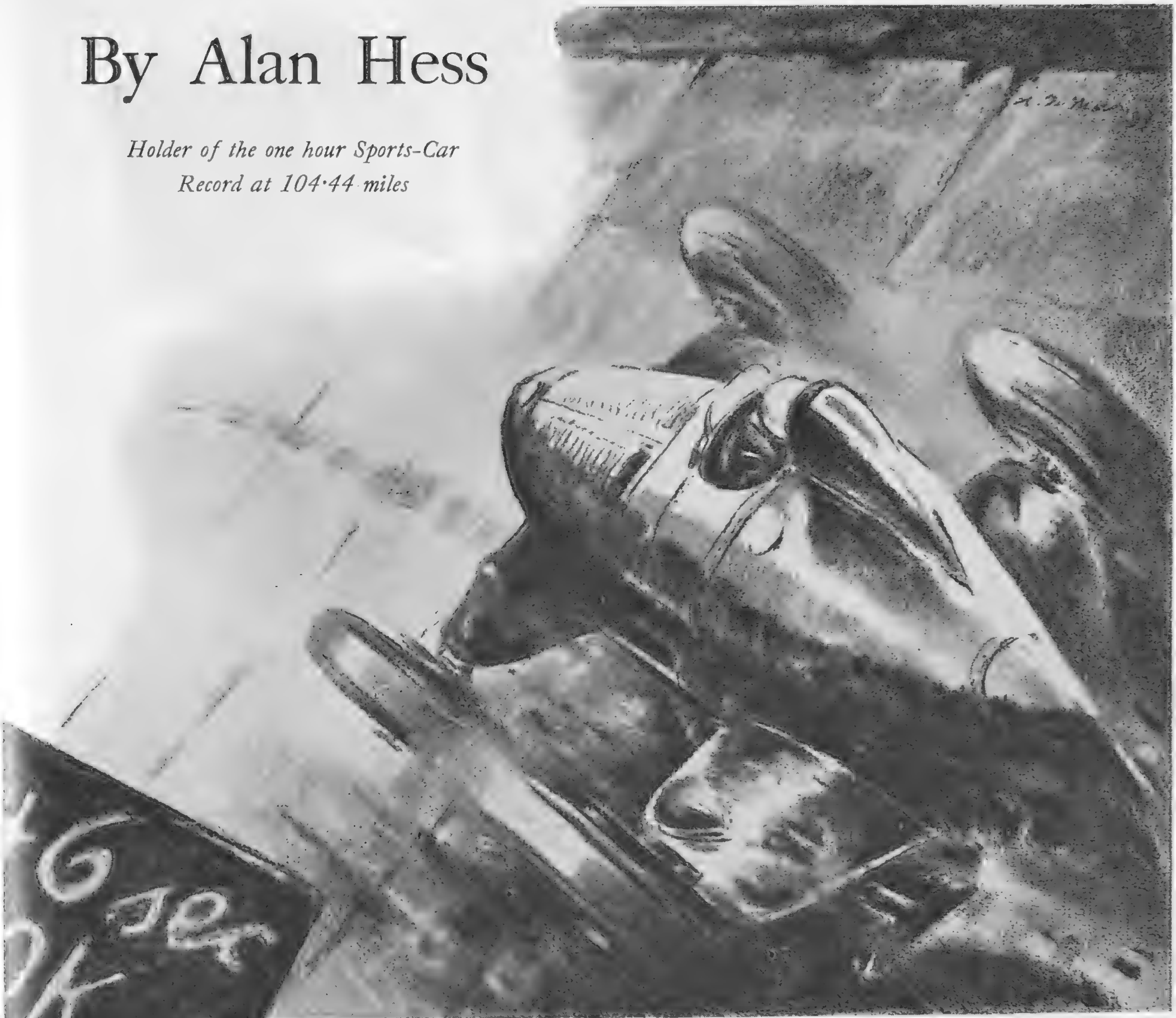
It is useless to attempt to answer the first two queries until you have settled the third, so on the assumption that your first lap (from a standing start) will be

Illustrated by H. J. Moser



By Alan Hess

Holder of the one hour Sports-Car Record at 104·44 miles



done at 107 m.p.h. you find that subsequent laps will all have to be completed at 138 m.p.h. (very near the track lap-record) if you are to cram fifty laps into the hour, and fifty laps of Brooklands equals 138.34 miles—fourteen miles more that Divo did.

This, you think, is unnecessarily ambitious so you decide on a schedule of 76 seconds per lap (131.06 m.p.h.) for forty-six laps—a total of 58 minutes 16 seconds which, with your standing start lap of 1 minute 33 seconds, gives you a net total of 59 minutes 49 seconds at an average speed of 128.46 m.p.h.—roughly 129 miles in the hour.

Now as to fuel consumption. Your supercharged engine consumes about one gallon of special mixture to every six miles at 130 m.p.h.—21½ gallons for the full distance aimed at—but your tank holds 26 gallons, so you should have plenty to see you through.

Tyres—ah! here is *the* problem. And it is no wonder that tyres should constitute the limiting factor in a high-speed record attempt of one hour's duration, for the pounding they get, acting as buffers between nearly a ton of bucking machinery and a very rough track surface is an incredible test of durability.

A few strands of cotton and a layer or two of fine rubber, that is all, and yet they stand up to mile after pulverising mile at the rate of about twenty revolutions per second.

But a whole hour of this buffeting is another matter. No—there must be a stop at half distance to change tyres. This means *two* standing - start laps instead of one and so—bust goes the speed schedule and you must start your reckoning all over again!

And so it goes on until in the end you find that your schedule provides for a performance which will only beat that of Divo by a rather modest margin (about 3 m.p.h.) and you marvel at the man in setting up such a record six long years ago.

NOW preparation for your attempt begins in earnest.

The car is completely dismantled and meticulously cleaned before reassembly. Every part is (*Continued on page* 90)

Books:

Philip Gibbs
Across the Frontiers
Society Sensations
Horace Wyndham
Wheatley
A Third Murder Mystery
J. G. Links
3/6
Malinsay Massacre
Queen Victoria's John Brown
Count Belisarius
Robert Graves

Pages *from the* Past *and* Present

By Alan Seymour

IT was, I believe, Denham who said in *Of Prudence* that

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
"For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

How rare it is to find one book which combines all these four ends, yet such a volume is in my batch this month.

Its name is *Soldier's End*, its author is Conal O'Riordan, its publishers Arrowsmith & Co. and its price 8s. 6d. net.

In this stirring novel, the author brings to a close the life of David Quinn, linking the days of Pitt with those of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Here David Quinn is seen against the grim background of famine in Ireland; tormented by the ironical fates of his own family, yet finding therein his eventual comfort; walking the streets of London with Mazzini, aiding the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury in the very small beginnings of Social Welfare work amid the slums of Clerkenwell.

Later, Quinn is shown to us as the trusted friend of Abraham Lincoln in Washington, and the companion in arms of Sherman and Grant in the Civil War; and at last meeting his death in strange company in Paris at a time still within living memory.

This is the longest novel Mr. O'Riordan has given us for thirty years and in it he is at his absolute best.

In this book, wherein the past becomes the present, there is no more "for tears" than in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, for in it the author reveals his own essentially optimistic philosophy more clearly than ever before.

ANOTHER "period" novel—a few years before the era of Quinn—is *One Man in his Time*, by Moyra Charlton, which Putnam & Co. publish at 7s. 6d.

When, at the age of eleven, Miss Charlton gave us her first book, her sublime *Tally-Ho*, she immediately made many thousands of friends whose delight it has been to remain loyal to her with each of her succeeding childhood books.

One Man in his Time is Miss Charlton's first full-size "grown-up" novel and it opens in the early days of the nineteenth century when a pleasure-mad London was utterly careless of General Wellesley's campaign which was then being waged in the Peninsular.

Miss Charlton presents a most plausible and acceptable series of pictures of the engaging London of the period with its elegant rakes, its gambling clubs, and its fatuous "Fashionables."

The story concerns a young roué whose hectic career is suddenly checked when a sorely-tried parent delivers an ultimatum that his allowance will cease forthwith unless he returns to the family estate in the Midlands and settles down to the ordered life of a country gentleman.

How he is rescued from this impending fate by a timely duel which enables him to impersonate his wounded rival in taking up a commission, and his subsequent adventures in Spain, in England and again in Spain, form the subject of this absorbing story which is full of deft touches.

BY a coincidence I have been attracted this month by no fewer than three other books dealing with the nineteenth century. (*Continued on page* 108)

One Man in His Time
Moyra Charlton
Soldier's End
by
Conal O'Riordan
Orange Blossoms
Joseph Shearing
C. S. Forester
A Ship of the Line
Old Motley
Audrey Lucas
As Much As I Dare
The Autobiography
The Life of Lord Darling
Derek Walker-Smith

LABELS

Which bring back memories of travel and adventure

By
Harry J. Greenwall

SHANGHAI
BUDAPEST
PRAHA
TOKYO
GENEVA
AVIGNON
KOBE
ROMA
Reinganum

I USED to say semi-seriously that hotels should pay advertising rates for their luggage labels. People like myself who roam the world carry the names of hotels in the air, on the sea, in trains, and to other hotels.

The other afternoon, spring had gone; it was raining; it was foggy and miserable and gloomy. I puffed my pipe, and suddenly my eyes lit on a small piece of luggage I recall buying in New York. Not a very big piece: thirty inches long, fifteen inches wide and seven inches deep, but there are fourteen unsolicited luggage labels on it; among them: Avignon, Brussels, Tokyo, Prague, Cairo, Budapest, Constantinople, Imperial Airways, Kobe, Geneva, Rome and Shanghai. What memories they bring back.

Each one, crude but colourful, brought back a vivid mental picture: gipsies on the Danube, lovely Russians in rickshaws, a hot night on the Rhône, a stormy session in Geneva, a hail storm in a plane over Beauvais, with Mr. Eden and myself rather frightened.

There are, of course, two Avignons. There is the Avignon which caters for the passing tourist, for the persons who go to see the bridge on which "*On y danse,*" as the nursery rhyme says. There is the other Avignon, the Avignon of wide avenues, a walled-in city, a cosy, comfortable sort of place to live in. The sort of town where the good bourgeois takes off his shoes and puts on his slippers; where madame loosens her corsets and takes life easily; that is the Avignon I like to think about.

Brussels, *le petit Paris?* Nonsense. Brussels is as different to Paris as Paris is to London. Do you happen to know there are some extraordinarily good little eating-houses just behind the Hotel de Ville? If you do not, let me advise you to go and investigate the very next time you are in the Belgian capital. The Brussels of to-day has forgotten, almost, the four years of occupation. It is a sturdy sort of city, very much like the Belgian character itself.

The luggage label of the Hotel Blank in Budapest is dignified. It merely gives the name of the hotel and the Hungarian flag, but as I look, I see a wonderful picture. I am embarking on a steamer on the Danube, a steamer tied up alongside the Corso. I am going to Vienna, to the Vienna that was, the city of the wailing violins, of the waltz, of gaiety, and of the wonderful coffee. We stop at four riverside villages. The gypsies are playing. Gipsy girls come aboard my ship and wander among the passengers telling fortunes. Somewhere in the crowd, a gipsy violin strikes up. The night is dark, but out of the darkness there comes the eternal song of the Hungarian. We are almost over the frontier into Austria, but Hungary is still with us.

What is this gay little label? The Hotel Something, Constantinople. This brings back many varied memories. I recall being smuggled out of the hotel in the luggage lift because there was an outbreak of smallpox, and I was one of the first victims. Back again I went a few months later, back to the same hotel. I happened to like Constantinople. When I first knew the city it was the capital of Turkey. Now it is just a provincial city from which much of the life has departed. There are no more Russians, no more gay cabarets, although there are one or two I happen to know. The Russian restaurants have disappeared. Yet, there is something about Constantinople which will never die. Kemal Ataturk can move his capital into the Anatolian Desert, as he did, but he can never remove that marvellous charm of Constantinople, the city of mosques.

Here is the label of a famous hotel in Cairo. All the world knows it and has heard of the marvellous terrace where you can sit and watch the Cairo world go by. The whole hotel is historic, just as Cairo itself is. Here Napoleon once had his headquarters.

Cairo, like Constantinople, is famous for its bazaar which entices the tourists. Both bazaars have great attraction, but the Cairo bazaar is the better, because here you see the native workmen plying their craft. In Constantinople they merely wish to sell you something quickly, and woe betide if you happen to look too closely and find the article comes from the old country.

HERE is the neat little visiting card of Imperial Airways. Many and many a time have I crossed the Channel by air, but I do remember one very nasty ten minutes. One lovely spring Saturday afternoon, my wife and I were lunching in London. We had booked my favourite seats, right up in the fore part. Just before we took off, I noticed Mr. Eden and his secretary sitting a few seats away. The then Foreign Secretary was on his way to Geneva. Off we went, lovely weather, glorious flying across Kent, across the Channel, and across part of France, and then we came to Beauvais ridge.

(*Continued on page 112*)

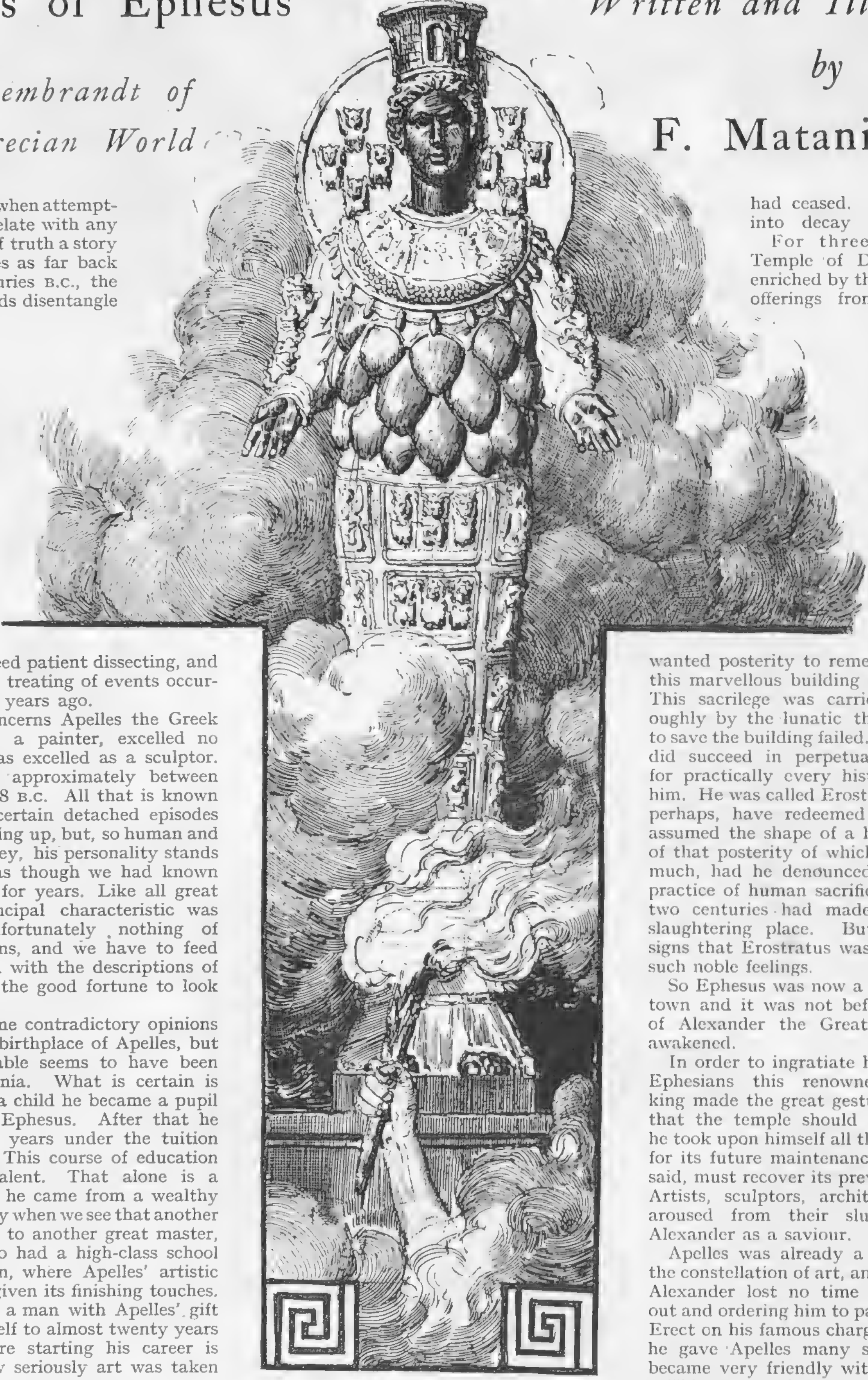
Old Tales Re-told

Apelles of Ephesus

The Rembrandt of the Grecian World

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.



THE Temple of Diana of the Ephesians was set on fire by Erostratus who committed this act so that posterity should remember his name

As a rule when attempting to relate with any degree of truth a story that goes as far back as several centuries B.C., the writer must needs disentangle the facts from much that is merely legend. There are, however, instances in which the chroniclers have faithfully recorded happenings without weaving into them threads of fantastic imagination.

This month our story is just such a one that does not need patient dissecting, and that, in spite of treating of events occurring over 2,300 years ago.

The story concerns Apelles the Greek artist, who, as a painter, excelled no less than Phidias excelled as a sculptor.

Apelles lived approximately between 352 B.C. and 308 B.C. All that is known of his life are certain detached episodes which need linking up, but, so human and so simple are they, his personality stands out as clearly as though we had known him personally for years. Like all great minds his principal characteristic was simplicity. Unfortunately nothing of his work remains, and we have to feed our imagination with the descriptions of those who had the good fortune to look upon it.

There are some contradictory opinions concerning the birthplace of Apelles, but the most probable seems to have been Colophon in Ionia. What is certain is that when still a child he became a pupil of Ephorus at Ephesus. After that he studied for ten years under the tuition of Pamphilus. This course of education cost him one talent. That alone is a clear proof that he came from a wealthy family, especially when we see that another talent was paid to another great master, Melanthius, who had a high-class school of art at Sicyon, where Apelles' artistic education was given its finishing touches.

The fact that a man with Apelles' gift submitted himself to almost twenty years of tuition before starting his career is evidence of how seriously art was taken in those times.

Full of hope and confidence, young, strong and healthy, he went back to Ephesus.

For many years this famous place had been almost a city of the dead. Owing to the destruction by fire of the Temple of Diana, the constant stream of pilgrims that once converged upon it had ceased. It was drifting into decay and obscurity.

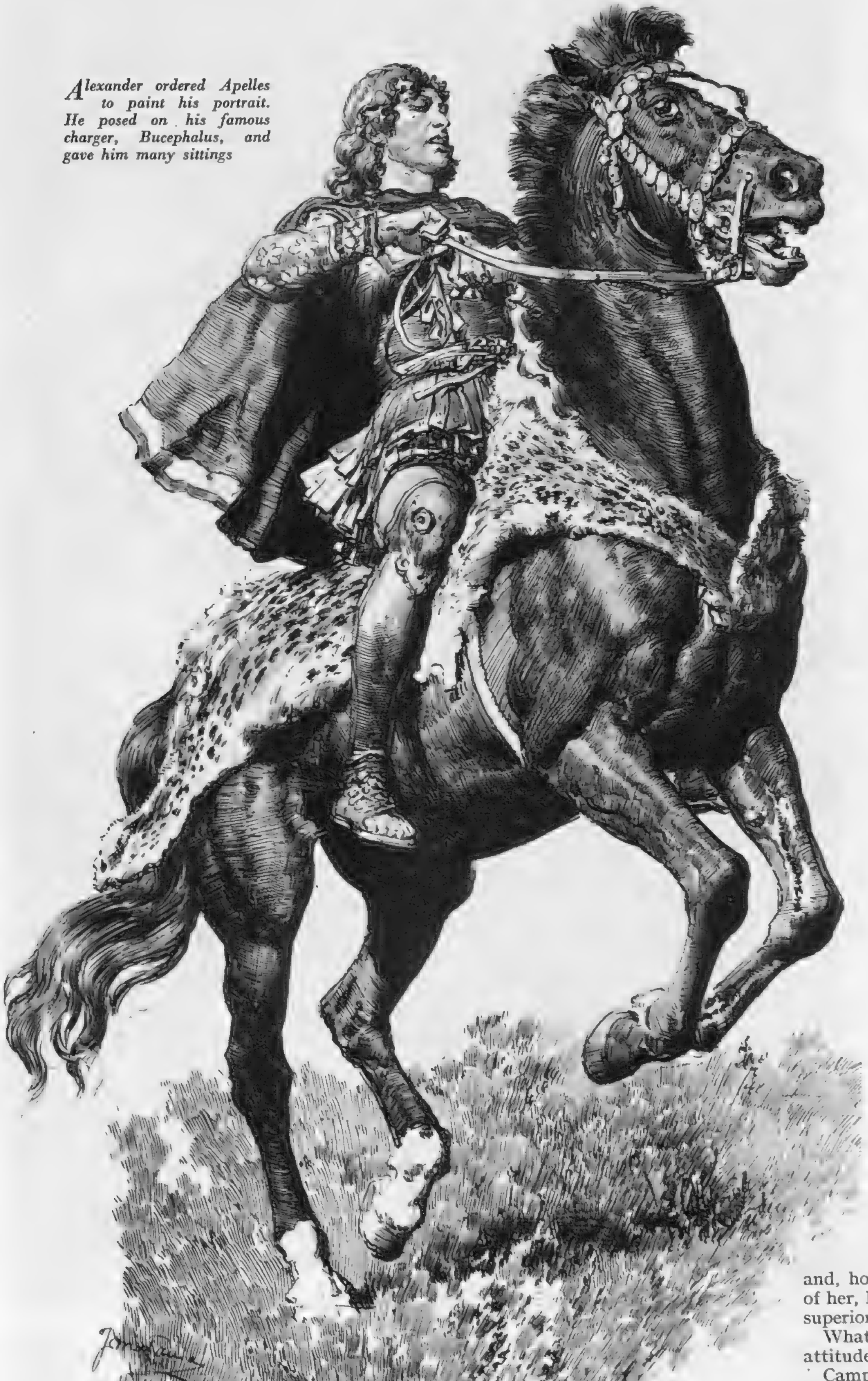
For three decades the Temple of Diana had been enriched by the most valuable offerings from all parts of Asia. This colossal building was 425 feet long and was sustained by 127 columns of precious marble, each one presented by a different king. It was considered one of the wonders of the world, but owing to the insane vanity of an obscure man, who wanted posterity to remember his name, this marvellous building was set on fire. This sacrilege was carried out so thoroughly by the lunatic that every effort to save the building failed. The incendiary did succeed in perpetuating his name, for practically every historian mentions him. He was called Erostratus. He could perhaps, have redeemed his crime and assumed the shape of a hero in the eyes of that posterity of which he thought so much, had he denounced the barbarous practice of human sacrifice that for over two centuries had made the temple a slaughtering place. But there are no signs that Erostratus was guided by any such noble feelings.

So Ephesus was now a peaceful, sleepy town and it was not before the coming of Alexander the Great that it again awakened.

In order to ingratiate himself with the Ephesians this renowned Macedonian king made the great gesture of decreeing that the temple should be rebuilt, and he took upon himself all the arrangements for its future maintenance. Ephesus, he said, must recover its previous splendour. Artists, sculptors, architects, labourers, aroused from their slumbers, saluted Alexander as a saviour.

Apelles was already a shining star in the constellation of art, and the handsome Alexander lost no time in seeking him out and ordering him to paint his portrait. Erect on his famous charger, Bucephalus, he gave Apelles many sittings, and he became very friendly with him.

This great king, who whilst still a young man, had the power to overthrow the entire organisation of the Asiatic world, seemed to feel the fascination of the artist's studio very strongly—that little kingdom within four walls where social conventions are never taken seriously, and where even kings have felt free and human for a while. Alexander was deeply attracted by that unique atmosphere where everything is unimportant, except the beautiful things of life, and last, but not least, where, besides sympathy and comprehension, woman has always found a lasting tribute to her beauty. There Alexander had the opportunity of admiring the unprecedented and graceful way in which Apelles painted the fair sex. Seeing that, he considered that there was no artist more fit to portray his beautiful Campaspe. Here, perhaps, it would not be superfluous to focus our attention a little on the intimate inclinations of the great warrior.



Alexander ordered Apelles to paint his portrait. He posed on his famous charger, Bucephalus, and gave him many sittings

Handsome almost to perfection, he was extremely masculine, in spite of his golden hair and fair skin. He was too proud to recognise that anyone was necessary to him, even women, but there is plenty of evidence to show that he always had a collection of female beauties about him, amongst whom Campaspe was the principal. In matters of love Alexander could not have been very deep, as his necessity for women was never so strong as to induce him to fight for one. He was extremely sympathetic with people in love, and he proved it on more than one occasion. He could afford to be generous, for, being so young, so handsome, and so mighty, he needed no special effort to have at his feet the most alluring array of the daughters of Venus.

He told Apelles that he desired his favourite to be portrayed in the nude, and when he carried her to Apelles' studio, and the peplum fell to the ground, Apelles realised that he was confronted by a real masterpiece of nature.

An artist may become quite used to the sight of the nude, but he is never impervious to beauty. Inflamed by the privilege of having before him such a model, he felt all the responsibility of reaching the highest perfection within his power. Heavenly days were spent by Apelles trying to obtain that gentleness of colour so clear and so evident on the model and yet so elusive on the palette. Days that were too short for the painter, who would willingly have prolonged indefinitely the light of the day had it been within his possibility.

Together with the flame of art was burning another flame within him. A flame that upset the equilibrium of his normally balanced nature. He dared not utter a single word, but every time that his eyes passed from the painting to the model, they carried a silent message that never failed to be grasped by the equally silent Campaspe. The girl was considerably perturbed and was quite unable to withstand his glance.

Whenever Alexander would come to see how the picture was progressing, his attention was all for the model. After all, Campaspe was his property, and, however proud he might have been of her, he treated her with the indifferent superiority of the master.

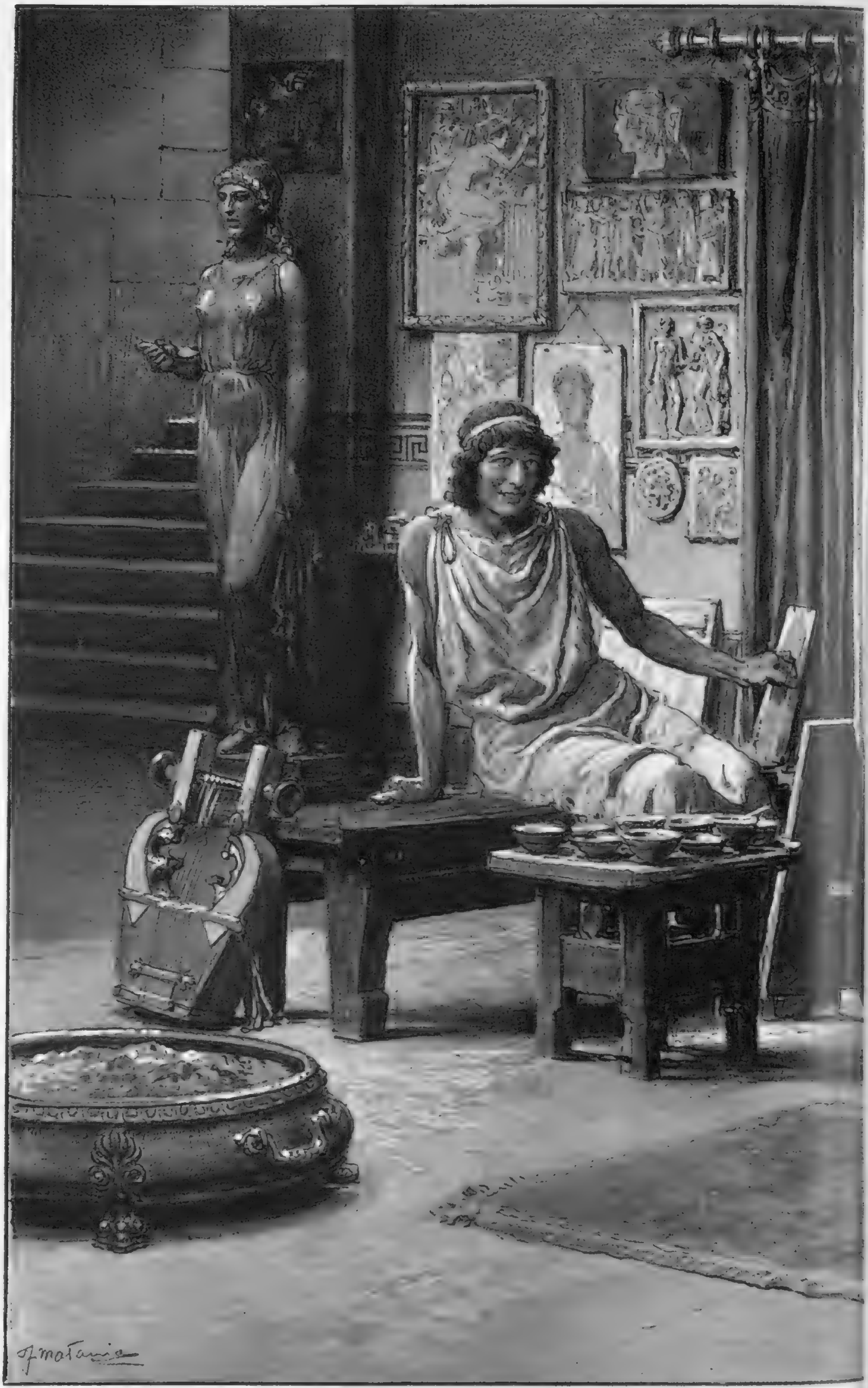
What a sharp contrast was this to the attitude of the artist.

Campaspe was fully conscious of being only a toy for the one man and something sacred for the other. Too many times had she noticed that whilst arranging a curl or correcting a position, that hand, so steady whilst painting, could not approach her without slightly trembling. In the meantime, the friendship between the great general and the great artist had rapidly grown, and so confidential was the camaraderie between them that on one occasion, whilst they were holding an argument on certain artistic matters, Alexander displayed so little knowledge on the matter that Apelles, with all due respect to the great conqueror, whispered in his ear not to proceed with similar absurdities, otherwise the boys occupied in grinding the colours might ridicule him. Alexander took this, as he usually did, in the spirit of the true sportsman, and laughed heartily.

To Apelles' growing dismay, the portrait was nearing completion. His secret was almost suffocating him, to the point that, one day, unable to keep it any longer, he confessed to Alexander that he had fallen madly in love with the beautiful Campaspe. Apelles expected Alexander to react in a more or less violent form, but he saw that the latter did not lose his composure, nor his smile.

To another man this bold confession might have been somewhat staggering, but to Alexander, whose pride would not allow him to believe that anyone was indispensable to him, the confession did not cause the slightest feeling of jealousy. On the contrary, he appreciated that Apelles had neither deceived him nor tried to steal from him. He saw only the spontaneous confession of a hopeless love. So why not make the grand gesture ? He quickly decided. Striding towards Campaspe, he took her by the hand and led her to Apelles, saying : " You keep the original as a present from me. I will be content with the painting."

A great artist in love and a beautiful woman are two elements from whom more often than not a great masterpiece has derived. The inspiration went much beyond a simple portrait. Some time later the passive but indispensable collaboration of Campaspe contributed to a work of art that remained Apelles' supreme masterpiece.

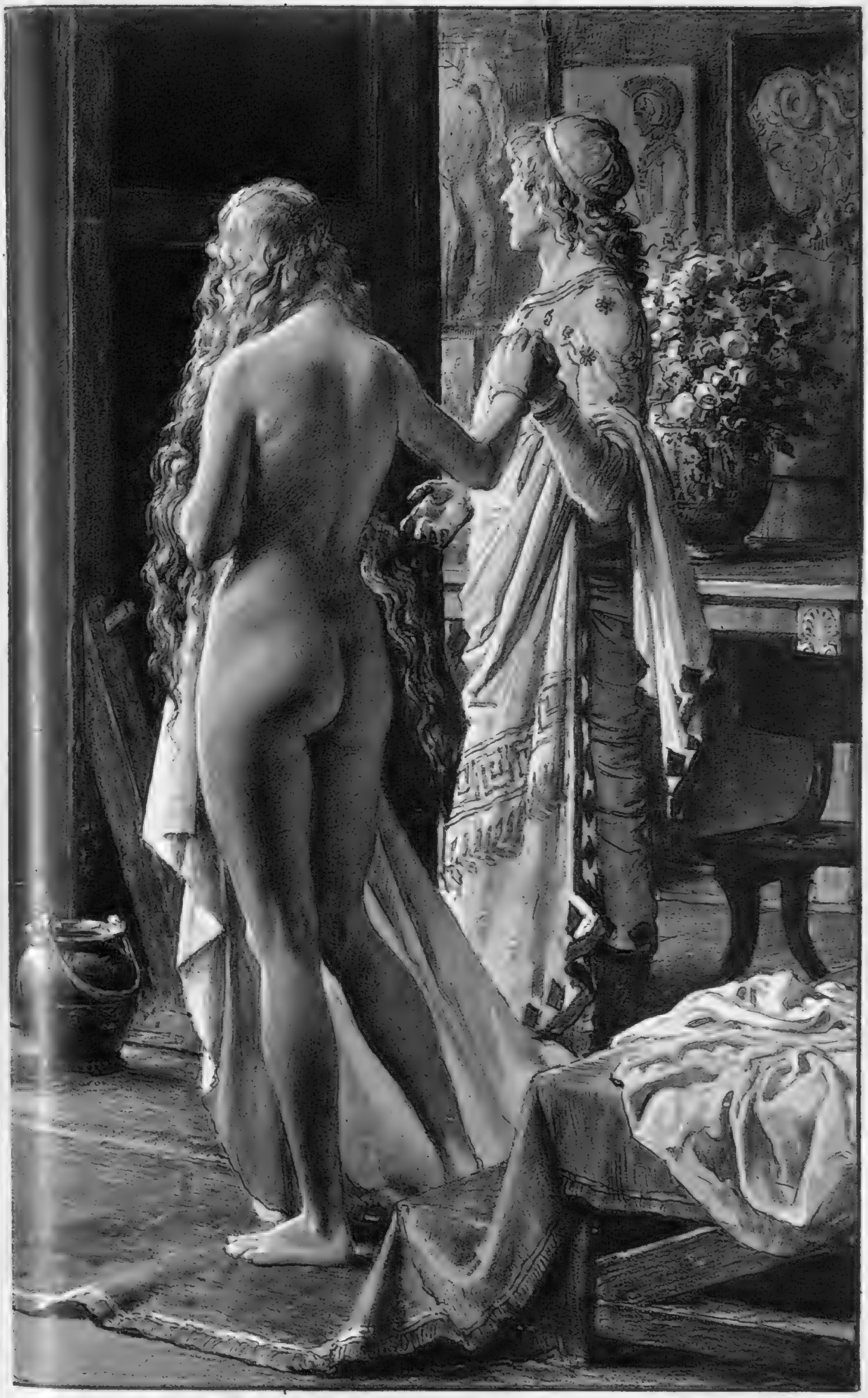


Alexander, taking the beautiful Campaspe
" You keep the original as a present from

The Greek painters used to paint on wooden boards instead of on canvas, and on one of those Apelles started the great painting that he intended to be an everlasting hymn of glory to the beauty of women in general and to the beauty of Campaspe in particular. Phidias had glorified Venus in marble ; Praxiteles had given his version of the naked goddess in a work that was acclaimed throughout the Asiatic world ; Sappho, the immortal poetess, had written the ode to Venus. Apelles was going to leave to posterity his own interpretation. He painted the Venus Anadiomene (Venus emerging from the sea).

From the description of those who have seen this famous painting, it seems that the artist has contrived to obtain an amazing effect by painting a shower of little drops of water falling from the hair of the goddess. These drops were reflecting the colours of the spectrum, and it was through them that the beautiful nude of the goddess was seen. The effect was described as stupendous. In the long list of Apelles' work this picture was prized far above anything he had ever done. Unmistakable proofs of the conscientiousness displayed in his work are unanimously recorded.

He knew that only a life of uninterrupted study could enable an artist to master what is called perfect drawing,



by the hand, led her to Apelles, saying,
me. I will be content with the painting"

so he practised draughtsmanship from life every day.

Pliny tells us that Apelles was extremely fond of experimenting with unusual effects of light, and often tried to depict things which were almost beyond the powers of any artist. As an example, he describes the fantastic portrait of Alexander wielding a thunderbolt, and says that the effect of light obtained by the artist astounded whoever saw it. As a matter of fact, it was said of the two Alexanders that the son of Philip was invincible, while the Alexander of Apelles was inimitable.

Apelles was convinced that art was perfect only when it appealed to everybody.

Often he would exhibit his paintings in the market-place whilst he mixed with the crowd in order to hear the spontaneous criticisms of simple folk. For him their genuine and unprejudiced opinion was worth much more than the learned disquisitions of the so-called experts.

Once Apelles was hiding behind one of his pictures while a crowd of passers-by were exchanging their opinions. One of them was finding fault with the way in which a sandal was painted, and in order to give more authority to his opinion, he told the crowd that he was a professional shoemaker and knew very well what he was talking about.

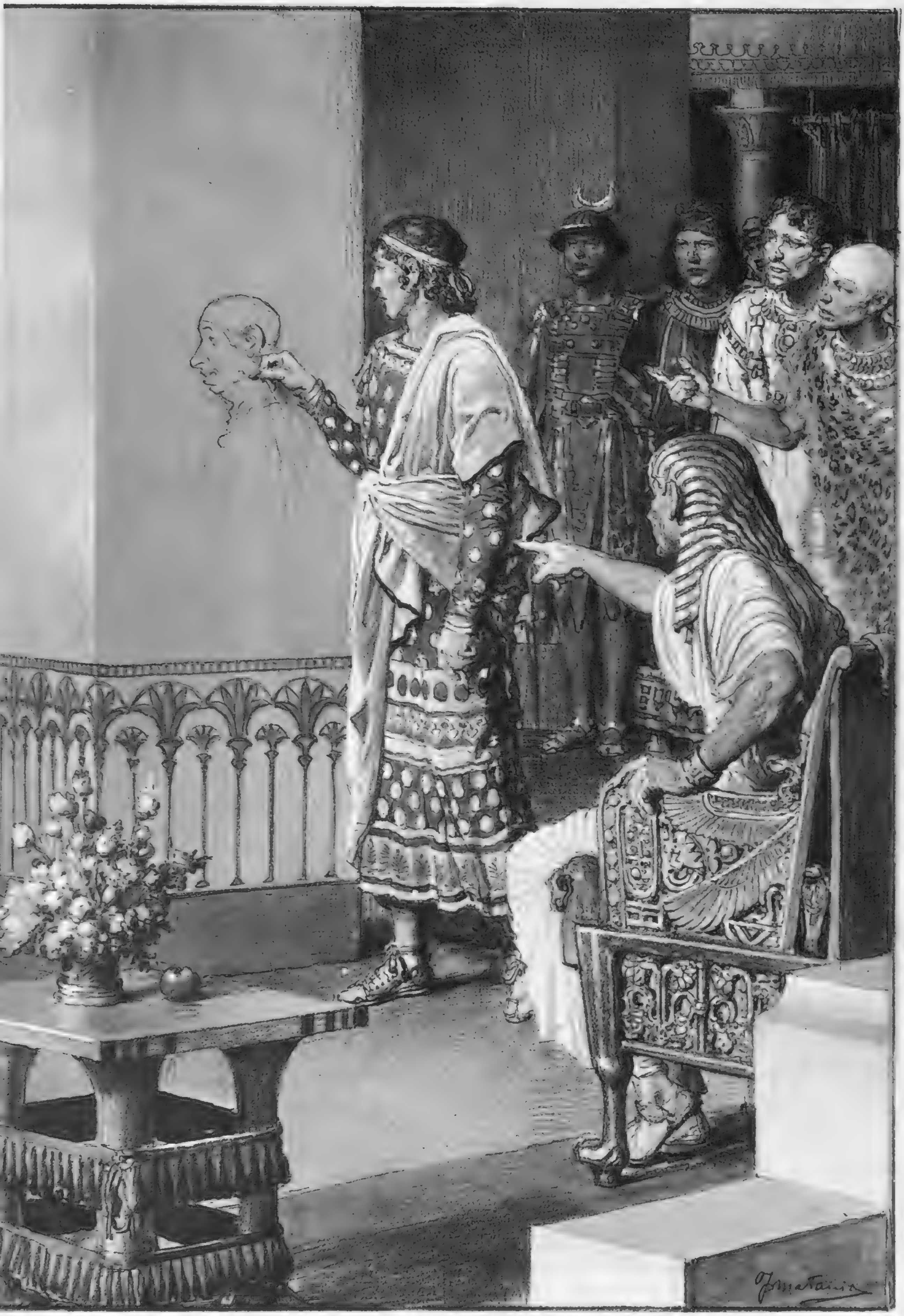
This bold criticism struck the artist. He took the picture back to his studio and, finding that the cobbler was quite right, altered the sandal and made it technically correct. The next day the picture was again exhibited and again he hid behind it. The cobbler was told that the sandal had been altered, so he came, full of pride, and, amidst the admiration of everybody, expressed his satisfaction at seeing that the great Apelles had faithfully followed his suggestion. Emboldened by such unexpected success, he began to find fault with the anatomy of the leg. At this point Apelles could not keep calm any longer. He emerged from his hiding-place and told the eminent cobbler to confine his opinions to the shoes, about which he had a professional right to speak.

Apelles was always ready to recognise and to eulogise other people's talent. Once, seeing that the work of the famous painter Protogenes was not valued as it really deserved to be, Apelles, who was commanding fabulous prices, bought a picture of Protogenes' for 50 talents, and told everyone that he would resell the same with his own signature and at his own price.

If his work had survived we would have the most precious collection of royal portraits, for he was the painter of kings and emperors, besides which Pliny mentions a marvellous self-portrait.

Alexander the Great forbade every other artist to paint his portrait, and included Apelles in his suite on his journeys. It was on one of these journeys that a strong antagonism arose between the great painter and Ptolemy, then also attached to the suite of Alexander.

Later, in the midst of all the events that followed Alexander's premature death, Ptolemy came to the throne of Egypt. It happened that during one of his voyages, Apelles, very much against



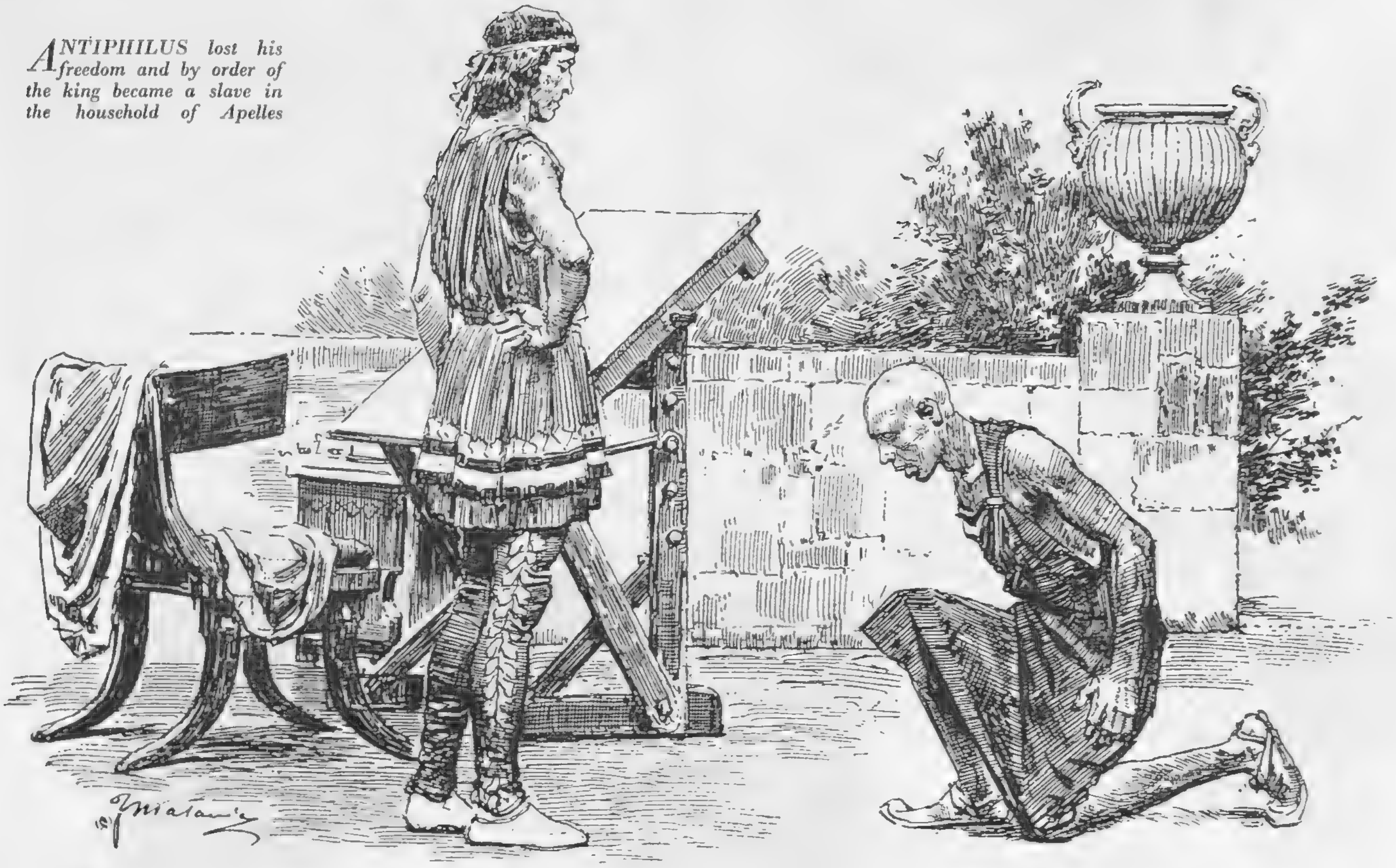
Apelles took a piece of charcoal and with it drew a perfect portrait of the bearer of the invitation to dine with Ptolemy. There was one general shout, " The jester! The jester! "

his will, was forced by a storm to land at Alexandria. The news that the great painter was on Egyptian soil soon spread, and some envious rivals thought out a stratagem by which Apelles would come in contact with his old enemy, now the King. In fact, one day, Apelles received a visitor who claimed to convey an invitation from the King to dine with him at the royal palace. Apelles saw nothing abnormal in this. After all, a long time had elapsed and there was no reason for not forgetting the old differences. He bade the messenger take back to his Majesty his acceptance. On the appointed day Apelles went to the palace, and to his astonishment was told that the King was not expecting him. When the written invitation was shown to the King he was most indignant, for that was not the kind of joke that he would tolerate. The affair was generally deplored, and the King enquired of Apelles who was the author of such a vulgar jest. Apelles did not know the name of the messenger, but suddenly a thought struck him. He went towards one of the huge perfume-burners, took a piece of charcoal, and with it drew in one line a perfect portrait of the messenger. There was one general shout: " The jester! The jester! "

The King summoned the man to his presence. Trembling like a leaf, pale and bloodless, the jester fell at the King's feet. He confessed that some of Apelles' rivals had bribed him into this despicable action.

The practical joke, planned to increase the friction between the Egyptian King and the artist, had the very opposite effect, for it ended in a reconciliation that to all appearances would have otherwise been impossible. This was, however, extremely mild in comparison with what followed.

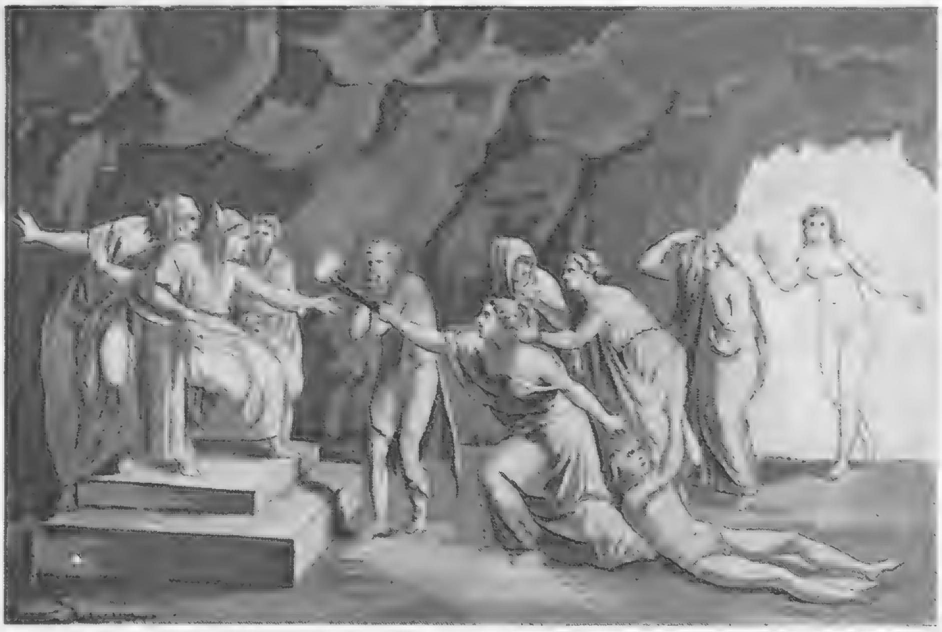
An eminent painter called Antiphilus publicly accused Apelles of having taken an important part in the plot organised against Ptolemy by Theodotus at Tyre. The old enmity between the King and Apelles made such a charge plausible to the public eye. But Apelles challenged his colleague to prove his allegations. Antiphilus, who was relying entirely on the predisposition of the King, had the unpleasant surprise of receiving from the King himself the order to bring forward his evidence against Apelles. The charge, being quite an imaginary one, fell to the ground ignominiously. The consequence was that 100 talents were given to



ANTIPHILUS lost his freedom and by order of the king became a slave in the household of Apelles

Apelles, while Antiphilus lost his freedom, and by order of the king became a slave in the household of Apelles.

An ordinary man would have tried to forget such a dreadful experience, Apelles instead tried to make it immortal by painting a picture symbolising the calumny. Pliny has described this picture so minutely that eighteen centuries later Raphael of Urbino reconstructed it in one of his cartoons.



RAPHAEL'S reconstruction of Apelles' painting symbolising "The Calumny." The original picture was described by Pliny in minute detail

WITHOUT fear of being very far from the truth, by logical deduction we may form a very clear idea of Apelles' painting. In every epoch and in every country painting and drawing have always been of the same artistic merit as sculpture. The Roman frescoes, so well preserved at Pompeii, show clearly that the Romans painted equally as well as they modelled. When the decadence of the early Medieval era filled churches with so many ugly and grotesque figures, those which were painted were not very different from those that were modelled. The development of those two mediums of art has always been simultaneous. Take as an example a Madonna modelled by Donatello and another painted by Raphael. The standard of work of these two giants does not differ. It is therefore quite logical that the perfection of Greek sculpture had its complete parallel with Greek painting. Let us for a moment consider how fond the Greeks were of colour. They painted the majority of their statues, even their architecture was most brilliantly and elaborately coloured. In short, everything points to the presumption that some of the Greek painting might have stood on the same level as that of the great masters of the Renaissance.

It seems that Apelles was the first to use a kind of varnish so as to bring out the brilliancy of the colours. He also wrote a treatise on painting, but like all the rest of his work, it has been lost.

There is no precise information regarding Apelles' later years, nor is it known when he died. But three centuries later his Venus Anadeomene came into the limelight again.

The Emperor Augustus had the picture removed from the temple of Aeschulapius and brought to the temple that he had built in honour of Julius Caesar. But time had already started its slow process of destruction. The lower part of the painting was gradually crumbling with decay.

Thirty years after its removal Nero was so upset at seeing the masterpiece was doomed that he tried everything possible to find someone who could stop the deterioration of the wood and of the colour, but every effort proved unsuccessful. So he called the famous painter Dorotheus to make an exact copy.

Through Nero's forethought and Dorotheus' ability, Apelles' Anadeomene had a second lease of life.

The great master faded away without leaving any tangible trace. Written history brings to us the echo of the applause with which the ancient world honoured this great man. And that is all.

In archeology, however, there is no such thing as the last word. We owe to the eruption of Vesuvius the preservation of Pompeii. Maybe the world will yet see an Apelles masterpiece.

If you want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

NEW BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN

By Chrysis

Vivien Leigh. A portrait by John Everard

In these days there is seldom such a thing as an unbeautiful woman, all you need is a proper understanding of your skin to become a lovely and yet lovelier woman, since the finest chemists in the world are behind you with cures for every complexion trouble, preventives for every blemish, and countless improvers and preservatives.

You have only to follow a basic treatment suited to your particular skin and its problems—ringing a change on this occasionally—to achieve and retain a full bloom of good looks *indefinitely*.

This is the pitch to which Science has now brought Beauty, the birthright of every woman.

But you must understand your skin. If you need guidance—and it is always as well to have expert opinion especially if the talk costs nothing—go and talk to the experts at the Innoxa salon in Bond Street.

They work to the formulae of a famous French dermatologist, skilled in the effacement of scars and banishment of defects, in *skin-renewing and refining*.

He it is who first evolved a Complexion Milk for cleaning the face, that was both a lightning and a highly-efficient deep-pore cleanser and yet conserved the natural oils in the skin. This has proved invaluable for use on dry and normal skins. (A dry skin lacks natural oil, in a normal skin the oils can and should be carefully preserved, as in a dry skin wrinkles supervene and age the face prematurely.)

Next he worked on a special cream to supply the dry skin with the *sebum* in which it is deficient, and produced Skin Tissue, a cream so fine and penetrative in texture, that it imparts life and elasticity to the skin immediately.

Innoxa Vitaliser followed, and greasy-skinned users blessed it as the perfect corrective astringent.

These three preparations are unsurpassed. But if you go in for them it will be as well to take the entire treatment of complementary aids for your type of skin.

In the case of a Normal Skin, one which neither flakes nor becomes over-greasy, this is a thorough face-cleansing with Complexion Milk every night; Skin Food to be patted in after this every other night. *In the morning*, Complexion Milk again, followed by freshening Skin Tonic. Then apply a tinted cream make-up foundation base, to match whatever powder and rouge you are using, and harmonize your colouring to your clothes.

Be sparing with rich soups, sauces, and fried foods. Drink at least two pints of cold water each day, and a saline twice a week before your morning cup of tea.

In the case of a Dry Skin thoroughly cleanse with Complexion Milk every night and apply Tissue Cream afterwards. If the skin has become rough or reddened owing to exposure, a Skin Balm will heal it while you sleep. Never use soap and water.

In the morning, cleanse again with Complexion Milk and brace with Skin Tonic, before applying Mousse Day Cream as base for a powder which has *been designed* to protect dry skins.

Increase your proportion of butter, cream and salad oil, and drink at least one pint of milk a day. Be sparing with starchy foods, such as white bread, potatoes, and eggs.

In the case of a Greasy Skin cleanse with Complexion Milk every night, before dabbing on the Vitaliser every other night. This Vitaliser is not to be used after the action of the sebaceous glands has been corrected, and superfluous oil eliminated from the cheeks and round the nose.

The face should be bathed in warm water every morning, and then toned with Astringent Lotion. The mildly astringent Innoxa Matine Cream is the best powder foundation.

Avoid fried foods, rich soups and pastries. Take meat and fish boiled or steamed; and plenty of fruit and green vegetables. Drink a pint of warm water every night, and each morning take a light dose of saline before your morning cup of tea. (*Continued on page* 137)

PRIDE IN PERFUME

Even in these days when civilization has almost dimmed our sense of smell out of existence, as soon as a forgotten but once familiar perfume crosses our path, a picture rises immediately of where we last encountered it.

That it is why it is foolish for woman to say: "I never use scent."

Perfume places them in the memory; scent not only invests them with charm, it releases them into an aura, a force that is haunting.

Perfumes belong to types, and among those down the left hand of the chart, Regal is for the hostess; Connoisseur for the woman who is an artist in scent and probably an artist in living.

Under Worldly-Wise come scents that are heady and effective, modern. Under Exuberant, those that are romantic.

Swift magnetic perfumes are given under Contacts, good for any party. Star-Turn is for when you wish to leave a stronger impression of your personality. Out-Of-Doors is for the frank *camaraderie* of sport; Fancy-Free for the mood and those magic interludes when life is on holiday.

Very Special suggests the incense for rhapsodies, the delirium that remains after certain meetings and partings, in the perfume that is unforgettably you.

If you cannot place yourself into any of the types I have given, write to me, describing your colouring, measurements, general appearance, personality, and I shall advise you on the right perfume to use. Address your letter to Chrysis, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

TYPES	MOODS AND OCCASIONS				
	Contacts	Star-Turn	Out-Of-Doors	Fancy-Free	Very Special
Exuberant	Patou's Colony *Arresting . . . exciting* (brunettes). Patou's Adieu Sagesse. *Mischievous . . . enticing* (blondes).	Guerlain: Shalimar. *Pulsating.* Guerlain: Sous le Vent. *Fair and romantic.*	Troïka "4711" Eau de Cologne. *Invigorating, carefree, dashing.* Patou's Vacances. *Joyous.*	Atkinsons Carillon. *Alert . . . adventurous . . . enchanting.* Lelong's Impromptu. *Inspirational . . . vivid.*	Schiaparelli's Salut. *Exclusive . . . clinging.* Worth's Je Reviens. *Ecstatic . . . unforgettable.*
Worldly-Wise	Innoxa: Pour Vous. *Very personal.* Floris: Sandalwood. *Rare and Individual.*	Coty's Styx or Chypre. *Elusive . . . enigmatic* (brunettes). Coty's L'or. (Golden blondes). Coty's L'Ambre Antique. (Red heads).	Arden's Blue Grass. *Poised and bewitching.* Matita's Parfum de Sport. *Fresh, elegant.*	Yardley's Orchis. *Attuned to gay lights and colours.* Lelong's: Concentre 96. *Independent yet beckoning.*	Coty's Le Cyclamen. *Mysterious . . . yet volatile.* Guerlain 90. *Impenetrable . . . exotic.*
Regal	Millot's Crêpe de Chine. *Acme of charm.* Yardley's Bond Street. *Essence of elegance.*	Arden's Night and Day. *Gracious . . . complete . . . inimitable.*	Chanel's Cuir de Russie. *Irresistible.* Coty's Emeraude. *Buoyant, elusive.*	Schiaparelli's Soucis. *Subtle . . . disturbing . . . distinctive.*	Coty's Le Vertige. *Highly emotional.* Patou's Joy. *Vibrant.*
Young Girl	Atkinsons Lily of the Valley. *Delicate but vital . . . has a transparency.*	Floris: Jasmine. *. . . of penetrating sweetness.*	Worth's Projets. *Haunting, gay.*	Coty's Le Nouveau Gardenia. *Shot with laughter, glamorous.*	Rigaud: Féerie. *Discreet, ethereal, persuasive.*
Connoisseur	Worth's Joyeux Retour. *Lyrical . . . appealing.*	Schiaparelli's Shocking. *Outstanding . . . alluring.* Cyclax: La Cinquieme Nuit. *Itself . . . incomparable.*	Millot's Recital. *Spring-like . . . Happy.* Guerlain's Jicky. *Radiant . . . sporting.*	Patou's Cocktail. *Perilous . . . witty.* Atkinsons White Rose. *Ever-fresh, sharp, yet effective.*	Chanel's No. 5. *Deservedly one of the world's most popular perfumes. If thought too popular, try Chanel 22*

SUMMER

To Dispel

PROBLEM	
HAIR	**Thin or falling.** Use a vegetable shampoo twice weekly, massaging between-whiles with a nettle-juice tonic which will project new and luxurious growth. **Lack-lustre or dry scalp dandruff.** Cover head thickly with a glandular-extract cream, fomenting it in seven times by wrapping head in very hot towels. Rinse out. Sheeny suppleness will have returned to hair that has been over-permed or bleached. It will set in easy waves.
EYES	**Swollen, pink-rimmed.** Alternate eye-baths of Optrex and boracic lotion (two teaspoonfuls boracic powder dissolved in pint of boiling water, bottled). Vaseline over lids at night. **Puckered or pouched eye-sockets.** Wipe in a balm of water-lilies and you will wipe out wrinkles. **Strained or bloodshot after motoring, travel, sport.** Venetian eye-lotion—used by Imperial Airways' pilots—relieves at once. **Scanty eye-lashes.** Paint lash-roots with equal quantities of almond and castor oil, mixed.
SKIN	**Sunburn.** A certain sticky salve brings instant relief, removing all trace of burn within eight hours. **Freckles.** Correct darkest by a bleach. Prevent fresh ones by using a waterproof make-up—ranging in tones from pale flesh to riotous sun-gold—under which, protection is complete. **Blotchiness, rash.** Take an effervescent saline before breakfast. Paint on a clearing lotion that allays irritation, forms a mask, and is a good powder base. On bad pimples, dab spirits of camphor. **Excessive dryness.** A new turtle-oil skin-food is easily drunk by the skin, arrests peeling, youthifies.
NECK ARMS	**Ageing neck.** Summer heat always quickens assimilation of a balm composed of herbs and biological extracts. Work in regularly for a fortnight and say goodbye to pouches, cavities and crinkles. On with a paste and off with the adipose. **Fat upper arms, red upper arm, rough elbows.** Clean and dry with good friction cloth. Rub with cucumber peel and a stimulant which starts the cells *oil-producing*. Cup elbows in lemon halves, they keep there by suction. They bleach and soften. **Worn hands.** Dilute a honey cream with witch-hazel, apply at night. Swelling, ache and coarseness vanish.
LEGS FEET	**Hairy legs.** A quick wax-eradication will keep them satin-smooth. A longer home-treatment—comprising lotion, powder, cream and balsam—will ultimately banish hair entirely. **Hot and aching feet.** A soothing powder will cool, and a massage with fragrant balm remove swelling, ache, and re-shape. Invaluable for hiking.

Freshness By Day

The more you reveal of yourself to the sun, the more eye-subjecting that revelation has to be. An expanse of bare arms, shoulders and back must be lovely, or it is repelling.

Blistering brick-red bodies have no place in our chart which aims at giving you a lithe, even, sun-gold body. But this colour can only be scientifically obtained. The use of oil alone will not give it.

Oil, alone, fries the skin. That is why a protective powder-base cream is advocated in the chart. This cuts out the burning rays of the sun and allows you to tan or not at will. But if you decide to tan you must oil as well as cream, because tanning is a drying process, and oil is needed to keep the skin supple.

There are other aids as well to help you to an enticing sunburn—complementary oils, sun-lotion, and a waterproof bronzing liquid which encases you in that one-colour which is part of the fascination of tan, to be used more especially if your own tan should go wrong.

Then there is a range of marvellous powders, nine shades, in Boots Number 7 preparations. The glow these bequeath marks the arrival of something entirely fresh and exciting on the market. Specially blended rouges go with them, and if you follow the daily Beauty Routine Boots advise, astonishing radiance will be achieved.

Louis Philippe's lipsticks present an ardent challenge, in sun-burst and sun-orange, and give to the lips that petal-moist appearance that has no hint of pastiness.

For those who find it difficult to powder on tan, and so many do, there is Potter and Moore's cream (in 6d. tubes, too) which sinks into the skin, freshens and leaves you with an apparently powdered surface.

Another excellent powder foundation is to be found in Fifth Avenue Beauty Preparations. This imparts the deepest bloom and yet actually prevents the powder from entering the skin. (*Continued on page* 137)

Write for Further Details To

BEAUTY FROM HEAD TO TOE

Make-Up

Weave golden lights into the hair by dipping a stiff-bristled brush into a saucerful of di-oxygen, and brushing it all ways vigorously upwards, in the sun.

A bay-rum friction intensifies colour and gloss.

"4711" Eau de Cologne makes fine quick-setting lotion. Damp it lightly and pin the curls round as you have seen your hairdresser do.

Herbal oil imparts flattering eye-shadow, nourishes and keeps lids smooth.

To enlarge eyes: place great pin-daub of tinted eye-shadow behind centre lashes and streak it away to either side.

A special cream Mascara grows and curls lashes, or, "Fifth Avenue" Mascara—in black, midnight blue and brown—is waterproof, highly effective, and does not irritate the eyes. Brush it on once, and then again when dry.

Important.—Final powder-dusting, especially under chin, should always be a shade lighter than face — although foundation should be same and even—fair necks give youth.

Use protective foundation a shade darker than face.

Ring a change between two oils over your protective foundation (this to be a shade darker than face), one helps the skin to function and gives suppleness, the other bestows a lustrous finish. Feels and looks good, no stickiness. Alluring.

To tan or not to tan is the great decision. A liberal application of a certain cream keeps you snow-white. A medium application allows you to tan a little; a mere wipe over enables you to tan a heap, *but without burning,* for this preparation cuts out the burning rays of the sun, and simulates every degree of sun-tan, being made in many shades. A particularly lovely one is a clear honey tone. Spread an even film of this cream down over neck, arms and shoulders.

A liquid in the same tone as your face foundation, will overcast them with a film that looks as though you were wearing the sheerest silk stockings. Exquisite finish.

Spread the film from your legs in an even sweep down your feet, and avoid having ugly red-chafed heels. Also lessen apparent size of your feet. Colour toe-nails same as lipstick.

Sea and Sun

Expose hair to sun, which vitalizes; but be careful to feed scalp with good hair oil.

Salt water damages. Wear a rubber band about your head, inside your bathing cap. If hair becomes wet in spite of this, wash in fresh water immediately.

Glare brings wrinkles faster than worry: wear sun glasses. If necessary, even wear a shade over the glasses. Goggles while motor-boating or motoring. Eye-bathe the eyes after swimming.

Curb your diving; it makes the eyes bloodshot in a way not easily remedied by any eye-lotion.

Nothing like this combination, added to a little wind, to blister the skin. So, when you bathe, wear either:

A waterproof make-up; or

Grease well before going in; or

Plaster yourself with Skol's Sun-lotion.

In any event, wipe your face and skin where you have been exposed with Larola, when you come out, to keep it soft and smooth. Use Sun-tan oil as well as protective cream if you are tanning. Lavish use of emollients achieves becoming sun-glow.

Extra lotions of waterproof make-up, protective cream, or Sun-lotion—there is a good waterproof bronze one—will be needed, as nothing is more unsightly than zebra-striped necks and arms and peeling backs; nothing further from the conception of summer beauty, or more likely to ruin future decolleté.

While sun-bathing, use quantities of either Sun-tan oil, or skin-function and surface oil, then you can rejoice in the body perfect.

Salt water is bad for stings, so is sun. Do not expose rashes, stings or cuts to sea or sun. (Make a mound of bicarbonate of soda over any sting, immediately, to relieve and cure. Apply it to rashes (boracic powder to cuts).) Dust soles of feet with boracic, and for the rest, work in skin-function oil and oil again.

Glamour By Night

Filmy dresses and a phantom fragility at night will contrast with your frank, concrete sun-self of the day.

A woman's mind changes with her dress. Contrast is seductive. Be different and different again. Be ten women in one: a woman of many moods, as long as each mood is well-conceived and unstrained, unaffected.

That is one point in favour of a highly protective day make-up, one that keeps you snow-white, you can pass in the evening to Arden's cyclamen or Cyclax's pink-clover—both ethereally effective, or Helena Rubinstein's enchanting new rose-pink lipstick, rouge and nail-groom.

This rouge bestows the loveliest and most fleeting flush—one of those deceptive flushes, subtle and vibrant, that looks fleeting but stays put. It is impossible to beget a harsh line with it, it merges so perfectly, charging the skin with self-brilliance. A triumph.

And the matching nail-groom is a treat: composed of non-drying ingredients, it is so smooth and lustrous it lasts for a very long time without cracking or peeling, feeding the nails all the while, growing and strengthening them for you.

If you have tanned, flamboyance is your note: Sunflame Louis Philippe lipstick, one of the more vivid of Boots Number 7 eye-shadows, green or violet. A touch of the exotic, an impression (*Continued on page 137*)

Editor, Women's Department
"Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

The Steward's Name

HOKE CHELSEA, second officer of the *Queen of Bermuda*, leaned over the boat-deck rail and pointed with his short black-bowled pipe at the throng on the pier.

"A rum lot," declared Mr. Chelsea, with dispassionate cynicism. "But we always get a rum lot of passengers on this run. Half of 'em never been on a boat before and they show it. Getting seasick before we pass the Statue of Liberty, wanting to meet the captain first thing, asking me are the lifeboats in working order . . . faugh, I'm fed-up with it! I wish I was out East again." Mr. Chelsea was highly British, highly respectable and highly disillusioned as regards human nature. He had followed the sea for twenty-five years.

Jones, who was sneaking a smoke aloft when he ought to have been stewarding down on A-deck, said: "East, eh? Now just what has the East to offer that you can't get here?"

Mr. Chelsea raised grizzled eyebrows.

"Chiefly," he said, with significance, "cabin stewards who remain at their posts of duty instead of fraternising with their elders and betters. My advice to you, young man, is to get below and cool slippy. There'll be those who'll want ice-water and glasses and such like."

Jones flipped his cigarette away.

"You've got something there," he sighed. "And what quantities of ice-water and glasses! Well, so long, officer. I'm off to minister to my flock."

He skipped nimbly along the boat-deck, went down the companionway like a white-jacketed monkey. On A-deck Miss Blaneworthy, the stewardess, gaunt and grim as a frigate of war, accosted him.

"You, Jones," said Miss Blaneworthy. "Where have you been? Forty-eight's in a stew."

"Forty-eight," Jones told her politely, "can go fry his hat. I came as fast as I could."

Miss Blaneworthy's austere lips contracted to a thin line.

"You may or may not be aware, Mr. Jones," she said bitingly, "that young Tommy Galleher and his bride are occupying forty-eight."

"I fear, my good woman," said Jones, "that I must confess to a vast indifference regarding the present incumbents of forty-eight. But, just for my information, who is Tommy Galleher?"

"The big oil man's son," Miss Blaneworthy told him briefly.

"Well, well," Jones's eyes opened wide. "Mr. Galleher and myself will have something in common. I'm by way of being an oil man's son also. My esteemed father always claimed to have perfected a process for extracting petroleum from red shale. But it seems the machinery was too costly and then there was a shortage of red shale . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," snapped Miss Blaneworthy, "go on about your business. You'll never last in this job, young man."

"I resent that, Miss Blaneworthy," said Jones. "Let me point out that this is my fifth trip, and to date my passengers have tipped me in a manner that can only betoken entire satisfaction. It's really a shame to take the money, considering the service I give." With that, he escaped.

This fellow Jones had a thick thatch of carrot-coloured hair. Fearless and merry blue eyes. A quick decisive step. A bit of the sea-going roll to his wide strong shoulders. He laughed very easily, did Jones; in fact, he spent a great deal of his time laughing.

Mr. Tommy Galleher in cabin number forty-eight was in a fine stew, indeed. He nearly bit Jones's head off.

"Say, listen," snapped Mr. Galleher, "I 'phoned for you fifteen minutes ago. Where the devil have you been?"

"Another party," Jones said imperturbably, "just asked me the same question. There seems to be an amazing paucity of ideas aboard this ship, as well as a fairly full passenger list."

Galleher's jaw dropped. "Huh?"

"Just so," said Jones. His eyes wandered over the room. It was full of people and cigarette smoke.

Mr. Galleher couldn't quite decide whether or not the steward had been impudent. But he hadn't time to probe the matter.

"Well," he grumbled, "I want a lot of glasses and some ice-water at once."

Jones reached for the empty thermos jug. But, with his hand outstretched, he stopped short.

Sitting on one of the berths, between two callow young gentlemen, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She had on the thought of a hat, an insolent little arrangement that could not hide soft black hair all alive with elusive bluey lights. Her cheeks were bronze and coral, subtly blended. She had long shapely legs that pre-supposed good height and a willowy figure. But it was her eyes that got Jones. They were like a couple of capricious black stars in a gay dance number. They were the blackest, coolest, most alluring eyes in Jones's experience. Into them he stared for just as long as decency would allow.

"Well, come on, steward," Galleher growled. "Snap into it."

Jones tore his blue eyes from the black ones, snatched the thermos jug, and fled. He was back in no time, laden with glasses and ice-water.

"Anything else, sir?" he inquired deferentially of Tommy Galleher. But he was looking past Mr. Galleher at the girl with the startling eyes.

"No," said Galleher, rather rudely.

Jones turned, met the girl's eyes for a fleeting second, and then slid from the room. He paused in the corridor outside. Was he kidding himself or had an interested, even speculative expression flickered across her face? He dismissed the idea contemptuously. A girl like that looking interestedly at a cabin steward. Preposterous!

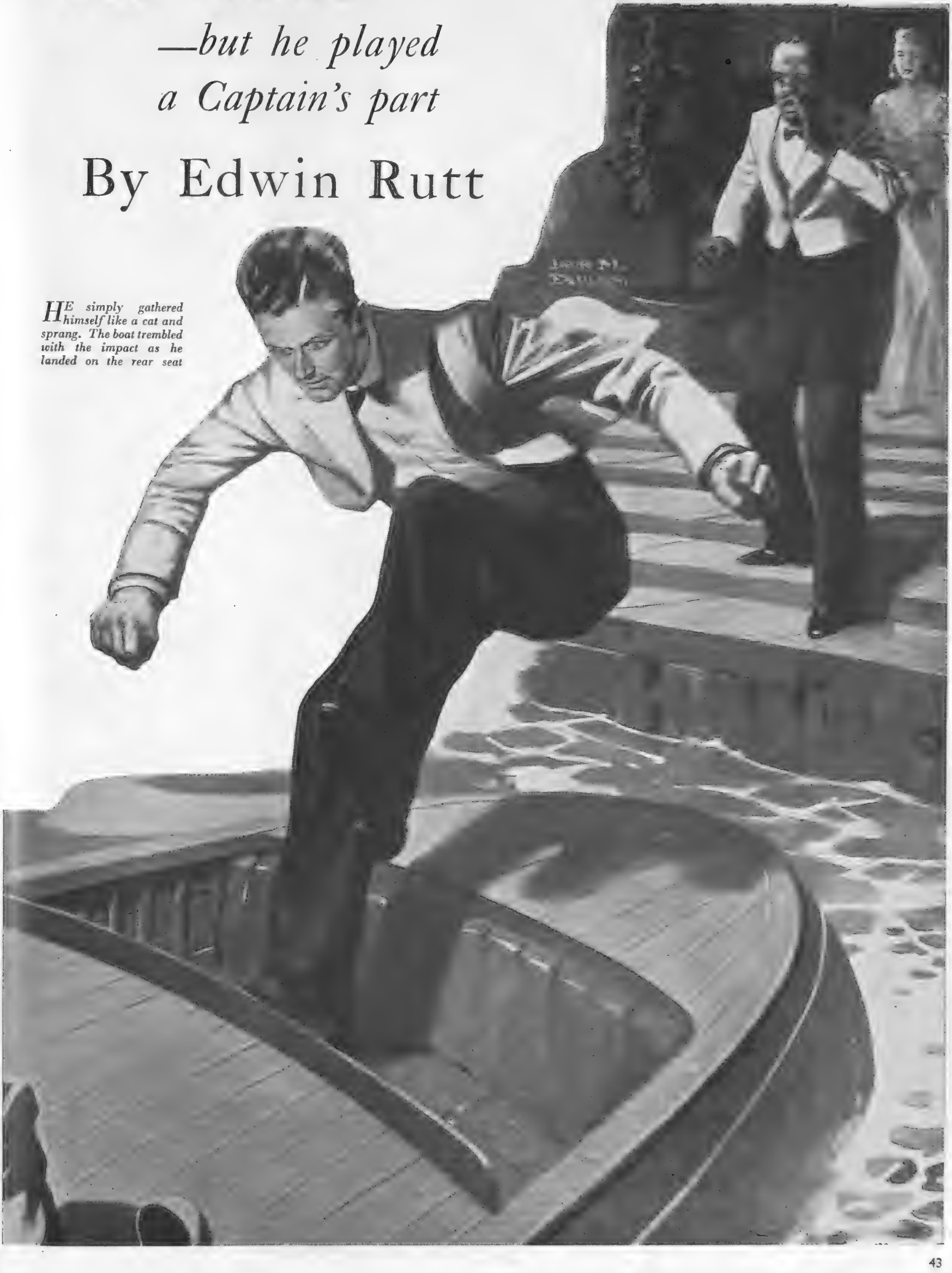
Then a horrible thought assailed him. By any chance, was that black-eyed

was Jones

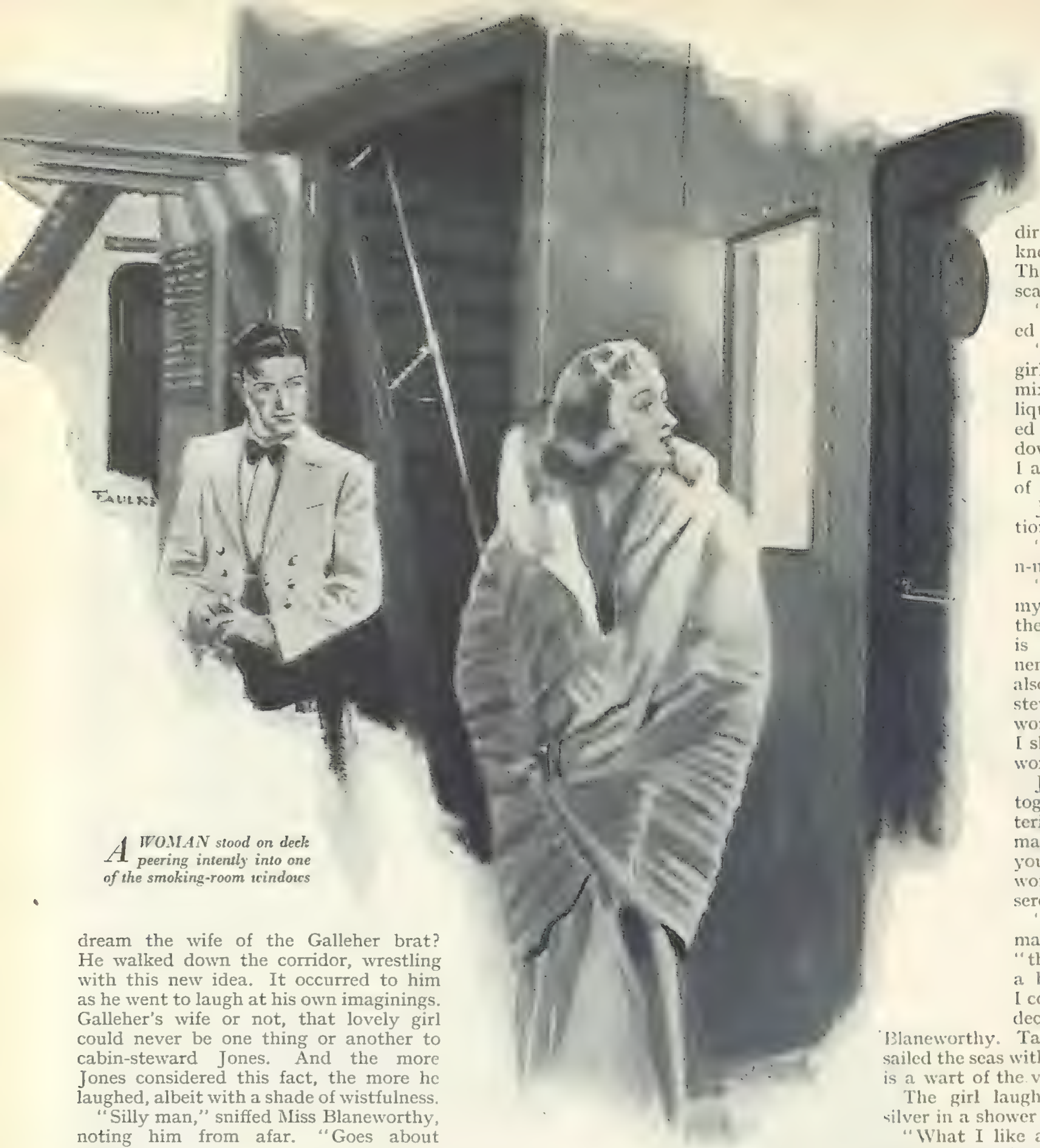
—but he played a Captain's part

By Edwin Rutt

Illustrated by Jack Jaulks



HE simply gathered himself like a cat and sprang. The boat trembled with the impact as he landed on the rear seat



A WOMAN stood on deck peering intently into one of the smoking-room windows

dream the wife of the Galleher brat? He walked down the corridor, wrestling with this new idea. It occurred to him as he went to laugh at his own imaginings. Galleher's wife or not, that lovely girl could never be one thing or another to cabin-steward Jones. And the more Jones considered this fact, the more he laughed, albeit with a shade of wistfulness.

"Silly man," sniffed Miss Blaneworthy, noting him from afar. "Goes about giggling to himself."

The first shore warning sounded. "Ashore—all ashore!" The party in Galleher's cabin began to break up. They came out by twos and threes, laughing, jostling, a little high, calling good-byes. Jones, hanging unobtrusively about the corridor, watched the door like a hawk.

Finally, Black Eyes showed. She was tall. She was willowy. She had, in the opinion of the stricken Jones, everything. She stood in the doorway and permitted Tommy Galleher to plant a light kiss on her wide smooth forehead. Then she was going down the corridor, head high, little hat tilted impudently, going out of the life of Jones.

Emitting a kind of strangled bleat, Jones charged after her unto the limit of his realm. But the realm did not extend far. His to remain at his post now to see that nobody crooked anything out of the cabins while the passengers were aloft, waving to friends and relatives. Therefore, the pursuit of Black Eyes was a short, futile thing. He stopped after a few yards and stood staring like a stunned idiot as the little hat vanished. In this condition Miss Blaneworthy found him and pounced on him.

"Sakes, man," rasped out Miss Blaneworthy, "what's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

For once, Jones refrained from an impudent reply. He didn't, in fact, reply at all. He was thinking that the girl's leave-taking proved one thing, at least. She wasn't Tommy Galleher's wife.

Then the gangplank was up. The engines sent shivers through the ship. The *Queen of Bermuda* began sliding out into the river.

JONES skipped into an empty cabin and peered anxiously from the porthole. The end of the dock was jammed with gesticulating humanity. But he couldn't see the girl of the black eyes. She was gone, swallowed up in New York and, for a moment, Jones had all the sensations of one who has just perceived a lovely shooting-star flaming to oblivion across a midnight sky. He sighed and thumbed his nose at a red-faced drunk who was bawling encouragement after the ship.

Feeling somewhat better, he stepped out into the corridor. And right there cabin-steward Jones came within an ace of pulling a faint.

The girl of the starry eyes stood in the corridor regarding him. This time there was no mistaking her expression. It was speculative in the extreme.

The first sight of this girl had done dire things to the well-known Jones aplomb. The sight of her now scattered it to the winds.

"A-a-a-ah," he chattered feebly.

"Well, Jones," said the girl. Her voice was a mixture of raindrops and liquid silver. "I just walked up one passage-way and down another, and here I am. What do you think of that?"

Jones was in no condition to think.

"Y-you know my n-name?" he stuttered.

"I learned to read at my mother's knee," said the girl. "And your name is posted quite prominently in that cabin. I also discovered that the stewardess is Miss Blaneworthy. I do not believe I shall require Miss Blaneworthy's services."

Jones pulled himself together. After all, chattering and jittering like a magpie was no way to put yourself across with a woman. He summoned serenity.

"Aboard this ship, madam," he said elegantly, "the services of Jones are a byword. Furthermore, I congratulate you on your decision to eschew Miss Blaneworthy. Take it from one who has sailed the seas with her, Miss Blaneworthy is a wart of the very worst description."

The girl laughed . . . raindrops and silver in a shower this time.

"What I like about you, Jones," she said, "is your imperturbability. You lost it for a second just now. But I see you're yourself again. They can't throw you for long, can they? And I loved the way you insulted Tommy Galleher."

"Oh," said Jones, airily, "I'm very proficient at insulting people."

"So am I. I lost a job only this morning because I insulted a lady."

"Very creditable," Jones admitted. "You may go far."

"It was your efficient insolence to Tommy," said the girl, "that made me feel—er—drawn to you."

The open face of Jones lighted.

"Well, well," he said. "And do you still feel—er—drawn to me?"

"Purely for purposes of travel, Jones."

The open face of Jones began to look a little less like a gambling-hell all lit up.

"That lets me down a trifle," he said. "But I refuse to be discouraged. What can I do for you, madam?"

She indicated the vacant cabin at his back. "Wouldn't it be better to talk in there? This corridor has all the privacy of Grand Central."

Ceremoniously, Jones held the door for her. She sat down in an armchair and lit a cigarette.

"Jones," she said, mincing no words, "I want you to hide me."

The steward bowed. "A clinch, madam. Just hop in my vest pocket."

"This, Jones," said the girl severely, "is no time for jest. It is imperative that you—er—conceal me until we get to Bermuda."

"And just how," said Jones, "do you think I'm going about doing that?"

She made a careless gesture. "Must we be elementary, Jones? Right now I'm sitting in a vacant cabin."

Jones inclined his head. "That is true, Miss—er—Miss . . ."

"Shepardson," said the girl. "Jule Shepardson."

"That's very euphonious," said Jones.

"We were talking about cabins," Miss Shepardson reminded him.

"Oh, quite. Well, of course, you might stay here. But—but . . . well, suppose they have state-room inspection?"

Jule Shepardson shrugged. "Why, suppose what will probably never happen?"

"But it often happens. Besides, you have to eat."

"How charming of you to think of it, Jones. But I've got a bird-like appetite, really. For breakfast, just a double orange juice, two soft-boiled eggs, four minutes, a few slices of toast and a pot of coffee. And, oh yes! I do like just a teeny bit of marmalade."

Jones raised hands to heaven. "Like what kind of a bird? A condor? But if I do this insane thing, you shall have marmalade unto half my kingdom."

"If you do? Jones, shillyshally is unworthy of you."

"My professional reputation is at stake in this matter," Jones proclaimed to the bystanding porthole.

"Your professional reputation be darned," said Jule comfortably.

"You haven't any luggage, have you?" asked Jones. "What are you proposing to sleep in?"

"Don't be indelicate, Jones," said Miss Shepardson.

Hastily, Jones disclaimed any such intention.

"Is it presumptuous to inquire," he said, "why you did not pay your fare?"

The great eyes smiled at him. "I'm an honest girl trying to get along, but I have a congenital dislike of paying fares. No, seriously, Jones, I hadn't the slightest intention of going to Bermuda until I came down to see Madge and Tommy Galleher off."

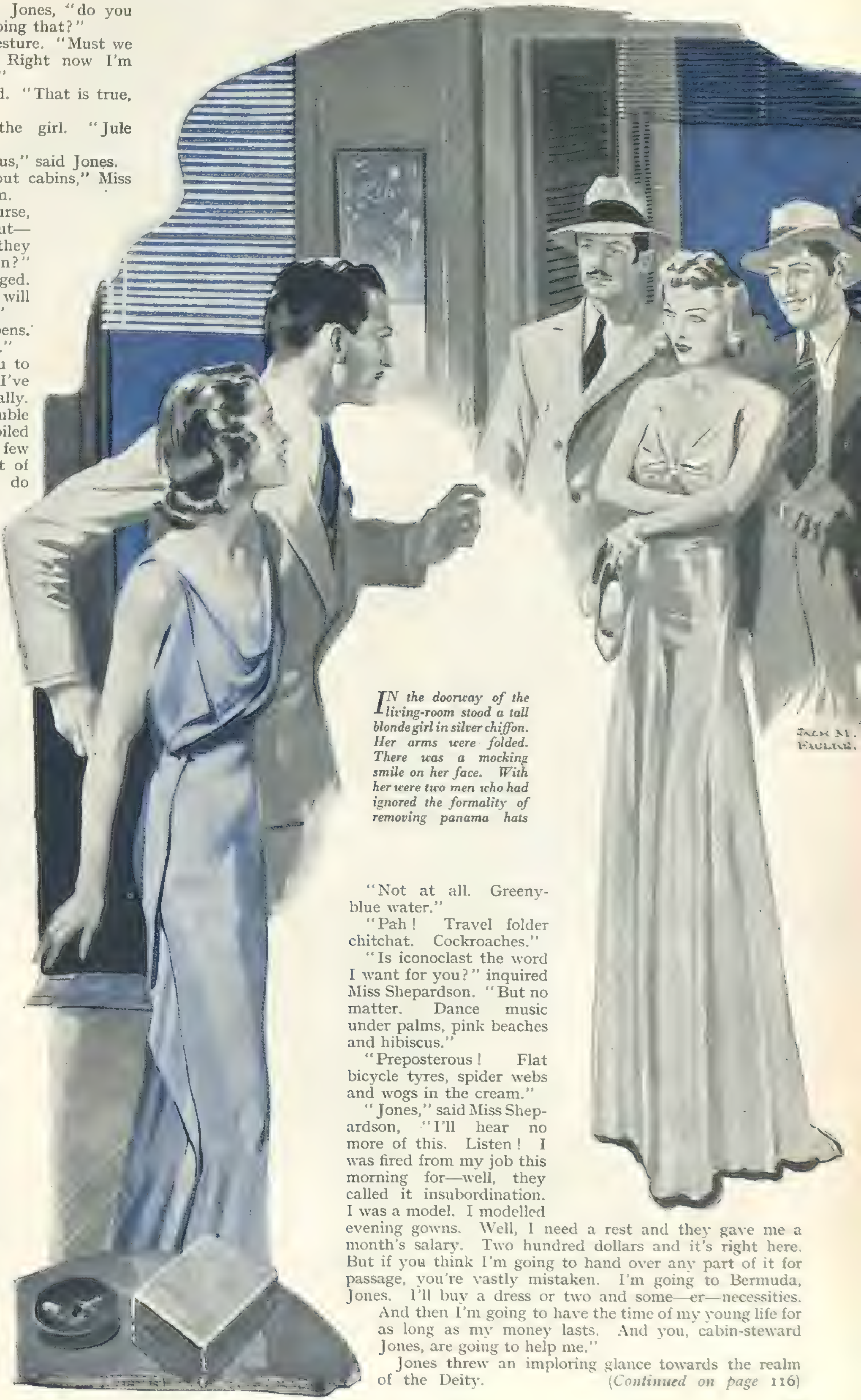
"And then," said Jones with insight, "you got the urge to go?"

"Exactly. Something just seemed to come over me, and I knew I would have to go or—or bust."

"So you're going to bust, and bust me with you. Very nice work. But why go to Bermuda at all? A poisonous place."

"Jones, how silly! Starlight."

"A figment of the imagination. Ants."



In the doorway of the living-room stood a tall blonde girl in silver chiffon. Her arms were folded. There was a mocking smile on her face. With her were two men who had ignored the formality of removing panama hats

"Not at all. Greeny-blue water."

"Pah! Travel folder chitchat. Cockroaches."

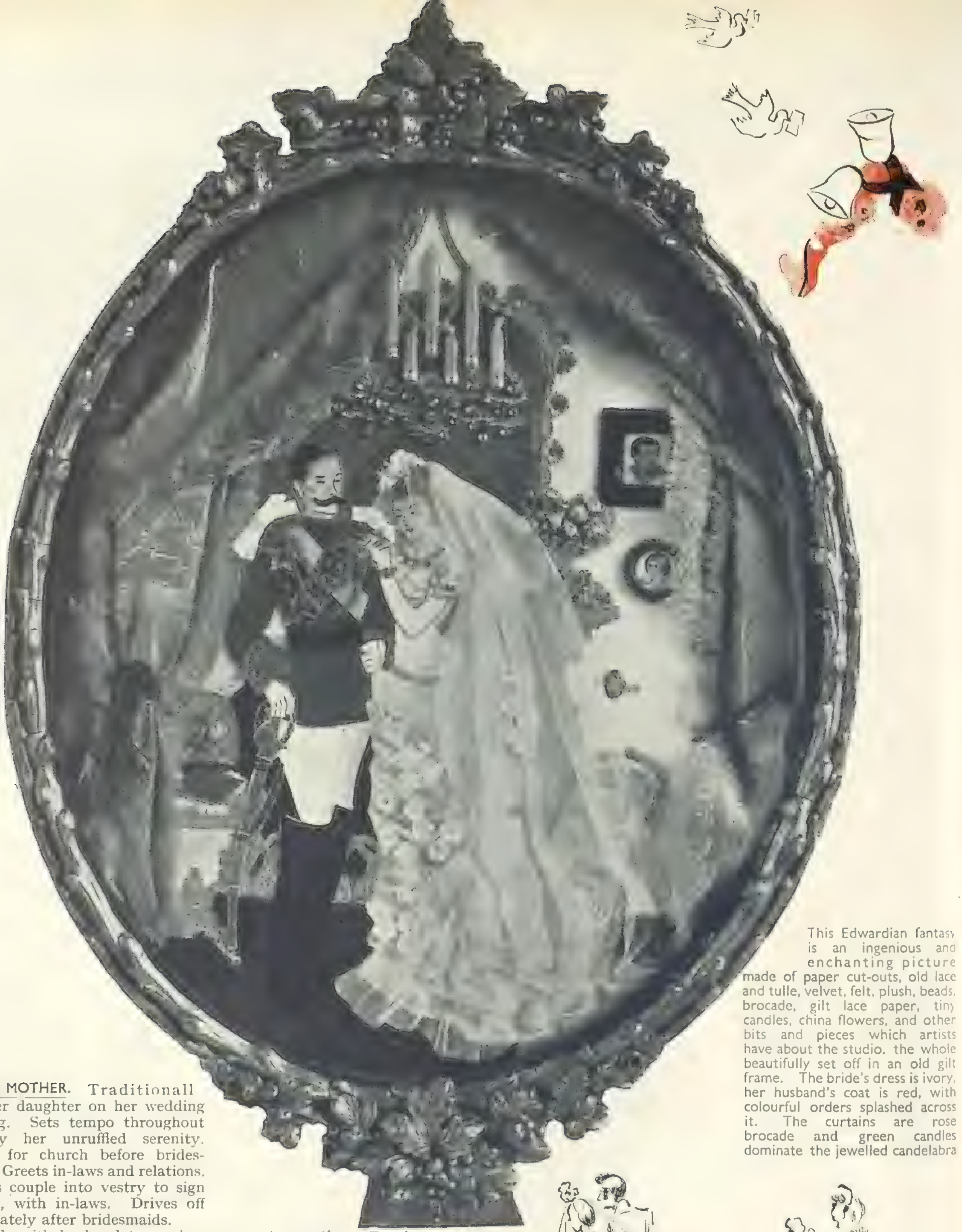
"Is iconoclast the word I want for you?" inquired Miss Shepardson. "But no matter. Dance music under palms, pink beaches and hibiscus."

"Preposterous! Flat bicycle tyres, spider webs and wogs in the cream."

"Jones," said Miss Shepardson, "I'll hear no more of this. Listen! I was fired from my job this morning for—well, they called it insubordination. I was a model. I modelled evening gowns. Well, I need a rest and they gave me a month's salary. Two hundred dollars and it's right here. But if you think I'm going to hand over any part of it for passage, you're vastly mistaken. I'm going to Bermuda, Jones. I'll buy a dress or two and some—er—necessities. And then I'm going to have the time of my young life for as long as my money lasts. And you, cabin-steward Jones, are going to help me."

Jones threw an imploring glance towards the realm of the Deity.

(*Continued on page* 116)



This Edwardian fantasy is an ingenious and enchanting picture made of paper cut-outs, old lace and tulle, velvet, felt, plush, beads, brocade, gilt lace paper, tiny candles, china flowers, and other bits and pieces which artists have about the studio. the whole beautifully set off in an old gilt frame. The bride's dress is ivory, her husband's coat is red, with colourful orders splashed across it. The curtains are rose brocade and green candles dominate the jewelled candelabra

BRIDE'S MOTHER. Traditionall calls her daughter on her wedding morning. Sets tempo throughout day by her unruffled serenity. Leaves for church before bridesmaids. Greets in-laws and relations. Follows couple into vestry to sign register, with in-laws. Drives off immediately after bridesmaids.

Stands with husband to receive guests at reception. Receives farewells after they have left on their honeymoon. Acts as hostess at evening party of relations and close friends. Theatre is best bet.

BRIDE'S FATHER. The one who pays and pays. Drives daughter to the church, and returns after the ceremony with her mother. Responsible for the comfort and conviviality of men guests. A generous supply of cocktails will help more than the champagne in which toasts are drunk.

(Keep speech brisk. Avoid cliches. Do not be too flowery. Save all your good advice, and resist temptation to be waggish at the expense of the Newly Weds.

Do not let yourself believe that you are really losing a cherished daughter. She will probably be around more often than you think.)

Sigrid and Félicie

Wedding Day

IN-LAWS. Should try to hide their belief that no girl is good enough for their son or brother. Father-in-law should not overdo references to her alleged beauty and sweetness in his speech. Some phrases never ring true.

(Be at the church in good time. Leave again immediately after the bride's parents, and quietly look after your own personal guests at the reception. Indulge neither in reminiscences nor in proprietorial rights. Remember that brides should be forgiven if they are a little thoughtless.)

BRIDESMAIDS. Should never forget that their rôle is quite simply to attend the bride, and should give way to her ideas about dress. If she feels that their head veils and flowers detract from her own individuality, they should cheerfully wear hats so long as they are small and piquant. Large hats are always a mistake.

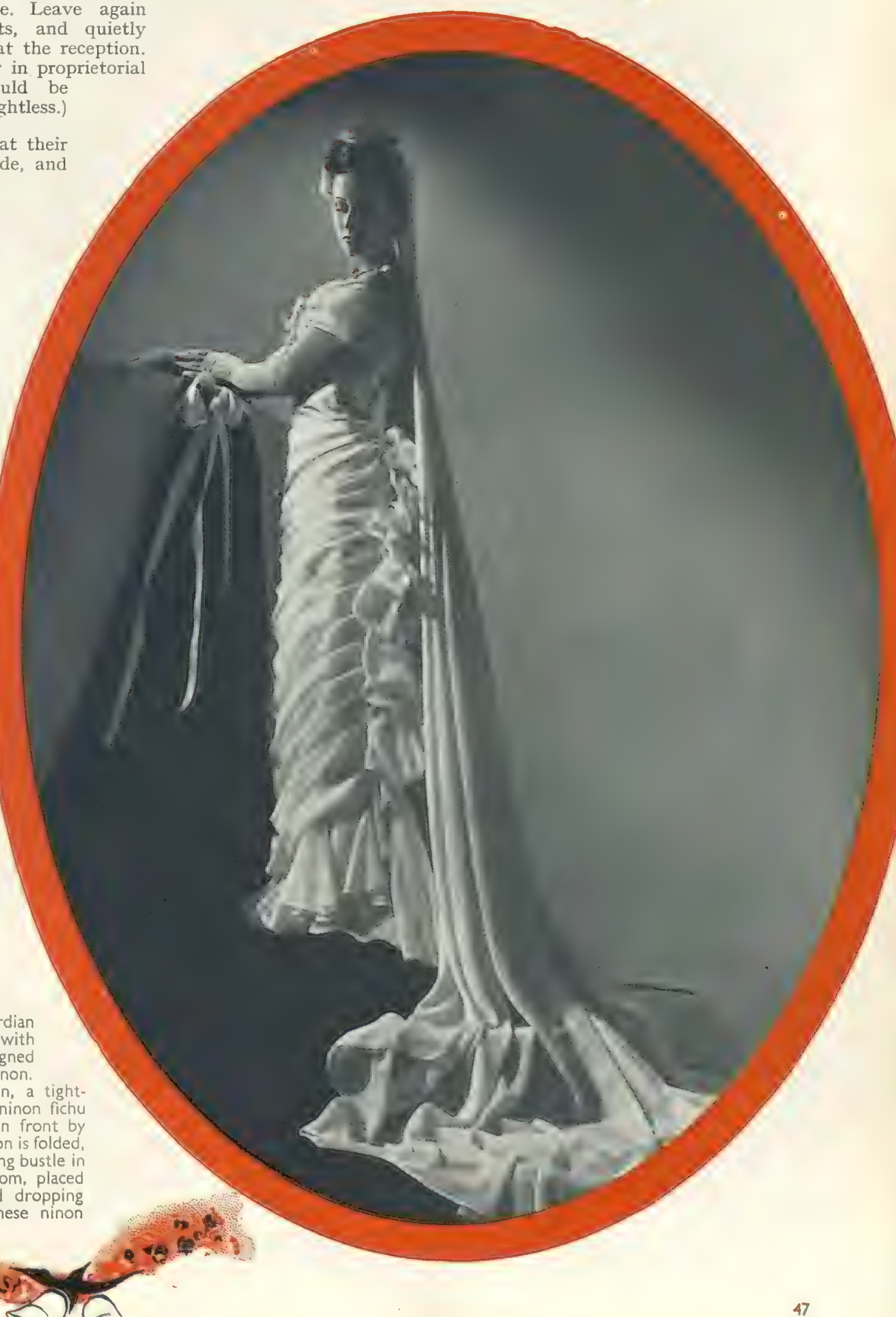
(Keep out of the limelight until after the bride has gone, but exert all your charm, for it is up to you to see that everybody enjoys themselves.)

BEST MAN. Responsible for getting the groom to the church in good condition. Also for producing the wedding ring at the right moment, for paying the verger, all church fees, and all incidental tipping.

(The general morale of the groom, the cheerfulness of the wedding breakfast, and the smooth working of the going-away arrangements are your responsibility. Your privileges include kissing the bride and annexing the prettiest bridesmaid.)

NEAREST AND DEAREST. Should not ask too much of the bride on her wedding day. She will be completely worn out if she has to spend all the morning at the telephone, or if, at the reception, she is torn by divided loyalties.

(Tell her beforehand that you are ready to do any unexciting but necessary jobs. That you will be in all day if she should want you. And on her wedding morning just send her flowers or a small mascot.) (*Continued on page* 102)



This beautiful wedding dress shows the Edwardian influence on fashion to-day—compare the line with the one in the picture opposite. It was designed by Alexedis, in Celanese satin poult and ninon. First there is a long satin poult foundation, a tight-corsetted bodice, a straight skirt. Then a ninon fichu is draped around the shoulders, and held in front by waxed orange blossom. Across the skirt, ninon is folded, swathed and shirred to become a long, flouncing bustle in back. The head-dress is waxed orange blossom, placed high on the piled-up Edwardian curls, and dropping from it, is a long veil and train of Celanese ninon

EDWARD
OSMOND 1936

I NEVER felt any guilt about my husband at all. I only felt a terrible shame that I should have married a man I did not love

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

HEINRICH GEORG VON HESSELBACH hated the Jews. In the little town where he lived in South Germany, there was nothing in this to excite remark. Indeed it was regarded as a very proper emotion by his fellow townsmen, and shared to some extent by all right-minded citizens of the new State. Yet there was a quality in Heinrich's hatred, a kind of quiet venom which did, on occasions, surprise even the local band of patriots who owned him as their leader.

Heinrich von Hesselbach was born to command. No one who heard him speak, his broad chest extended with the flow of his declaration, his handsome face red with the passion of his beliefs, could doubt his ability to impress his fellow men; while his hair, blowing brightly in the sunshine, bore golden testimony to the integrity of his Aryan descent. Not that any such witness was needed. The von Hesselbachs were well known in the place for five generations, and Heinrich's grandfather, after founding the bank which was the source of the family income had acquired sufficient land in and around the town for his descendants to be treated with a marked respect. But Heinrich did not admire his grandfather. The mere lust for money was contemptible in his eyes, and the old boy's capacity for making it had been such that if Heinrich had not seen a copy of the family tree he might have had doubts unworthy of a von Hesselbach.

It was his own father whom Heinrich adored. He had been no money-grubber, in fact the business had suffered during the years of his stewardship, but a patriot who had found his grave early in the war, while Heinrich was still a baby. He could not, of course, remember him, but his distinguished rather heavy features seemed to look down with approval from the photograph on the wall, and if he had only lived, Heinrich thought sometimes secretly to himself, he at any rate would have been proud of his youngest son.

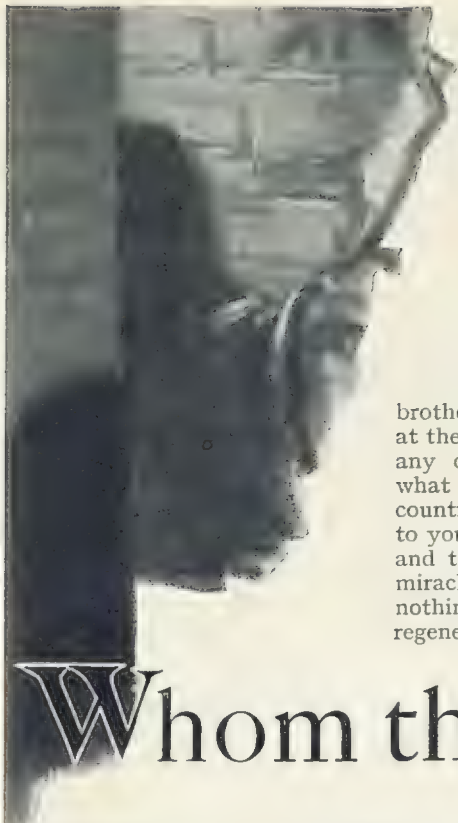
To the rest of his family Heinrich was a mixed source of satisfaction and irritation. They were pleased in one way at his political activities, his patriotic fervour was good for the family name, and could do no harm at the bank. But when he turned up sleepy-eyed and late to business after an evening spent haranguing his companions behind the door of some inn, then his two brothers were not so complimentary. They complained about him to their mother, but she would only smile and say as she stretched the woollen garment she was eternally knitting, "Well, you can't have everything. Heroes are seldom good business-men. I ought to know."

For some reason the tone of her reference to his dead father never failed to make him feel uncomfortable. He had never heard her utter a word of disrespect

Whom the Gods would Destroy

When *Hatred* walks abroad *in a Totalitarian* land, *Tragedy* stalks within *the Home*

By Diana Maugham



to his memory, and she had been, as long as he could remember, the darkest and most subdued of widows. Yet the suspicion hovered and grew in his mind and could not altogether be driven away, that she had, incredible though it might seem, found his father funny.

"We're filthy with money already," Heinrich would exclaim angrily, while his brothers raised their eyebrows at the untruth. "I don't believe any of you really care about what is happening in this country to-day. All that matters to you is business, how will this and that affect the bank. The miracle of our re-birth, it means nothing to you, this amazing regeneration of our . . . of Germany's . . ." He struggled to express himself, but in the midst of his family his usual fluency deserted him. He could not explain what he felt about the new state. It was so much more than a political creed which obsessed him. It was a veritable religion, a spiritual exultation, the large, vague, passionate hope which is as old as youth.

He was a Crusader, and his enemies were the Jews.

"But why on earth?" Karl would ask, after some speech in which Heinrich tried to rouse his stolid fellow townsmen to a more spirited display of anti-Semitism. Karl was his best friend, and while supporting him in public, reserved the right to argue with him in private. It was becoming increasingly difficult to argue with Heinrich, he resented criticism so fiercely, nevertheless Karl persisted.

"It's not like you," he said one day, after a particularly virulent outburst. "I can't understand it. You never used to be a brutal sort of fellow, and yet to listen to you speak one would think you'd like to murder every Jew in the place."

"I would," Heinrich said.

There was a silence.

"You don't mean that," Karl said at last, gravely. "If you did I should think that you had become insane."

Heinrich glared at him.

"If it is insanity to love one's country then I am insane."

"Oh rats," Karl snapped. "For God's sake keep that bilge for your speeches and let's talk sense when we're alone. Between these four walls you know as well as I do that anti-Semitism is mostly a racket. Every movement has to have its scapegoat. What harm do the Jews do in this town?"

"They are polluting the stream of our national life."

Karl uttered a short obscene word, and Heinrich rose slowly to his feet. His blue eyes were bulging and his face was an angry red.

"Haven't you been talking rather dangerously of late?" he said.

Karl stared at him, fascinated by the rigid expression of his face. He wondered, with a sudden shiver down his spine, whether indeed Heinrich were a little cracked in the head.

"How do you mean dangerously, old boy? We're alone, aren't we?"

Heinrich stiffened his body as if he were standing at attention, and gazing over Karl's head rapped out in a voice devoid of expression, "It is my duty as a citizen to see that seditious talk is reported to the proper quarters."

Karl looked at him incredulously, and his mouth formed slowly into the 'O' of a whistle, but no sound came from it. They stood facing each other across the table in silence, until Karl said in a small voice, "You're joking, of course."

"I never joke about affairs of State."

Even at that moment the ghost of a smile twitched at Karl's mouth, but his face had gone pale. He did not know whether it was fear, it was unlikely that Heinrich would be taken seriously if he chose to tell tales but you could never be quite certain, or the loss of a friend that made his legs feel suddenly weak underneath him.

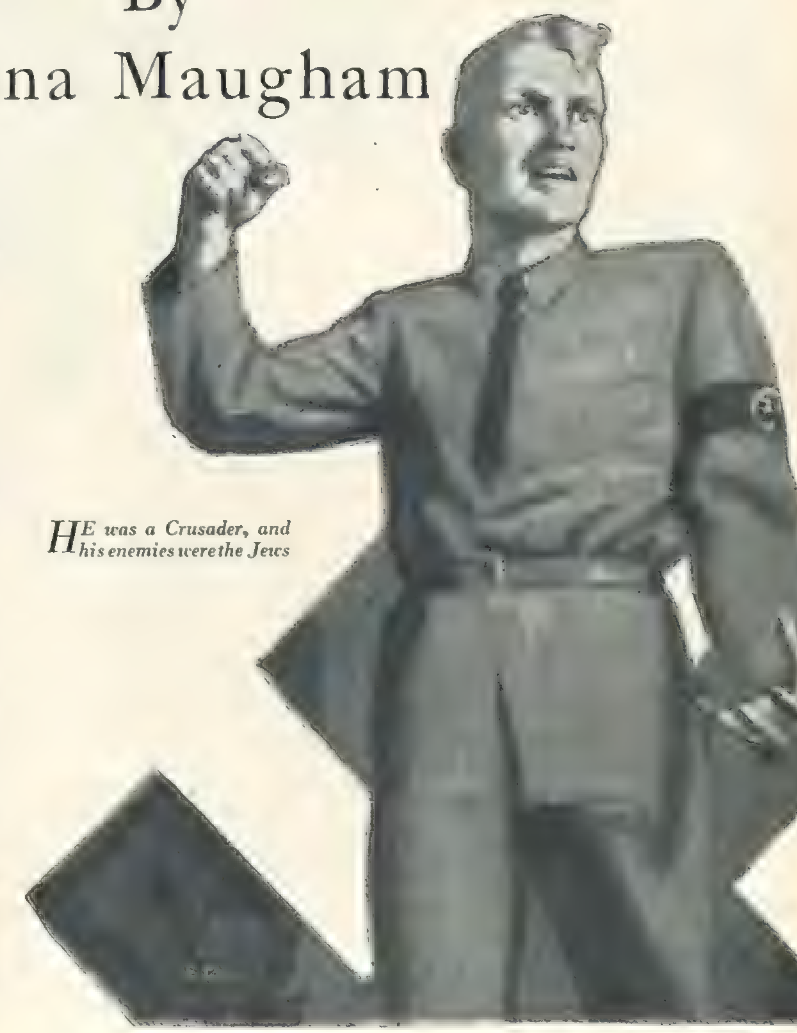
"You can report what you like," he said quietly. "They won't believe you anyway. I'm as good a German as you are." And turning quickly he walked out of the room.

That night Heinrich was unusually silent at the family meal. His mother watched him push aside each course as it was served and sighed to herself, but she made no comment. As soon as the meal was finished he excused himself and went upstairs to his small room at the top of the house.

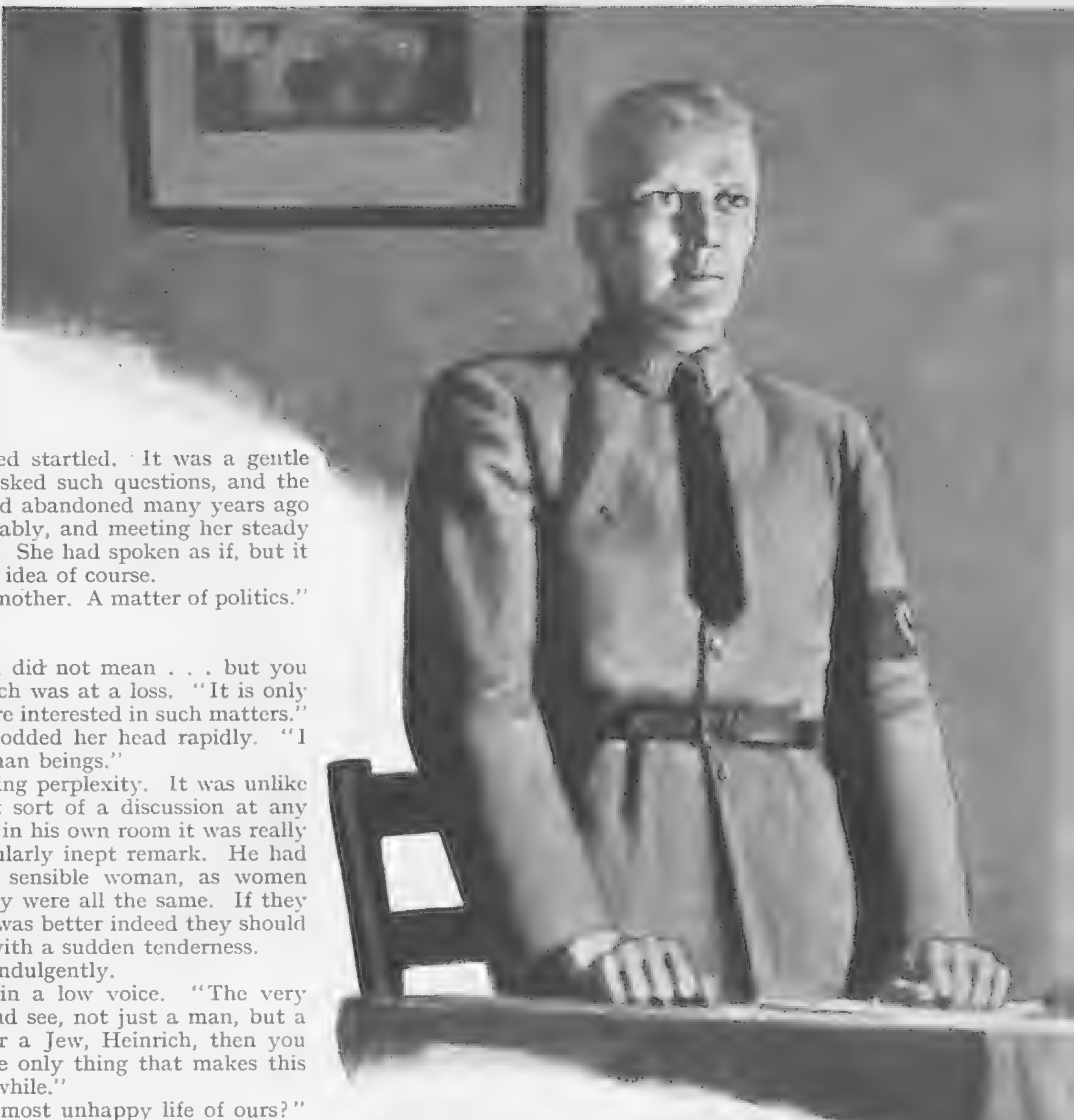
It was two hours later that Frau von Hesselbach folded up her knitting, laid her spectacle case carefully on top of the book she had been reading, and kissing her two elder sons affectionately good night walked slowly up the staircase and past her own bedroom until she reached Heinrich's door. She paused to regain her breath, she was growing a little stout, and then rapped lightly.

Heinrich was astonished to see her.

She rarely visited one of her sons in his own room unless by invitation. Heinrich had turned his into a study, and the



HE was a Crusader, and his enemies were the Jews



HEINRICH stiffened his body as if he were standing at attention, and gazing over Karl's head rapped out in a voice devoid of expression, "it is my duty as a citizen to see that seditious talk is reported to the proper quarters"

large desk, bookcase, and litter of papers everywhere left little space for his bed in the corner.

He hastily swept some papers on to the floor, and pulled forward the one easy chair.

Frau von Hesselbach apologised for disturbing him as she sat down, and Heinrich bowed from the waist.

"Please mother. It is a pleasure. Anyway I have just finished."

Her eyes swept the desk where several sheets of writing were neatly clipped together, and then came to rest upon her youngest son.

"And what have you just finished, Richi?" Heinrich looked startled. It was a gentle question, but his mother never asked such questions, and the use of his pet name which she had abandoned many years ago made him stare at her uncomfortably, and meeting her steady gaze turn his eyes to the window. She had spoken as if, but it was ridiculous, she could have no idea of course.

"You would not be interested, mother. A matter of politics."

Frau von Hesselbach sighed.

"Am I so very stupid then?"

"Mother, please! You know I did not mean . . . but you have never seemed . . ." Heinrich was at a loss. "It is only that I have never thought you were interested in such matters."

"You are quite right." She nodded her head rapidly. "I hate politics. Because I love human beings."

Heinrich looked at her in growing perplexity. It was unlike his mother to embark upon that sort of a discussion at any hour of the day, but late at night in his own room it was really extraordinary. And what a singularly inept remark. He had always considered his mother a sensible woman, as women go, but this only showed that they were all the same. If they desired to hold a man's respect it was better indeed they should remain silent. He smiled at her with a sudden tenderness.

"Does that follow?" he asked indulgently.

"To me it does," she replied in a low voice. "The very second that you look at a man and see, not just a man, but a Communist, a Socialist, a Nazi or a Jew, Heinrich, then you have lost something. Perhaps the only thing that makes this most unhappy life of ours worth while."

Heinrich stared at her. "This most unhappy life of ours?" What did she mean? She must be thinking of his father, he decided. But then, looked at aright, his death was a glorious memory. The widow of such a man, surely, must find more inspiration than grief in her remembrance? And hang it, after all these years. . . . He said abruptly:

"I hope you are not unhappy, mother."

"Thank you, Heinrich."

That was all. No denial, merely those polite words of thanks, as if he had handed her the salt at dinner. He cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"I met Karl this afternoon, Heinrich."

"Ah."

So it was that. She knew. But what possible business was it of hers? Unless she intended to try and interfere. It was many years now since she had meddled with her sons' affairs. They were grown men, living at home for reasons of economy and affection, and because they had not yet found wives. They went their own way. The muscles of Heinrich's face tightened obstinately as he waited for the appeal that he knew now was coming.

"He looked so . . . peculiar, so pale and unlike himself that I stopped him as he was rushing out of the house. I asked him if anything were the matter. He did not want to tell me at first, but I made him. After all, I have known him since he was a baby."

"And what did he tell you, mother?" Heinrich did not wait for her reply. "Did he tell you he was a traitor to the Fatherland?"

Frau von Hesselbach lifted her hands and let them fall again with a gesture that irritated him more than any words could have done.

"My dear boy," she said at last.

"But it is true. You do not believe me? You think that I am lying?"

"No. No. Merely talking grandiloquent nonsense."

Heinrich's face flushed red with anger, and he walked over to the desk.

"In that case do you really think there is anything further for us to discuss? It cannot do any possible good now."

How absurdly young he is, his mother thought.

"A great deal," she said mildly, "if you will bear with me a little longer. After all Karl is my friend as well as yours. Or should I say that I have known him all his life, loved his mother well, and look upon him almost as tenderly as if he were my son. When I find him as distressed as he was this afternoon after he left you I think it is natural that I should want to ask a few questions. And it would be courteous of you to answer."

Heinrich frowned.

"What do you want to know?" he said sullenly.

"What Karl has done that you should have turned against him. And what you propose to do."

"I thought he had told you that."

"He told me you had disagreed on the subject of Jews. He suggested that your views were a little extreme, and you threatened to denounce him as a sedition-monger. Isn't that rather a harsh attitude even for the most ardent of patriots?"

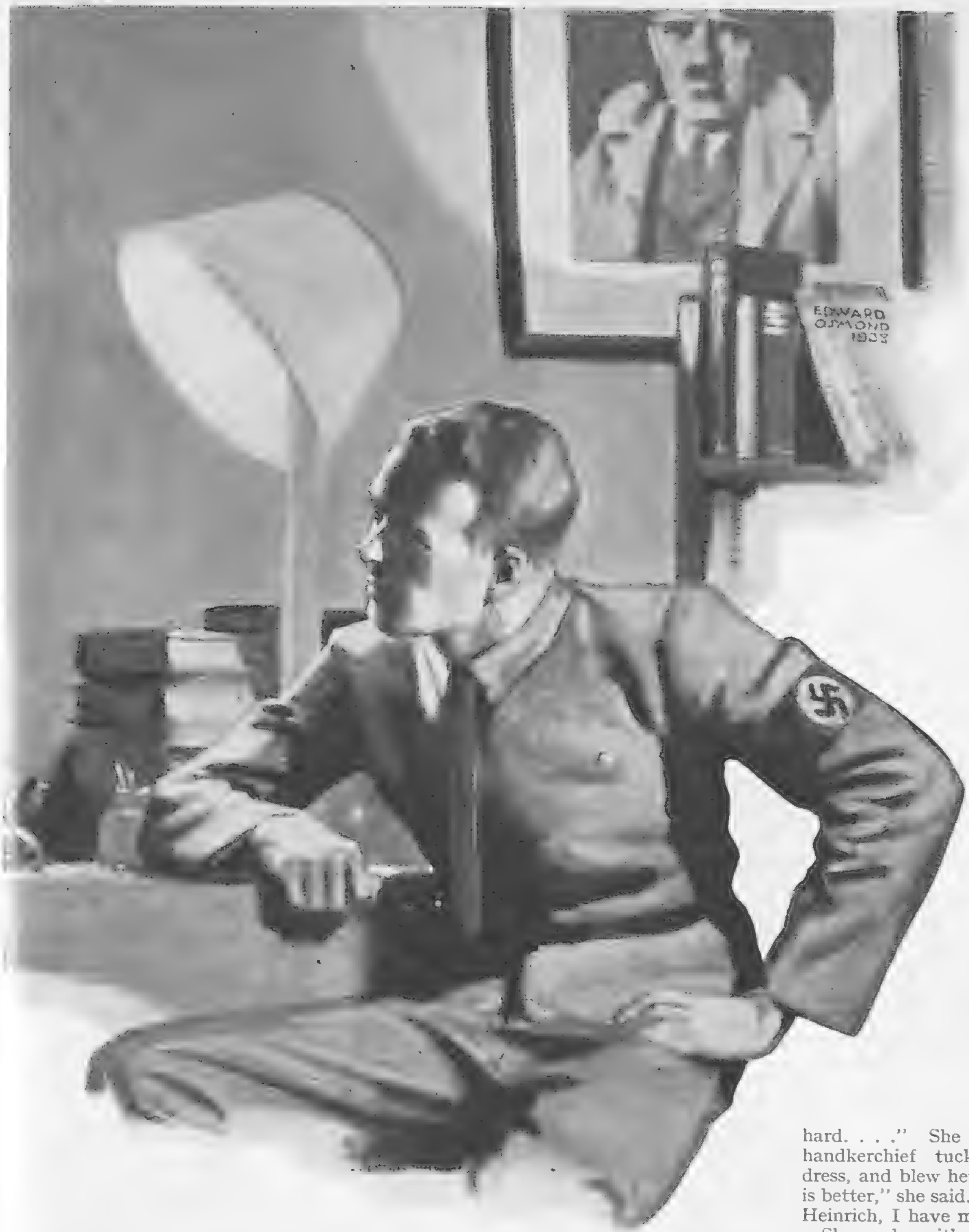
Heinrich had recovered his poise, he spoke sternly.

"I'm afraid Karl has not told you the whole truth, mother. This is not a matter of one conversation, one day, even one week. I have seen it coming for months, and tried to hide it from myself, because Karl was my friend. To that extent I, too, have been a traitor. But to-day I had no choice. I was forced to see clearly, and now I have seen I must act, or know myself a coward."

Frau von Hesselbach drummed impatiently with her fat, beringed little fingers on the arm of her chair until he had finished speaking, then she cried:

"But what has he done?"

Heinrich drew himself up and stared over her head as if addressing an invisible tribunal and recited his offences.



"He has undermined my authority in little ways. He has sniggered secretly in public and laughed openly in private. He finds my enthusiasm ridiculous, because in his heart he has deserted us. Four years ago his whole soul was in the movement. We worked side by side, and now, when we are reaping the fruits of our labour, he no longer believes. He is a pro-Jew, a dangerous influence in the town, all the more dangerous because he will not come into the open and say what he really feels. But I know, I have heard him in unguarded moments when he thought he need not trouble to watch his tongue. I have heard . . ." Heinrich lowered his voice. "I have heard him speak against the Führer."

Frau von Hesselbach gave a deep sigh. She leant back in her chair and studied her son for a while. Then she said:

"And you are going to tell on him?"

"I have written my report to headquarters to-night. It is my duty. Whatever action they may choose to take is not my business. My conscience will be free."

"Your conscience." She repeated the words softly. "But Heinrich—Karl is your friend."

"He was. I have no friends who are enemies of the Fatherland."

Her eyes filled suddenly with tears, and Heinrich, seeing her face, came forward and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"It has been a shock to you," he said kindly. "Imagine then what it has been to me. But I have my duty to do, and that must sustain us both."

Frau von Hesselbach gave a short burst of laughter, and he stepped back quickly.

"You are upset . . ." he began.

She shook her head.

"I was wondering what I had ever done to have such a prig for son. Ah, Heinrich! I should not have said that. Now you are stiff with anger and will not listen to me."

He walked to the door.

"It is very late," he said coldly, "and you are obviously very tired, mother. Let us leave this conversation until to-morrow. I am sorry you think me a prig, but it cannot be helped. I must do what I think right, and nothing you say to me now or at any other time can affect that. Perhaps when you have slept you will see everything more clearly."

THE tears which had gathered in his mother's eyes began to trickle down her plump cheeks, and Heinrich returned to her in angry discomfort.

"Please mother. You must see you are making it impossible for me. You cannot help Karl, you can only cause me much pain."

"You do not understand," she sobbed, "I am not crying for him, but for you. That you can have grown so hard. . . ." She fumbled for a small lace handkerchief tucked in the bodice of her dress, and blew her nose several times. "That is better," she said. "You will sit down, please, Heinrich, I have much to say to you."

She spoke with a tone of authority he had not heard since he was a child. Unwillingly he took a chair and waited with an expression of mute obstinacy for her to begin.

Her first words were not what he expected.

"Do you remember old Meyerstein, Heinrich?"

"The cobbler Jew?"

"He tickled your legs when you were a baby. You had such fat sturdy legs, and he would give them a pinch as you passed his shop, and you used to scream with laughter. I am glad he is dead."

She fell silent, as if considering her thoughts, and Heinrich moved impatiently.

"He was a good old man, and he loved children. I think it would have broken his heart to know that the baby he played with grew into a man who looked on him as the enemy of his country, a menace to the State. He would not have understood."

Heinrich opened his mouth to speak, but she held up her hand.

"And Fraulein Weissberg, Heinrich. She and her sister kept the sweet shop until the sister died, and now she goes round doing a little dressmaking. She finds it hard to get employment, because people do not like to have a Jew in their house. But she used to pop sweets into your mouth when you were a little boy, and you took them gladly. Is she too a danger to Germany?"

(*Continued on page* 124)

BAD MOTHERS

By Louisa Kay

It will never be easy to answer the question: "What is a good mother?" That combination of virtues which mingles love with a measured density of blindness and tempers sympathetic indulgence with the power to correct wisely, is too subtle for analysis.

Thousands of women who are above reproach in the degree of their love fail in this rôle. Sometimes their fault lies in the intensity of their love. Their very devotion is destructive.

The blinding, deafening, absorbing quality of mother-love has its regrettable aspects. Like many powerful and even sublime emotions, it is at its best under restraint.

Essential among the qualifications of a good mother is a certain power of detachment; the quality of seeing the child as a third person.

Of course, it isn't easy. It takes emotional stability and common sense, but good mothers are doing it every day.

On the whole, men seem better endowed with this emotional detachment. Their love—at least in relation to their children—is subjective. Here, without doubt, is the reason that in so many homes "daddy" is the only serious exponent of discipline.

"All right, I shall tell daddy when he comes home," is the familiar refuge of the woman who cannot enforce her will upon her children.

It is a confession of failure as a responsible adult, and more often than not it takes an unfair advantage of the father, who has the rôle of avenger forced upon him.

Threats and bribery are the weapons most often used by the bad mother to enforce peace. "Do as I tell you or you shan't have Mary to tea." . . . "Stop it at once or you shan't go to the circus with me."

Bargaining. What does that achieve? More trouble, more manifestations of disobedience. The child becomes as good a bargainer as she. It realises the essential weakness of the authority which has descended to such measures. Children are cute.

It is astonishing how difficult mothers find it simply to say "No" and to mean "No." Vague reproofs, indefinite warnings breed disobedience. Children simply ignore them because they have grown to understand that they mean nothing—less than nothing. Mother doesn't really mean it.

There comes a time, of course, when she does. Things have grown so bad that something must be done. Then you get harsh punishment with both sides out of temper. Bad feeling.

With the good mother there is no question of maintaining a frigid discipline in order not to spoil the child, but when it comes to check him she does it firmly and decisively. "You mustn't do that because it's dangerous." She believes, here and there, in giving an explanation for her denial. A true one that the child can get a grasp of even if he dislikes it.

Perhaps she allows him one warning. After that he must obey and there is no compromise.

The child respects her for it. He recognises a woman of her word. A woman who will carry out her obligations. A woman to be respected as well as loved.

Of course he doesn't analyse it consciously, but the impression is there. He is undoubtedly a much happier child than the one who is engaged in a perpetual struggle for supremacy with his mother.

Life is just a long series of "don'ts" for the child of the bad mother. It is not that the good mother finds less to reprove her child with, but she frames her denial in a different way.

Instead of "Don't climb up the pear tree, Jimmy, you'll break your neck" she says "Why not build a wigwam on the lawn? I could lend you my striped blanket for a costume."

She diverts the danger. She realises that the wish to climb the pear tree is natural, inevitable. She knows that it is unwise to brand every high-spirited impulse as naughty. It makes naughtiness so much more attractive.

On the other hand, she is not obsessed with the need for shielding her child from disappointment and rebuff. She knows that he will get plenty of that in later life and so, with infinite tact and sympathy, she endeavours to prepare him for it.

From her he learns that the things one badly wants are often denied; that a passionate desire for something is not alone a sufficient reason for getting it, and that the denial of it is no reason whatever for squealing.

The bad mother believes that by giving everything he asks, she bestows happiness upon her child. The good mother knows that by occasionally denying him, she coaches him in the secret of all happiness, which is self-discipline.

Youth, early youth is the time for learning to take your place in life. So many of these vital years of initiation are wasted by too-loving mothers who, by creating an entirely spurious conception of Life for their little ones, begin the making of thwarted, discontented, undisciplined adults.

A *few words of*
PHILOSOPHY *to* HOUSEWIVES

Ever since the time when marriage was the only respectable career for women, we have stuck to the notion that housewives enjoy their jobs. Even in these frank days there is something faintly indecent in the suggestion that the noble career of homemaking can be a bore. Yet it is for a great many women.

Noble it may be—let nobody belittle its more saintly aspects, but it takes a vast determination and an overdose of uplift to see dirty dishes through rose-coloured spectacles.

The news is full of the bored housewife. Your own circle provides you with examples of the woman who, if not openly critical of her lot, nurses a silent conviction that she is wasted.

Such women are only a few of the great mass of those who, in youth, have bitten at the edges of freedom and independence; whose intellectual capacity has been stimulated by educational and business equality with men, and arrested by the inevitable sacrifices which the economics of modern marriage impose.

They are to be pitied because in the imperfect development of our civilisation women are still getting the worst of the deal. The rising tide of emancipation has an unfortunate backwash and this is it.

For all that, if you are bored and frustrated by the monotony of daily chores ask yourself this: "Would I be single?"

You wouldn't. Of course you wouldn't.

No, this is not uplift. It is reason. You are a woman and marriage is your fulfilment, your destiny (that is a cliché—but it is true). You are doing a job that nobody else can do. It is up to you to get some fun out of it. Pity that an imperfect social system hampers the fun part of it but it hampers you only as much as you let it.

Remember this. Every day women are cheerfully, even thankfully throwing away the gifts of freedom and adventure they have fought for in exchange for the very situation you find so cramping. In fact, to marry.

There ought to be a lesson in this. There *is* a lesson. It is that freedom and independence — even wealth—are just colourless baubles when you have them, unless they go together with the love and companionship that cannot be bought.

But, you say, this is missing the point. It is not that you want to be free of your marriage, not that you are discontented with your husband and home, it is just that you want a little more independence, a little more adventure, a little less monotony.

I see, then it is perfection you want. And who are you to grumble? We all want that. Monotony, dependence is not confined to housewives. It is the lot of millions of people in millions of jobs and they haven't the same compensations as you. In a great many cases their work is thankless and, from their own viewpoint, offers no objective. Your job is creative.

And what of this monotony? Isn't it perhaps of your own making? Things and people cannot bore us, we can only bore ourselves. Happiness has nothing whatever to do with the number of times you dust the piano or with the excruciating monotony of washing dishes.

You will never be happy because of your environment, but you can be happy in spite of it.

It is true that housekeeping can be drudgery at times. Certain aspects of it are trivial and fiddling. Tasks repeat themselves until you could scream. The whole monotonous business of running a home seems totally unworthy of your gifts. But this point of view can only get a stranglehold in the company of inertia. You cannot be bored for long with a job you are doing well, with a job that you are learning every day to do better. For one thing there isn't time.

"Oh yes," you say, "now you want me to become one of these house-proud females. One who hasn't an ambition above scrubbing and polishing."

Heaven forbid. Women who spend their energies so wantonly on housework are, as homemakers, often the least efficient. In any case they are a bore and a nuisance

But try to rise above the triviali-ties of your task. Do your job well. You will find it well worth your while to do so.

Are you really running your home well? Come, now, be honest. Is it as beautiful as your hands and your ingenuity can make it? Is it as satisfying and as comforting to your loved ones as intelligence and study can achieve? If you can truthfully answer "yes" to that you are not a bored person. You have been too busy.

And if you can't, then there's work to be done, something to be learnt. Monotony will disappear with the discovery that anybody can run a home, but only a clever woman can do it perfectly.

Cooking is a hobby in itself when you get into the higher grades, and it is not easy. It takes originality, study, to become a fine cook, just as it needs artistry and skill to create a fine garden.

Tossing a batch of pastry into the oven because we must eat is a bore. Creating good food because the work challenges your skill and your good taste is fun.

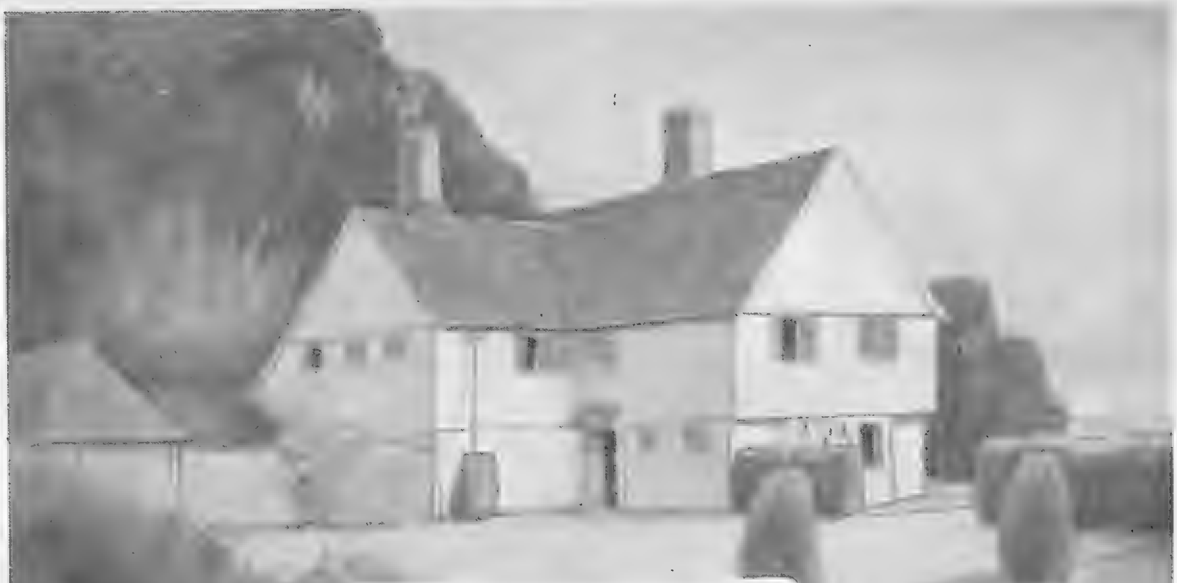
All housekeeping is fun if you are good at it. The very monotony of its menial tasks is a challenge to you. You are running the machinery. Don't let it run you.

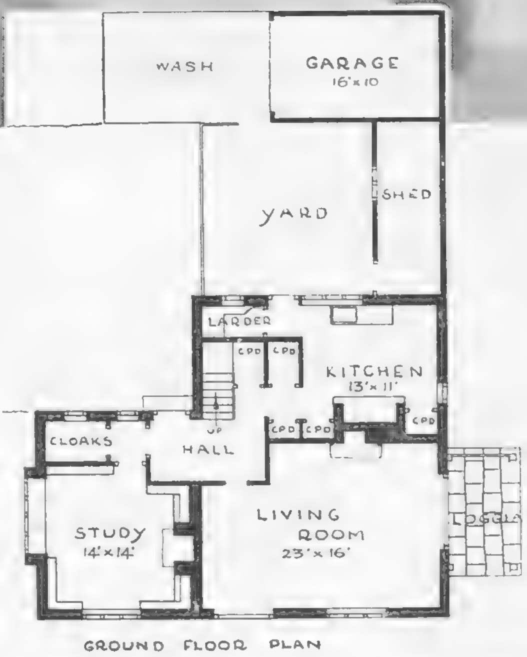
K. L.

- ● Ask yourself, bored housewives, "Would I be Single?"
- ● Remember, every day, women are cheerfully throwing up freedom and independence to exchange places with you.
- ● Happiness or contentment has nothing to do with the number of times you dust the piano.
- ● You can't be bored for long with a job you are really doing well. There isn't time.
- ● Any woman can run a home, but only a clever woman can do it well.
- ● Study to be an expert at your job. It's a life's work.

A

By Winifred Lewis




WASH
GARAGE 16'x10
YARD
SHED
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CPD
KITCHEN 13'x 11'
UP
CLOAKS
HALL
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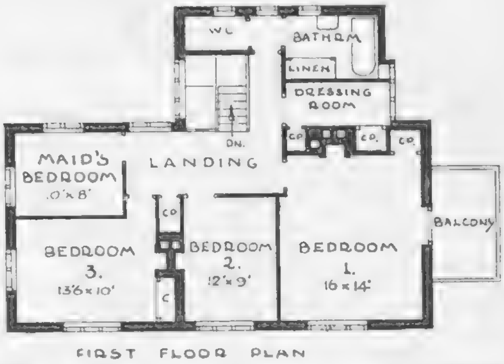
CPD
CPD
STUDY 14'x14'
LIVING ROOM 23'x 16'
LOGGIA
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

The discovery of an inexpensive site made possible the erection of this small but important country house at a really economic cost. The plan of the house is shown below. Architects : Baillie Scott & Beresford, FF.R.I.B.A.


WC
BATHRM
LINEN
DRESSING ROOM
DN.
CD
CD.
CD
MAID'S BEDROOM 10'x8'
LANDING
CD
C
BEDROOM 3. 13'6x10'
BEDROOM 2. 12'x9'
BEDROOM 1. 16x14'
BALCONY
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

It was surprising to hear an eminent architect express the view the other day that the "week-end cottage habit" had declined. He claimed that twenty years ago engagements to design the little place in the country were far more numerous than they are to-day.

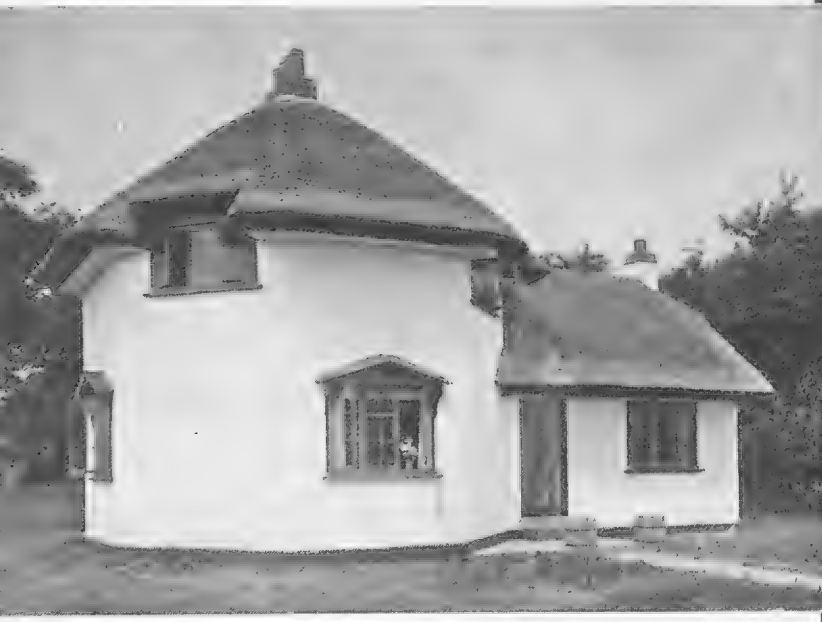
Strange. I should have said the urge towards the country had never been so great as now.

Perhaps the truth is that the appeal of the country is the same, but the week-end cottage has changed.

Centuries have been crammed into the last twenty years. Values have completely changed. The week-end cottage that was then more often than not a minor mansion is now exactly what its name implies.

Escape from the city and its racket has become for many a vital urge. Economic conditions have severely clipped our wings so that we cannot often fly to the country, but at least we can limp there occasionally. And do.

So the hunt goes on for a corner of the country to call one's



This very small week-end cottage in the Dutch style was erected in the country for a few hundred pounds

COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY

own. A place, simple and small, within the soothing influence of the country and the limits of ones own pocket.

In the last few years reconstruction of the old cottage has been a popular way to ownership of a country hide-out. Apart from the aesthetic charm which such places possess, it is the cheapest way: if you know what you're about.

True, restorations are not always inexpensive. Far from it, but the wise man "cuts his coat according to his cloth" and contents himself with what he can afford.

The cottage, hidden away, that can sometimes be picked up "for a song" is the dream of all with shallow pockets who crave to spend their leisure in the country. Fewer than ever of these remain now and the important discoveries are more or less confined to the more outlying districts. This is why the erection of a new place is often worth considering. But old cottages occasionally turn up and in nearly all cases of a genuinely old structure, lend themselves to restoration.

The interior of this modern country cottage combines the aesthetic charm of the picturesque with the practical amenities of the modern finish

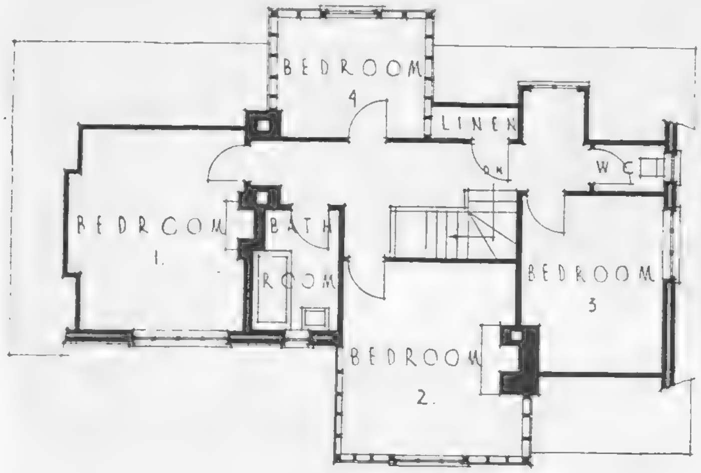
The very security and soundness of their construction frequently makes it possible to remould them even in advanced decrepitude.

A hundred pounds goes a long way towards restoring comfort and a few practical amenities to such a place if the "doing over" is skilfully planned. Much expense is saved when local craftsmen are found to carry out the work. In many cases the locality can produce craftsmen whose technique by long association with the country and its crafts, is more artistically right for the purpose than that of the mechanically-trained townsman.

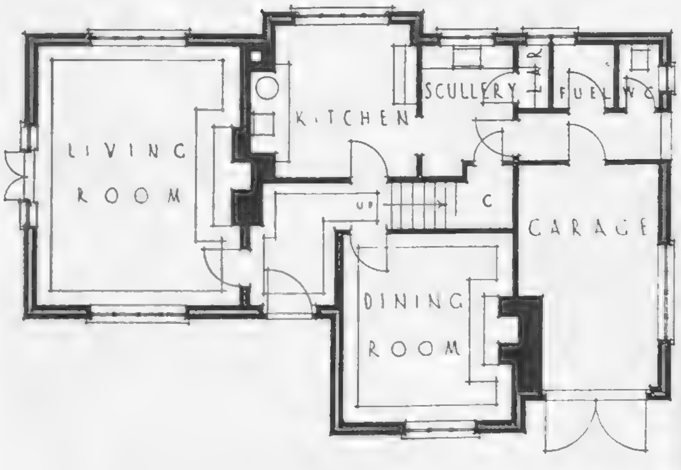
Plastering, rethatching and other such tasks carried out by men on the spot whose fathers and forefathers delighted in the same crafts have an aesthetic value even more satisfying than the knowledge that, for once, the best happens to be the cheapest.

The most costly features of renovating the old cottage are generally those of installing some system of sanitation. The site, its proximity or otherwise to a water supply and the funds available make each case a law unto itself. At the same time, though amenities such as indoor sanitation and hot water on tap are desirable they are not indispensible.

Practical substitutes exist for these (*Continued on page* 102)

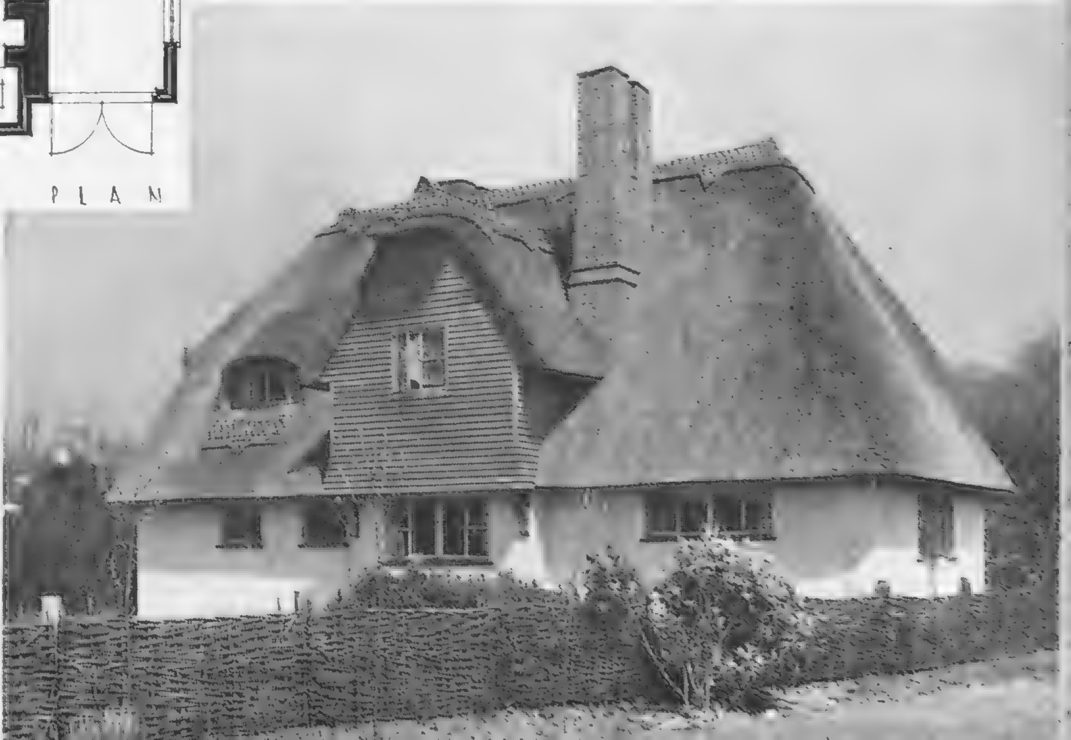


FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

(*Left*) This is the famous "garden path" which expresses every country lover's ideal of the perfect setting for leisure



A typical example of the modern country cottage having 11 inch cavity walls with smooth stucco surface and Norfolk reed thatching. The plans of this charming cottage are shown above. Architect: Oliver Law, F.R.I.B.A.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

By Jean Burnup

Every month, around new moon time, I may be observed prenez garde-ing about seeing the new moon through glass.

I will walk under ladders, I always wear green, I live at number thirteen, but I am terrified of seeing the new moon through glass.

It just happens to be my deep down superstition.

I know it is silly, I know it is childish, but all the other people who share my childishness and silliness will also share that curiously comforting feeling of walking out into the evening and suddenly seeing the little silver crescent hanging up there.

When that occurs, wherever I am, I bow three times, turn my money over, and feel, for a brief second, that the world is going to be at my feet.

The fashion world at the moment is at Aage Thaarup's feet. This clever young milliner can hardly have time to breathe, he makes so many chic hats for so many elegant women.

Now, a month after it took place, people are still talking of a divine display he gave at the Curzon Cinema, to show us how ballet music and dancing inspired him to make a collection of Ascot, garden party and cocktail hats.

First he described the hat, and with a ballet-like gesture, declaimed the name of the ballet that made the idea take form in his head. Next, June Bray, of Sadler's Wells, danced, exquisitely, a fragment of the ballet. Then we saw the hat on Tania Sharman, who has beauty and an enviable smile.

If the beholders had not been ravished with the music, the dancing, the model's smile, the hats would still have been as good as hats can be. As it was, the whole thing made a hard-boiled, women-of-the-world audience emerge dewy eyed, entranced.

You will see one of the hats on page 61.

Clever Mr. Smedley, of Smedley's. First he set about making British fruit and vegetable canning the enormous industry it is to-day in this country. Now he has come along with one of those revolutionary ideas which make you think why didn't I think of it first.

It is a process called "Instant Frosting," whereby the pick of the season's fruit and vegetables is packed into cartons and frozen solid, with the colour, flavour and nutritive qualities sealed in with them.

The fruit is thawed and eaten raw or cooked. The vegetables are cooked as if they had come fresh from the greengrocers, which is about what the whole thing amounts to.

These cartons will have to be bought as needed, they are not for stocking up. They will be marketed in October. After that, every housewife of us will be able to enjoy what used to be out-of-season delicacies all the year round, at in-season prices.

I can never read, as one usually does at the hairdressers, when I am having my hair done at Antoine's.

There is too much doing, too much to watch. It is a curious little world of its own, an efficient little world. In the time you spend there, nothing else seems to matter very much. No war or pain or trouble. So, as well as getting one of the best washes and hair do's in London, and feeling like a luxury woman, your mind is temporarily relaxed and comforted.

It was an idea to have no separate cubicles—unless the hair is being permanented or coloured. Because all the time you are being done you can watch the skilled operators setting other women's heads. Apart from putting new coiffure ideas into your own head, it is as fascinating as overhearing other people's talk in a bus or train. It is particularly fascinating when, every now and then, the other women turn out to be famous actresses, or other household words.

We have one of the new Hoover cleaning ensembles at home. It is a useful little affair to have around the place. All the different cleaning tools and brushes are contained in a neat pack which hangs on the door handle, and makes it easy and convenient to do the adjustments, when you have to switch over from floor to furniture or wall cleaning.

The only one who isn't happy about it is the dog, who scowls and runs away to hide when the machine begins its singing hum.

He must have heard me say one day that, after his bath, we would dry him with the Hoover, because the ensemble has an additional attachment whose function is the opposite of suction. It blows.

One fine day I put on my roller skates and went out to Stratford, to the pleasant, airy factory where Yardley's turn out their lovely perfumes and beauty preparations.

There is a nice, unhurried air about this place. The girls work at a calm, leisurely pace, each at her own table with her individual bits and pieces around her, her flowers, her film-star photos and knick-knacks.

It was absorbing to watch the perfumes being bottled, the bubbling crater-like cauldrons of soap, the dexterity of the girls who wrap the little coloured cubes of bath salts in cellophane.

Finally, I was taken to the modern box factory where all Yardley's wrappings are made—the pack is a very important part of the beauty business—and saw yards and yards of gleaming silver paper, and patterned papers in all the pretty designs with which you are so familiar on this side of the counter.

A nice afternoon off.

I want to know what is the best thing to do when people tell you a story you have heard before.

Should you, when the raconteur pauses to ask "Do you know it," say, "Yes" like the unloved candid friend? Or should you valiantly sit it out and laugh politely at the point?

I have tried both schools of listening. The honest first leaves the raconteur in mid-air and mid-story, unfulfilled, unhappy, *furious*. The lying second has danger, too. Your laugh may not be entirely convincing for one thing, and, sometime or other you are bound to find a raconteur who suddenly recalls telling the story when you were there before, and, of course, feels foolish and is *furious*.

Wives, with story-telling husbands, might be able to suggest a way out.

LOOSE COVERS

Loose covers, which began life as little more than dust-sheets, have graduated to an important rôle in the decorative scheme of to-day.

A little prejudice may still exist, but not much. Whatever there is is left over from the deficiencies of the loose cover as it was, a rather bag-like object, cluttered with hooks and tapes that fell awry at a touch.

Since the art of loose-cover tailoring has improved, the practical advantages of detachable coverings have become increasingly obvious.

First and foremost they offer the flowery charm of delicate colourings because of the simplicity of cleaning.

Next they make it possible, at no great expense, to change the whole appearance of a room from season to season and, not least in importance, they make the camouflage of shabby and ill-shapen furniture a simple task.

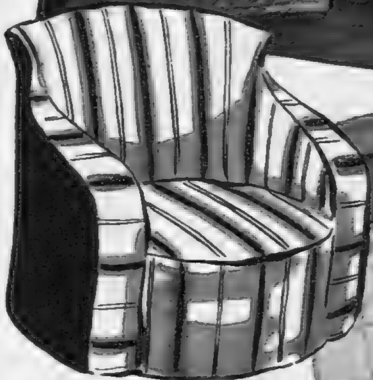
Modern decorators have given much thought to the design of original loose covers and in many cases choose them in preference to permanent upholstery.

Cretonne as a medium is still first favourite, but slick tailoring and original designs have given covers a new interest and a new boldness. For a tub easy chair or, again, for a winged "granny" chair a greater interest is sometimes given to the cover by using a bold flowered or striped chintz for the face of the chair and a plain colouring, repeating the dominant note of the chintz, at the back.

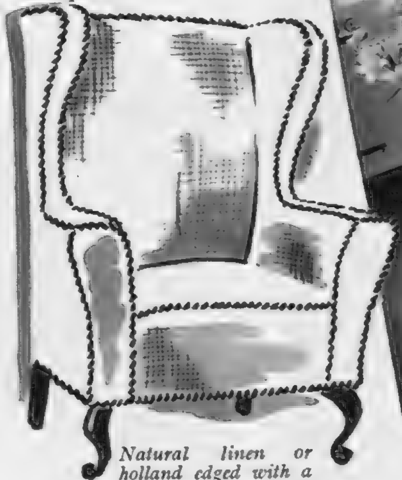
A heavily box-pleated valance of a plain colour in combination with chintz is another means of breaking away from the commonplace. This is most successful with the smaller-patterned chintzes.

The best thing to be said of loose covers is that their effectiveness has little relation to the cost. Some of the most attractive are the simplest, as in the case of a small modern sitting-room where the chairs were slip-covered in dark blue linen crash, trimmed with several rows of white coarse linen banding.

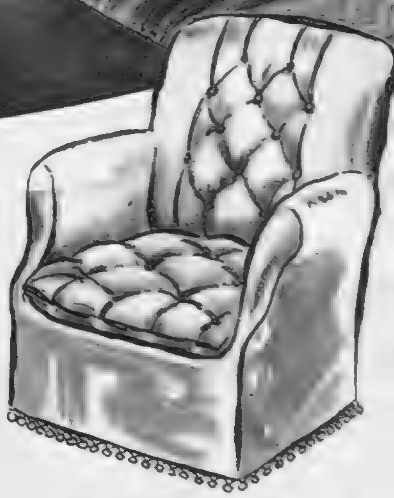
Linen and some of the heavier cotton-mixture fabrics make up charmingly into loose covers and, with an original trimming, become distinguished if well cut. Very heavy cord piping in a contrasting colour is most effective as are also some of the older trimmings, notably ball (Continued on p. 102)



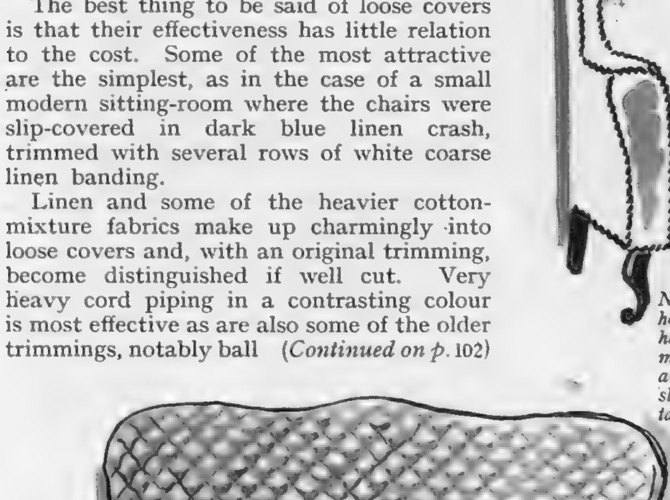
A squat chair is given more height with a striped fabric. This example shows a plain coloured back to match the darkest stripe



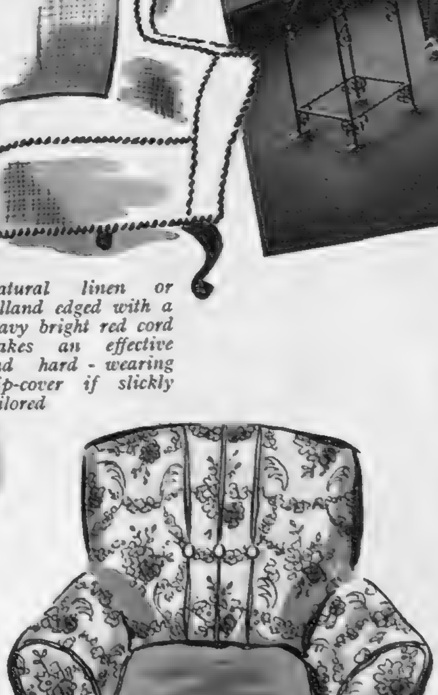
Natural linen or holland edged with a heavy bright red cord makes an effective and hard-wearing slip-cover if slickly tailored



The loose cushion and part of the back of this Rayon satin slip-cover are quilted and buttoned. Ball fringe finishes the hem



Quilted chintz makes the perfect loose cover for the more gracefully proportioned couch, and is successful fitted over wooden frames



Interest comes to the familiar cretonne cover with the variations shown. The plain surface loose cushion and box-pleated frill repeat the dominant colour of the cretonne

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Women's Department

It is a long, long time since there was so much ribbon cavorting around. Miles and miles of it trim evening dresses, making bows, loops, belts, sashes.

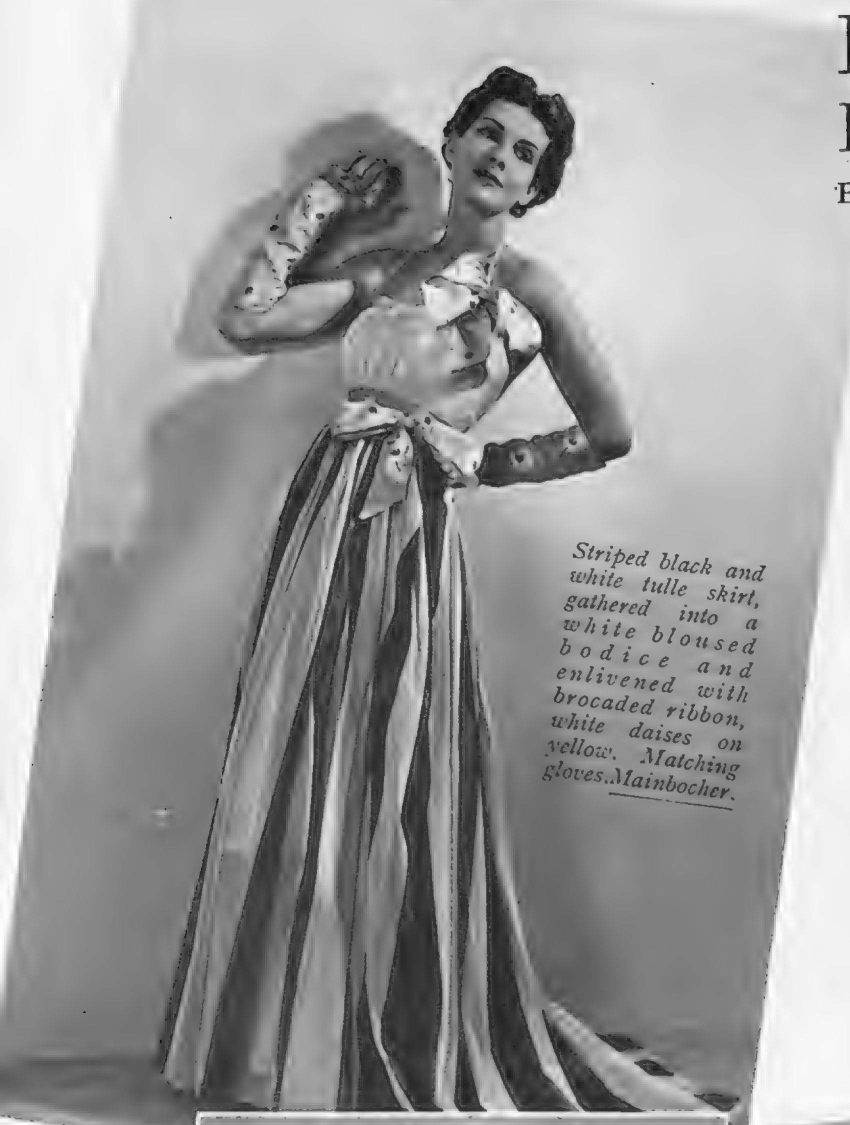
You will see large looped fancy ribbon bows at either or both sides of a low, square décolletage ; tiny, different-coloured flowers made of ribbons in massed embroideries on full-skirted chiffon evening skirts ; wide ribbon loops festooned above the hem of an early Victorian skirt ; ribbon gloves ; velvet ribbons for shoulder-straps and going round and round a tight waist and diaphragm, with long, hanging ends ; coloured ribbon threaded through a gathered, low neckline ; ribbon bows spattered here and there on full skirts ; two big bows making a baby bustle on a tight-fronted, full-back skirt.

Women are taking, like ducks to water, to the Edwardian-Victorian romanticism of the current evening style. They are showing shoulders, pulling in their waists, going womanfully into boned bodices, tucking flowers almost coyly into low bosoms.

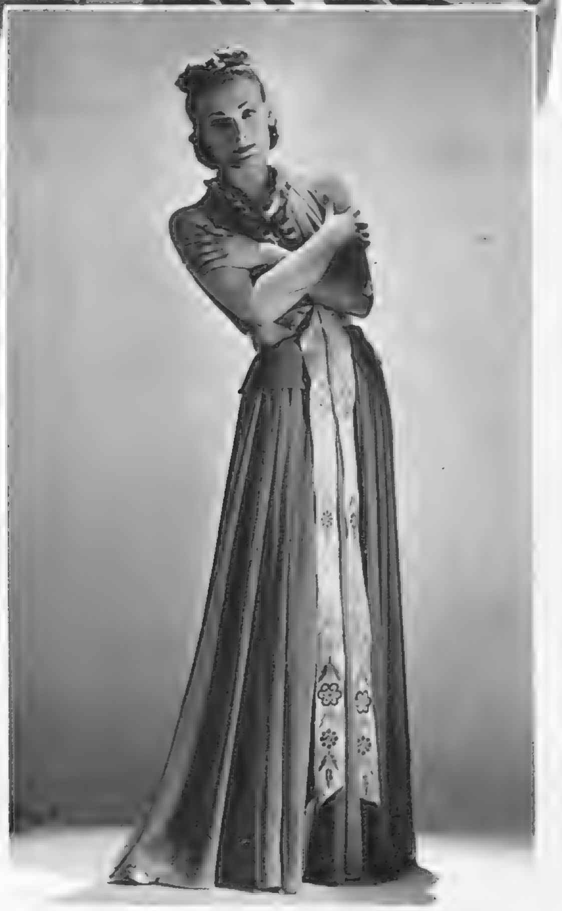
Full, full skirts sweep out on dance floors, being dexterously managed by, sometimes, mittened hands. There are lace gloves, flower muffs, fans, and suchlike conceits that might likely start a vogue for the roguish glances that should go with them.

Women who don't like full skirts can follow their figures in princess-like tight satin sheaths that flounce at the hem with wide contrast net ruching, which is repeated around the drop-shoulder décolletage, and the effect is musical-comedy Edwardian.

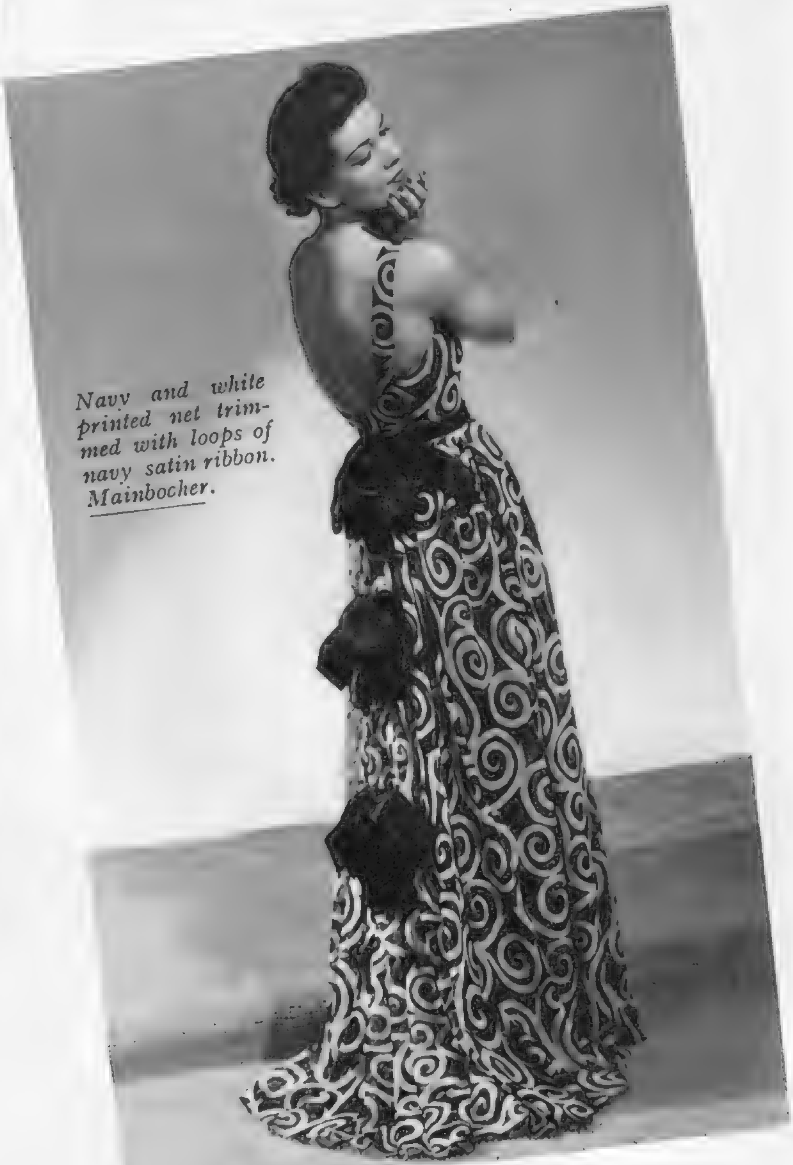
Or, of course, there are always the straight, Greek-draped crêpes and jerseys, looking their beautiful best in pitch black or snow white.



Striped black and white tulle skirt, gathered into a white bloused bodice and enlivened with brocaded ribbon, white daises on yellow. Matching gloves. Mainbocher.



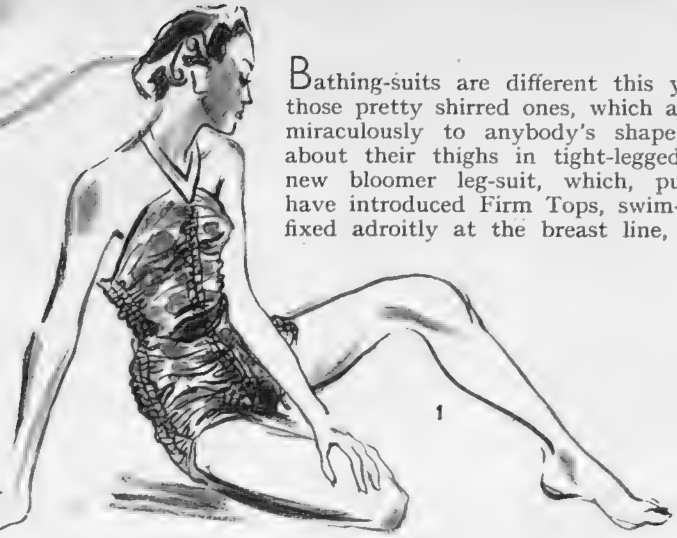
Almond-green moussline de soie, with a frilled high-necked bodice, a little basque, a girdle and floating panels of vividly embroidered orchid satin ribbon. Bruyère.



Navy and white printed net trimmed with loops of navy satin ribbon. Mainbocher.

PLAY DAYS

Bathing-suits are different this year. The beaches will be alive with those pretty shirred ones, which are silk and tubular elastic, and stretch miraculously to anybody's shape. Women who are a little doubtful about their thighs in tight-legged swim-suits can confidently wear the new bloomer leg-suit, which, puffing out, slims the thighs. Wolsey have introduced Firm Tops, swim-suits which have soft, pliable supports fixed adroitly at the breast line, and give grand uplift.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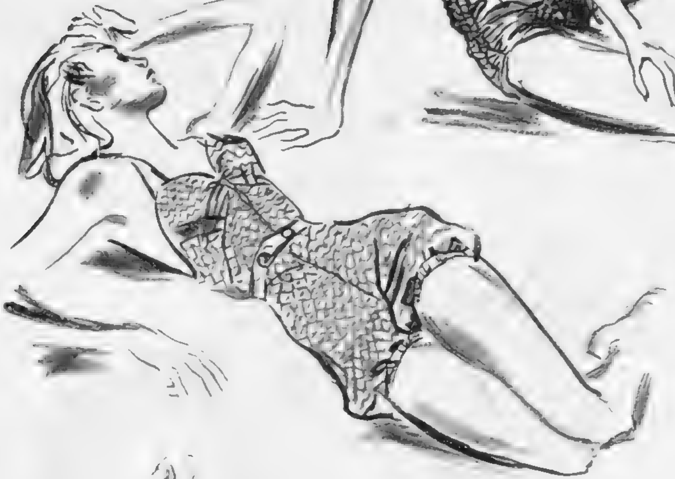
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1. Slix Bathing-Suit—a Heim model in Celanese jersey silk. Yellows and browns on a cream ground. £1 1s. (In other materials and designs from 15/11 to 29/-.) Round Point, Gooch's.

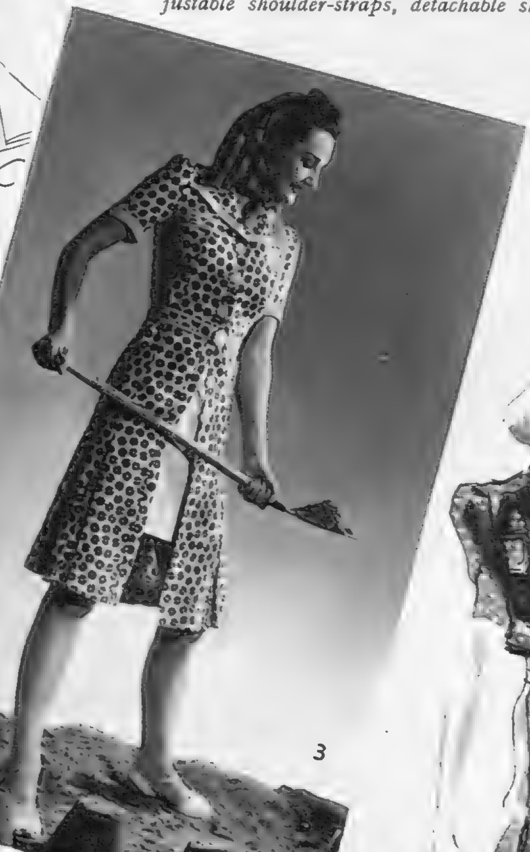
2. Bright pink pure wool bloomer-suit in a broken rib design, low-backed with cross-over straps which change to halter style for sunning. Well-cut bras top. £1 1s. 9d. Jaeger.

3. New kind of beach outfit in Celanese shark-skin. The tailored shorts are white, the coat-dress cyclamen on white. Designed by Godel.

4. The culotte dress at its best in Courtauld's white rayon jersey. The wide cut conceals the trouser-skirt. The little upstanding collar, the bright printed sash give a Russian flavour. Designed by Dilkusha.

5. Beautifully tailored navy spot silk play-suit, with plain button top, two box-pleats back and front of each trouser leg, zipping front. A separate street-length skirt buttons down front. Obtainable in pale blue and wine, white spotted. £4 4s. Lillywhites.

6. Firm Top suit in red wool with a white and navy fish design. Pliable supports are fixed beneath the breasts. Adjustable shoulder-straps, detachable skirt. 29/6. Wolsey.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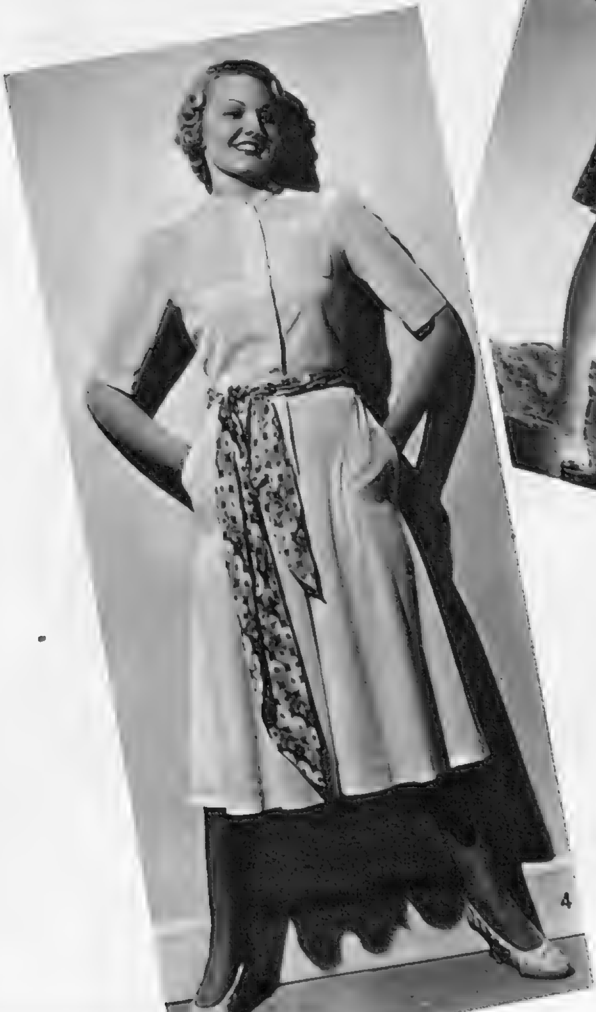
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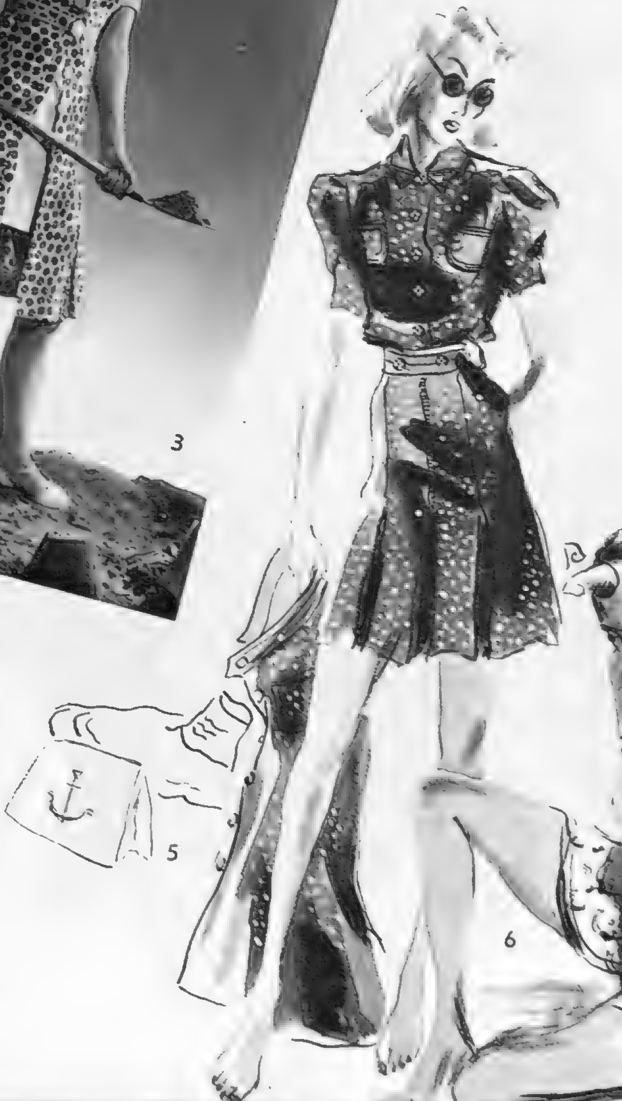
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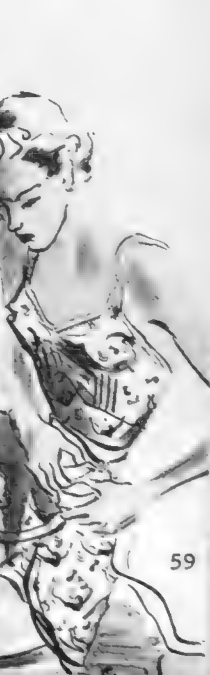
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1. Day In Town. Turquoise spotted burgundy, silk dress and jacket. The dress bodice is tucked into a high yoke-line, has a stiffened corselet-shaped belt. Short sleeves. *Ella Wells.*

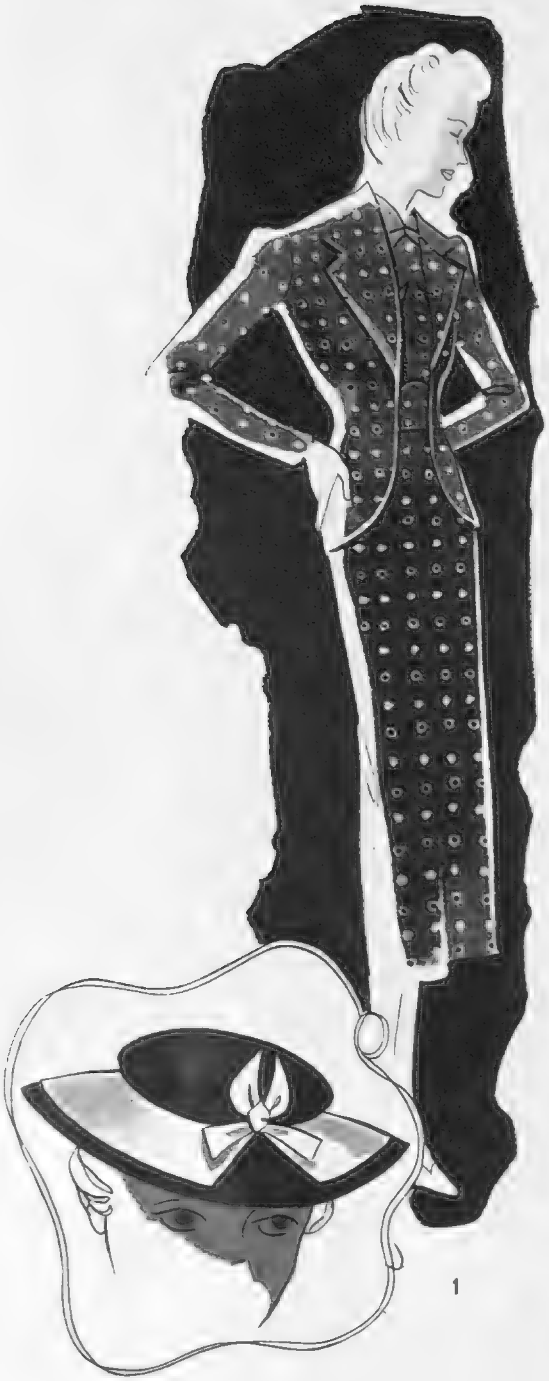
The hat is burgundy balibuntal straw, with a mushroom crown, a turquoise bib and bow. *Scotts.*

2. Ascot, Garden Party. White silk piqué dress beneath a flimsy full-skirted coat made in strips of navy net and white peau d'ange embroidery. The dress, neck, yoke and hem is also trimmed with this embroidery. *Ronald Morrel.*

The hat is fine white silky straw, trimmed across the slightly swelling crown with a flight of Mercury wings. *Aage Thaarup.*

3. Country House Days. Fine cerise wool shirty dress, with double-pleated skirt panel front and back, tie-belt, the bodice slimmed with stitched tucks. *Jaeger.*

The hat is natural paper panama, with a one-sided swept-up brim, a little twisted bandeau in cerise and navy georgette. *Woodrow.*



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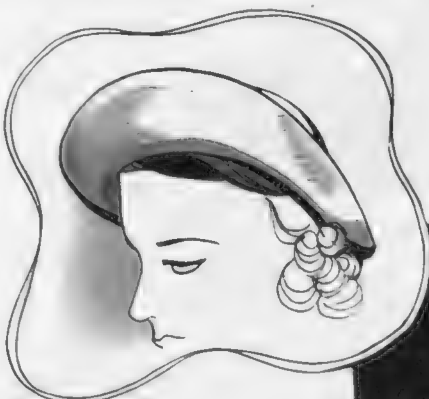

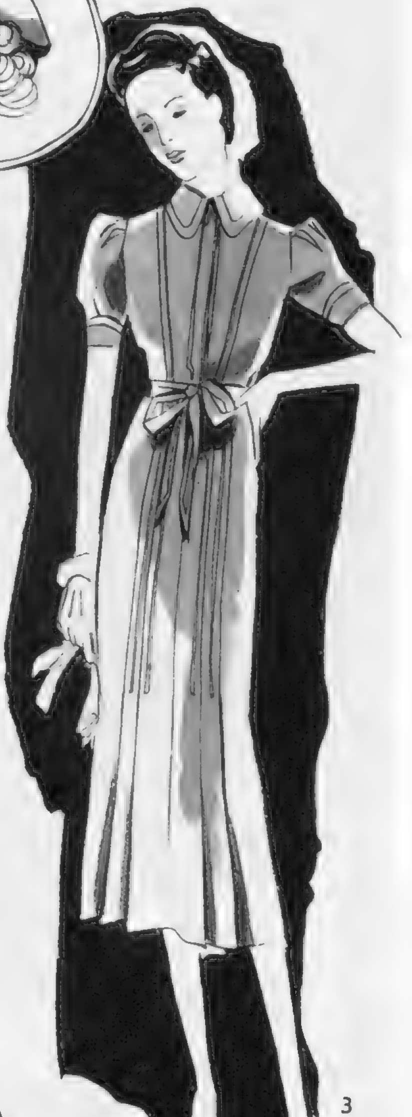

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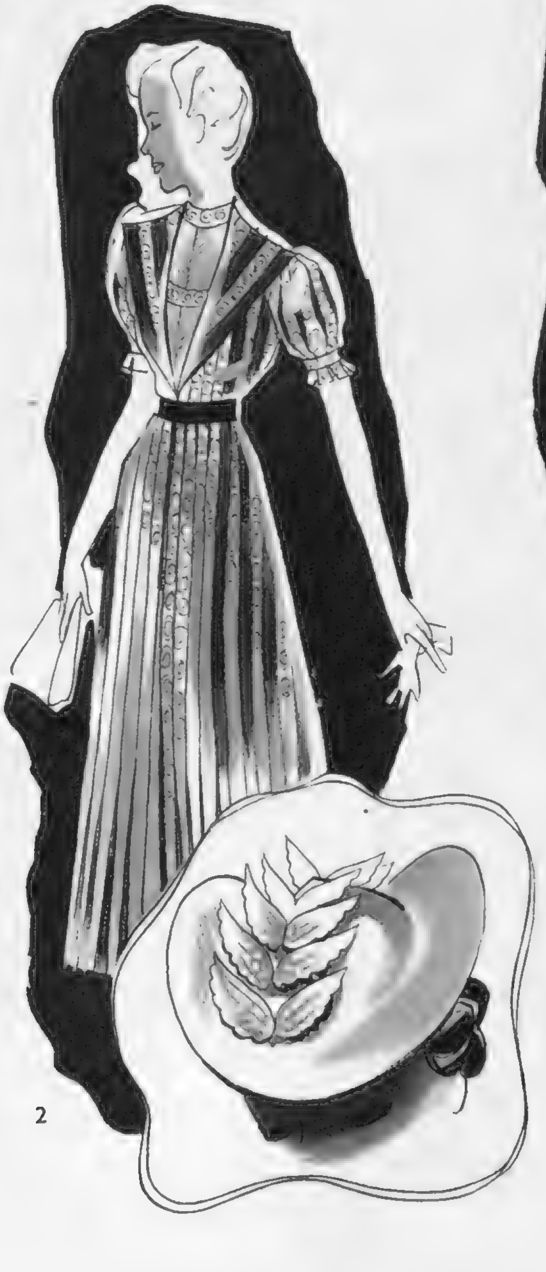


2

The Clothes—

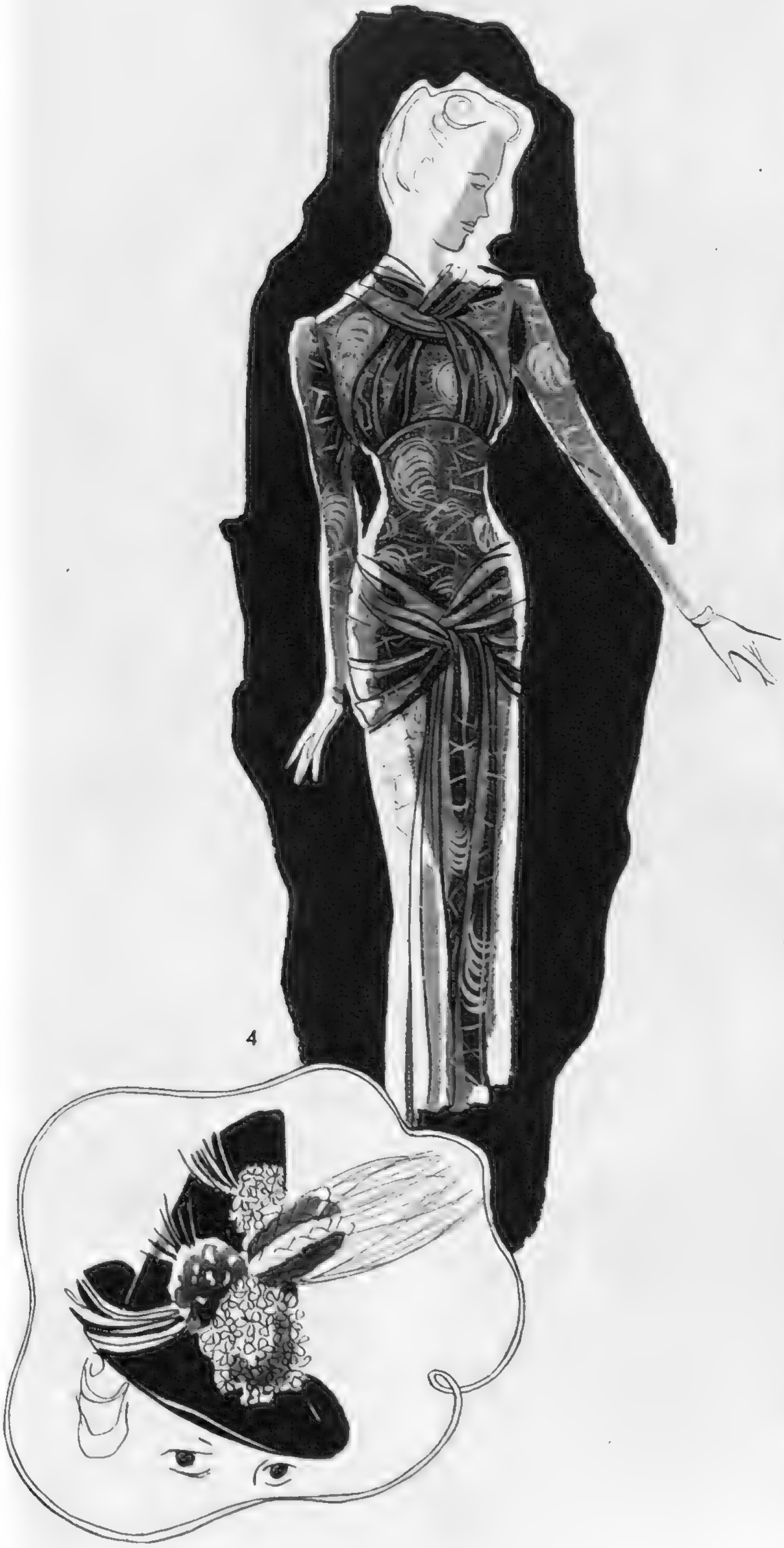
The Hat—

4. Cocktail Party, and Onwards. Navy crêpe, patterned with white plumes, hands and letters. The crossover neck drapes into a high curved waist. Low - hipped Eastern drapery gives front fulness to the skirt. *Stiebel.*

The hat is navy rice straw with a peaked crown open at the back. The trimming is a mad bunch of cyclamen and green corn ears, massed with violets and primulas. *Jeff.*

5. Country Club, Horse Show, Any Spectator Sports. Pale blue alpaca linen affectionately tailored into a suit with a nipped-in waist, and slit tucks above all pockets. Shaped yoke at jacket back. The skirt zips at side, has a deep front centre pleat. *Lillywhites.*

The hat is a fine natural straw sailor. Brim edge and crown are trimmed with pale blue cut-out felt. *Henry Heath.*



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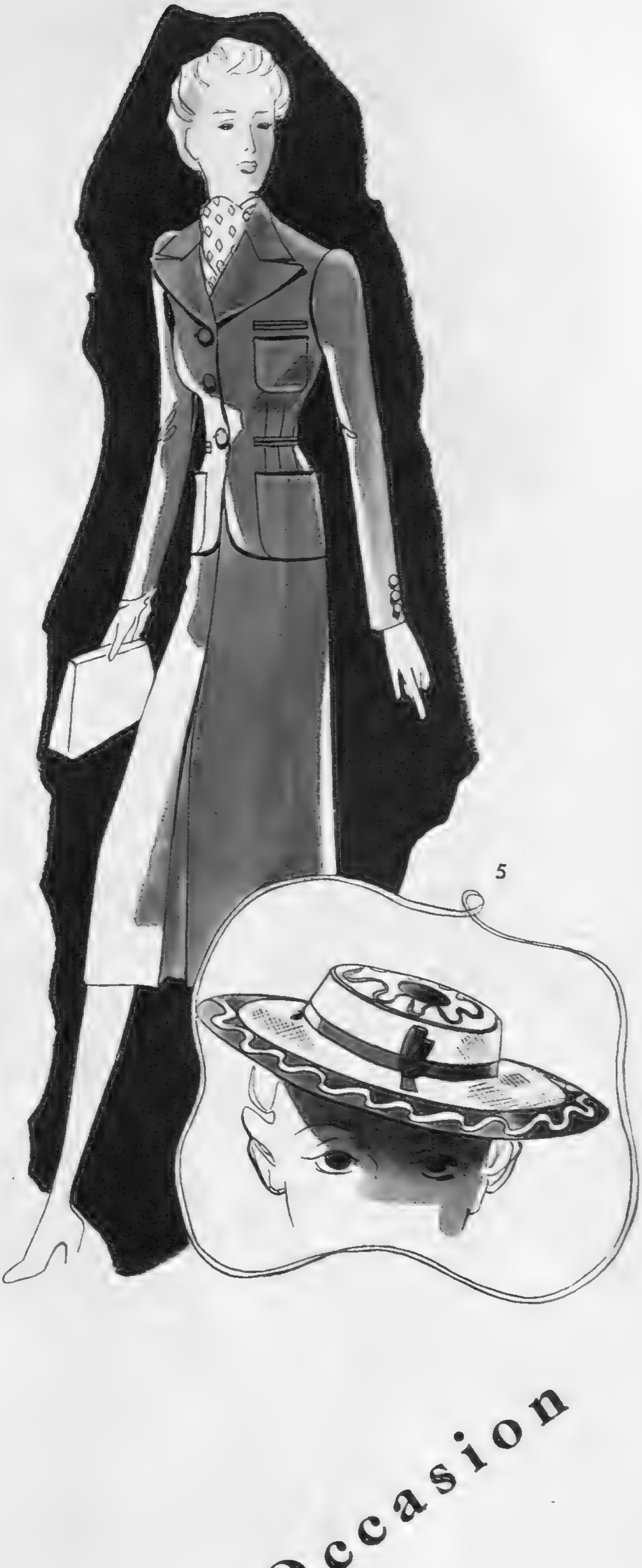
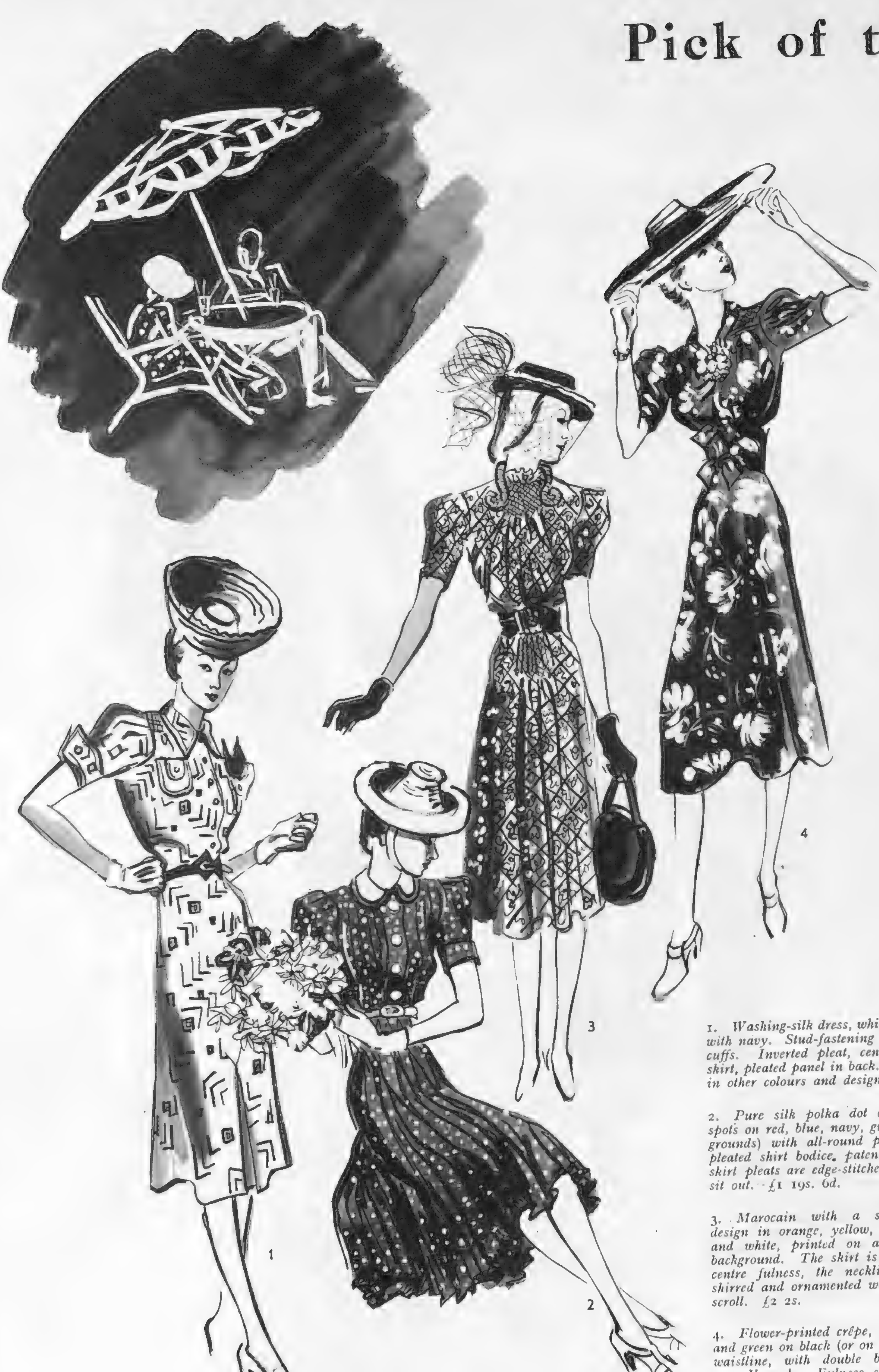


5

—The Occasion

Pick of the



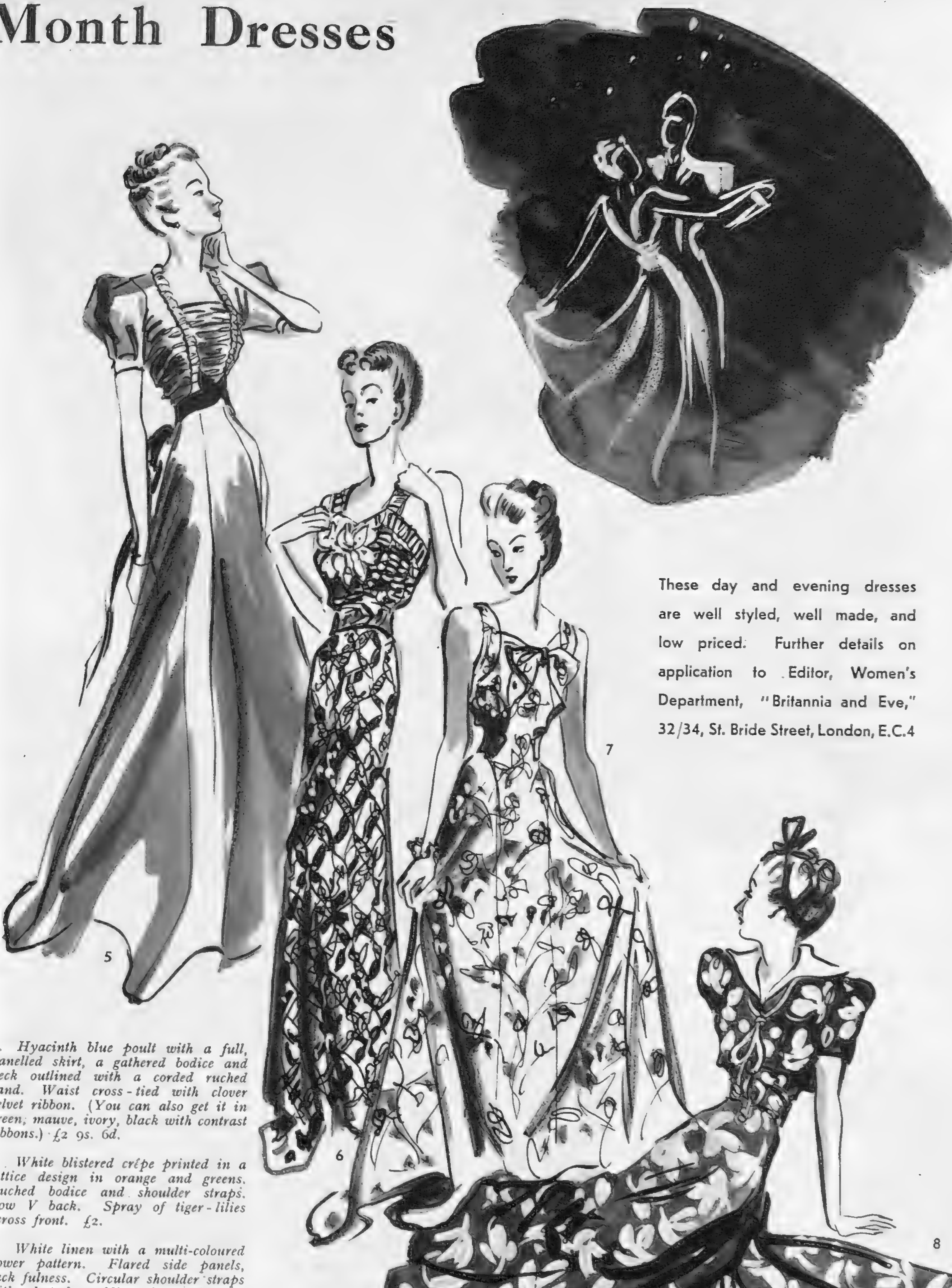
1. *Washing-silk dress, white, patterned with navy. Stud-fastening to neck and cuffs. Inverted pleat, centre front of skirt, pleated panel in back. Obtainable in other colours and designs.* £2.

2. *Pure silk polka dot crêpe (white spots on red, blue, navy, green or pink grounds) with all-round pleated skirt, pleated shirt bodice, patent belt. The skirt pleats are edge-stitched, and don't sit out.* £1 19s. 6d.

3. *Marocain with a small flower design in orange, yellow, plum, green and white, printed on a pale green background. The skirt is shirred into centre fulness, the neckline is high, shirred and ornamented with a padded scroll.* £2 2s.

4. *Flower-printed crêpe, pink, mauve and green on black (or on navy). High waistline, with double bow tie, roll over V neck. Fulness shirred across the shoulders.* 15s.

Month Dresses



These day and evening dresses are well styled, well made, and low priced. Further details on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

5. *Hyacinth blue poult with a full, panelled skirt, a gathered bodice and neck outlined with a corded ruched band. Waist cross-tied with clover velvet ribbon. (You can also get it in green, mauve, ivory, black with contrast ribbons.) £2 9s. 6d.*

6. *White blistered crêpe printed in a lattice design in orange and greens. Ruched bodice and shoulder straps. Low V back. Spray of tiger-lilies across front. £2.*

7. *White linen with a multi-coloured flower pattern. Flared side panels, back fulness. Circular shoulder straps with shaped neckline, bow trimmed. £2 2s.*

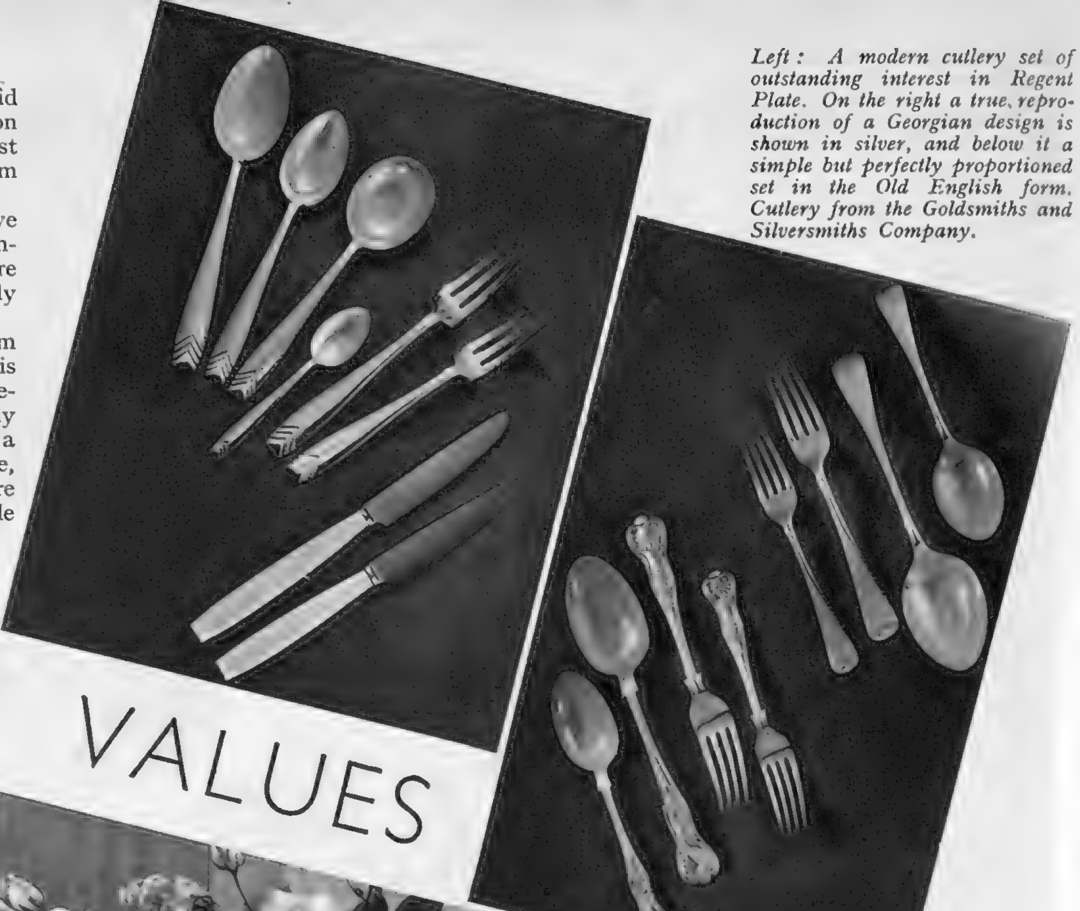
8. *Cotton, printed in navy, red and white, with separate bolero. A white piqué sailor collar and knotted tie are attached to the straps of the dress which button at waist. Full spreading skirt. (To be had in other colours and designs.) £3 9s. 6d.*

CUTLERY VALUES

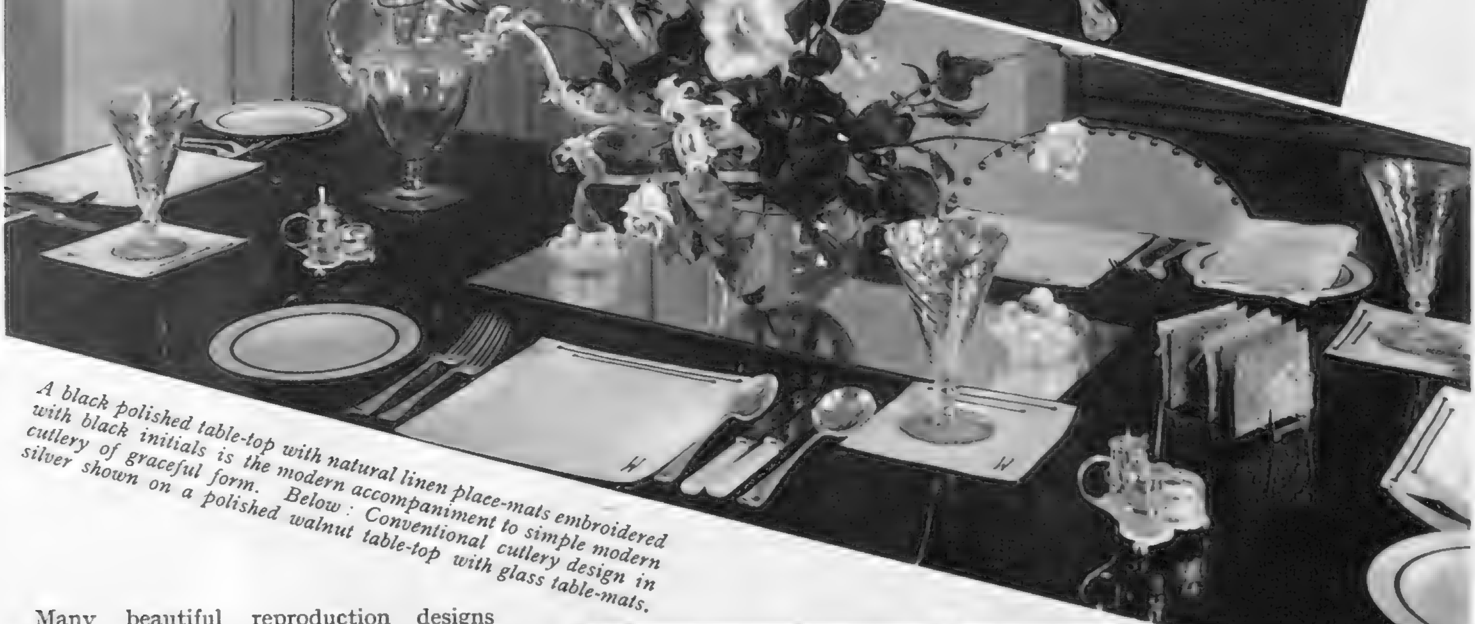
The charm and character of the laid table depend to a large extent upon detail. Every item of the ensemble must have merit if the finished effect is to claim any real importance.

Cutlery can bring some fine decorative effects to the table and plays an important part in the décor, though more often than not it is regarded as purely utilitarian.

Eccentricity or even a departure from convention in the design of cutlery is generally frowned upon. Simple, graceful forms are, in the long run, the only acceptable ones for implements of such a practical nature. At the same time, beauty is not denied to cutlery and there are many designs to-day which, simple as they are, have an intrinsic charm.



Left: A modern cutlery set of outstanding interest in Regent Plate. On the right a true reproduction of a Georgian design is shown in silver, and below it a simple but perfectly proportioned set in the Old English form. Cutlery from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



A black polished table-top with natural linen place-mats embroidered with black initials is the modern accompaniment to simple modern cutlery of graceful form. Below: Conventional cutlery design in silver shown on a polished walnut table-top with glass table-mats.

Many beautiful reproduction designs are available now for homes that are loyal to the antique. Georgian and Queen Anne patterns are among the most beautiful of these. The Georgian design photographed at the top of the right-hand picture on this page is a familiar favourite.

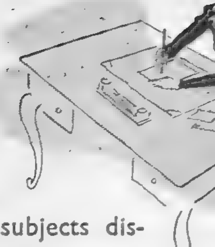
Modern cutlery designs are interesting and retain all the utility value of more conventional shapes. An especially good example of the modern craftsman's work is shown in the left-hand picture. This attractive set in Regent plate is typical of the many that are designed to live with china, glass and silver of the most modern form.

Decorative handles are occasionally used to increase the interest of modern cutlery, but these styles are popular only with the few. In the main, plain ivory, ivorine or silver handles are the most favoured. It is form that gives the ultimate distinction and this, while interesting, must retain the practical features of design familiar to implements of the meal-table.

In the long run, the first test of suitability in choosing cutlery is its simplicity to handle. For this reason unconventional forms are mostly suspect.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

BY MARY YOUNG



If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

Lots of women imagine that a slim ankle or a good pair of legs cover a multitude of figure sins elsewhere. How wrong they are. Neither a well turned ankle nor streamlined legs make your beholders forget or forgive a bulge where a bulge ought not to be.

I am writing now of what the beauty writers drearily but rightly term "localised fat." A woman can be as slim as a reed and yet have calves like the Lord Mayor's footmen, or perfect legs and hips as redundant as prize pumpkins. Dieting, exercise, nothing seems to get rid of that local fat. But here is news.

It is possible, it seems, to erase fat by the simple method of rubbing it out. A new preparation, a brownish, pleasant-smelling cream is rubbed into any part of the body where you want to reduce. As you rub, the colour disappears and changes to clear white foam which, in its turn, vanishes into the pores.

That's the oxygen which disperses fat. The particles are then carried away by the eliminatory organs. This is a logical explanation of the remarkable results testified by users.

There are many things in life that have to be seen to be believed, so I hardly expect you to believe me when I tell you that I have discovered a place where you can get Paris styled lingerie made entirely by hand in heavy satin, crêpe-de-Chine, chiffon and other fabrics, for the same price or less than you would expect to pay for mass production underwear of medium quality.

You pay 29s. 6d., for instance, for a satin nightgown trimmed with needlerun lace and styled like an evening gown, with moulded bust line and cross straps of satin forming the low back *décolletage*, every stitch hand-made. Even to rolled hems and those fiddly godets at the hem.

After the workmanship, it was the originality of design that got me. Here was elegance of styling that you can only hope to find in exclusive Paris houses.

The lingerie is copied from French models and is made up by the skilled hand-workers who, it seems, flourish in South America, and in Puerta Rico in particular.

Thereafter they are retailed in smart New York shops and are just finding their way over here.

Skirts are pretty short again and stockings get sheerer and sheerer, so that a girl has to be careful all the year round to see that the skin of her legs is as satin-smooth and free from hair as her face. Of course, during the holiday season it is even more important.

I know that this depilatory business is a bore; you may have found it painful too. But as it is a necessity, for most of us I say let us make the job as pleasant and efficient as possible.

The same idea seems to have occurred to a new firm of beauty specialists, as I found out when I went there to have my legs treated last week.

Without any preliminary fixings or fuss, they removed the hairs, roots and all. The stuff they used was a pale pink plastic substance that looked good enough to eat. I said so. "And I don't suppose it would do you any harm, if you did," replied the expert who was treating me. "It's made of herbs and will not harm the most sensitive skin."

It comes clean and doesn't hurt. Can I say more?

Said a learned man the other day "Every man and woman suffers from some kind of phobia." By which he meant that a strong man will faint if a cat jumps on his lap, and that a healthy young woman may suddenly have an attack of the vapours at the sight of a bat wheeling in the sky or at the scratch of a pencil on a slate.

My particular phobia is positive nausea at the thought of filing my nails. They have to be cut, which means complication, because I can't cut the nails of my right hand and have to get someone to do the job for me.

I believe mine is quite a common phobia, so quite a lot of people will be as pleased as I was to discover scissors with which you can cut either hand with perfect ease.

It is all on account of the extra rest for the second finger. Using two fingers and a thumb instead of one finger and a thumb, gives perfect scissor control. The scissors can be had in straight or curved shapes. The straight ones cost 2s. 6d., the curved 3s.

A smell of smoke rising from the kitchen region recently reminded me, yet again, that absent-minded women should not be trusted with an iron. Luckily it was only the ironing blanket and not my new and expensive frilly blouse that was about to go up into flames.

One of these days, I suppose, it will be the house and then I shall be annoyed.

I don't know what kind of insurance absent-minded, amateur laundresses like myself can effect against fire and accident, but now I have discovered a gadget that is helping me considerably in doing the actual work. This is a square of flannel mounted on fine wire gauze. It is placed over the fabric, and not only eliminates risk of scorching but does away with the bother of ironing things on the wrong side.

You damp the flannel, place it over the garment and iron away with complete confidence. The most delicate fabrics can be protected by this simple method.

The protector costs 2s. 11d. and will last a long time.

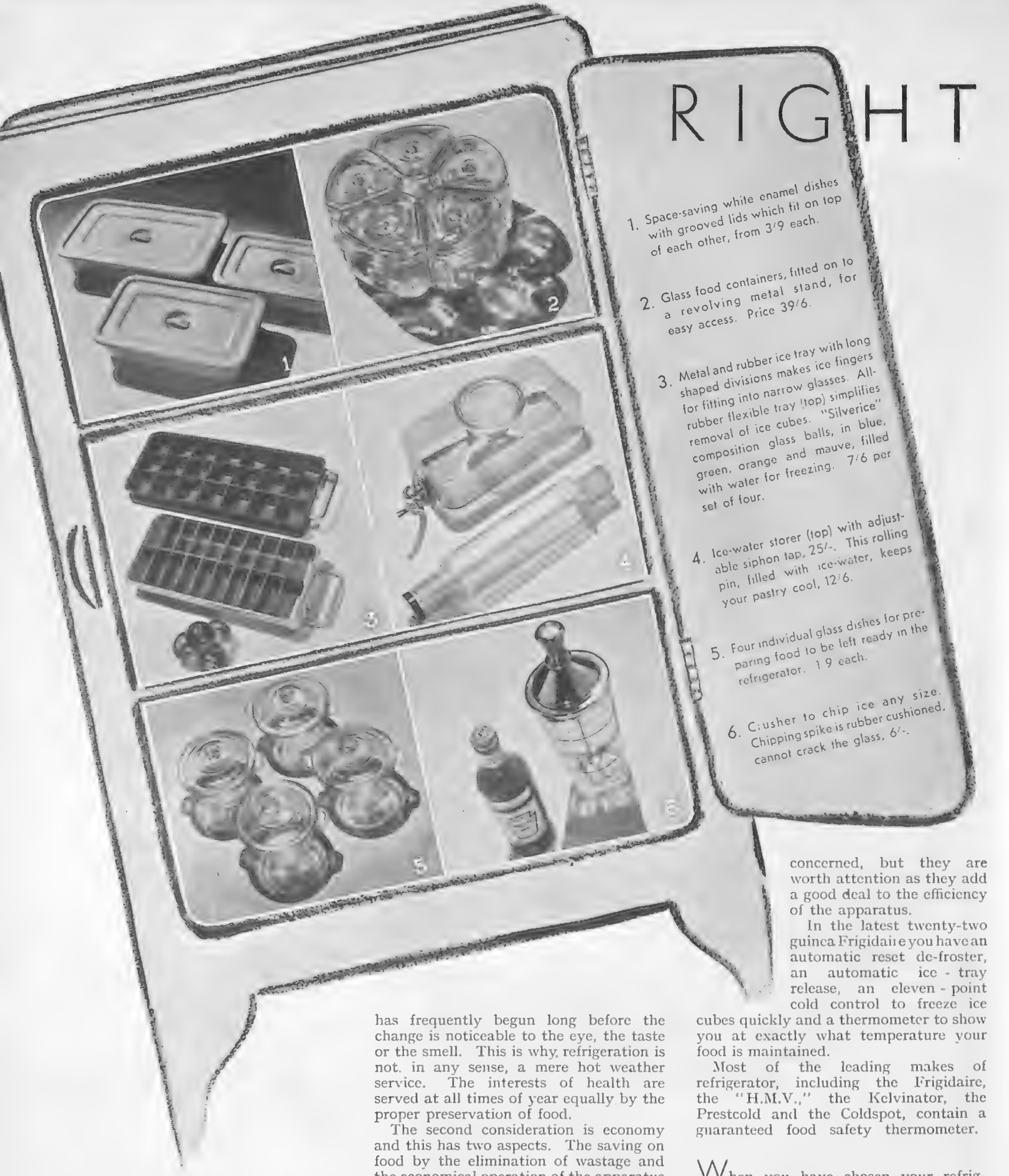
Sewing is a pain in the neck to me. And I mean that literally. After an hour's stitching, my neck gets all stitched up with red-hot threads and I have to stop.

So I thank heaven—and the inventors—for a sticky solution that now mends my stockings so well that you would never suspect I was a toe-thruster. (Some women are heel-holers; others are toe-thrusters.)

Now, instead of darning painfully, or throwing the stocking away as heretofore, I put the toe over a tumbler, rub my little tube round the edge of the hole, and press a patch cut from an old stocking over it. In a few seconds the solution is dry and the job is done neatly and strongly.

The solution is grand for other mending jobs, too, and costs only a few pence a tube

RIGHT



1. Space-saving white enamel dishes with grooved lids which fit on top of each other, from 3/9 each.
2. Glass food containers, fitted on to a revolving metal stand, for easy access. Price 39/6.
3. Metal and rubber ice tray with long shaped divisions makes ice fingers for fitting into narrow glasses. All-rubber flexible tray (top) simplifies removal of ice cubes. "Silverice" composition glass balls, in blue, green, orange and mauve, filled with water for freezing. 7/6 per set of four.
4. Ice-water storer (top) with adjustable siphon tap, 25/-. This rolling pin, filled with ice-water, keeps your pastry cool, 12/6.
5. Four individual glass dishes for preparing food to be left ready in the refrigerator. 1/9 each.
6. Crusher to chip ice any size. Chipping spike is rubber cushioned, cannot crack the glass, 6/-.

Refrigeration is still so young in this country that many people are in doubt as to what important factors should govern the choice of a model.

If you set down the services a refrigerator gives in the order of their importance it helps to give an idea of what to look for when your choice is made.

First, and foremost, is the hygienic preservation of food. We are still a little muddled as to exact meaning of this. Many people still believe that because food looks good it is good. Whereas, of course, this is not so. Decomposition has frequently begun long before the change is noticeable to the eye, the taste or the smell. This is why, refrigeration is not, in any sense, a mere hot weather service. The interests of health are served at all times of year equally by the proper preservation of food.

The second consideration is economy and this has two aspects. The saving on food by the elimination of wastage and the economical operation of the apparatus itself. Get to know before you buy what performance is put up by the model you are considering. How much current it consumes.

Third: Design and storage capacity. Choose a model that is big enough for your needs and not likely to overcrowd your kitchen. If you have a biggish family you will naturally need a model that will hold a family size joint, milk, butter, eggs and other perishables in ratio.

Gadgets are of some importance, too. These vary with the type of model concerned, but they are worth attention as they add a good deal to the efficiency of the apparatus.

In the latest twenty-two guinea Frigidaire you have an automatic reset de-froster, an automatic ice-tray release, an eleven-point cold control to freeze ice cubes quickly and a thermometer to show you at exactly what temperature your food is maintained.

Most of the leading makes of refrigerator, including the Frigidaire, the "H.M.V.," the Kelvinator, the Prestcold and the Coldspot, contain a guaranteed food safety thermometer.

When you have chosen your refrigerator, learn how to operate it. The extent of the service you get from your apparatus depends upon your understanding of its capacity.

Don't get the idea that only milk, butter and a few more obviously perishable foodstuffs are to be kept in it. These come first, it's true, but fruit, stock, vegetables and—though this is not often realised—bread and cakes are kept fresher and for a much longer period in cold storage.

The arrangement of food in the refrigerator is important if the apparatus

REFRIGERATION

is to function perfectly. A free passage of air throughout the storage compartment is essential and for this reason a clutter of food is apt to cause defects.

Paper wrappings should always be removed. Excellent glass and porcelain containers for every kind of food are now obtainable for purposes of storage and these are so shaped that much more can be got into a small space by using them than is otherwise possible.

Fresh fruit, salads and vegetables are best kept on the lowest shelf. Tinned fruits, puddings and left-overs should be on the next rack above this. Meat, soup, eggs and butter should be kept fairly high up in the "frig," while milk and drink should come at the very top.

A too cold atmosphere is capable of destroying flavour in meat and some of the more delicately flavoured foods. For this reason discretion in the distribution of food throughout the refrigerator is wise.

Cooked foods should, whenever possible, be kept covered. Greaseproof bags are convenient to handle and make an excellent substitute for more expensive glass or china containers.

The perfect operation of a refrigerator depends to some extent upon intelligent handling by maintaining it carefully and studying all its capabilities; it can prove to be a rich source of economy, health and labour saving.

Careless handling will interfere with the perfect operation of your refrigerator. For instance, leaving the cabinet door open in an over-heated kitchen, overcrowding the shelves with food contained in paper bags or excessive coating of frost. These are all things to be avoided.

Clean the cabinet when you are de-frosting and do this at least once a week. Never use scouring powders or soda solution; make a weak mixture of lukewarm water and bicarbonate of soda or borax.

The Coldspot refrigerator offers many budget balancing conveniences as well as the Guaranteed Food Safety Thermometer

(Left)
A Frigidaire of a size for the average small family complete with every modern improvement can be had for Twenty-two guineas

(Below)
This is a Kelvinator fitted into a modern kitchen where every measure has been taken to conserve space

TRY THESE

GOOSEBERRY SNEAK

Line individual sundae glasses with sponge fingers. Simmer ½ lb. of gooseberries until tender. Remove half the fruit and boil the remainder quickly until it is a thick pulp. Strain this through a sieve and leave to cool. Whip a gill of cream and mix half of it with the *purée*. Divide the mixture among the glasses, add the stewed fruit and top with whipped cream. Chill.

APPLE WHIP

Stew four large apples with sugar to sweeten and the rind of a lemon. When ready pass through a sieve and cool. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of two eggs, whip and add to the apple *purée* whipping all to a froth. Pour into individual glasses, decorate with mandarine oranges and cream and set to chill.

SALMON LOAF

Melt a half pint of Aspic Jelly. Pour half into a mould. Into this put slices of hard-boiled egg. Place in the refrigerator to set. Flake a medium-sized tin of salmon and season. Cover the jelly in the mould with this and slices of cucumber. Cover with the remainder of the Aspic Jelly and sliced hard-boiled eggs. Cool and put in the refrigerator to chill. Serve with salad.

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COOKING WITH WINE

Many English cooks have a curious objection to wine in cooking. They don't mind putting "a drop of something" in a trifle or a jelly, but if you suggest using wine for savoury dishes there is often a cry of "what an expense." As I hope to prove in the following recipes, it is only a matter of a few pence for, needless to say, the cheapest of wines will do and if you buy half-bottles at a time you can keep them for several days. If you drink wine with your meals every day, you just use the dregs of the bottle.

Consommé de Poisson

One pound of the cheapest fish.
Leek, carrot, onion, *bouquet* of herbs.
Salt, pepper, curry powder, New Zealand butter.
Port-glassful of dry white wine.

Peel and cut up the vegetables, put them in a saucepan with a tiny piece of butter and cook for a minute or two, then add the fish cut in pieces and cook again for two minutes shaking or stirring.

Add the *bouquet*, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of curry powder and the glass of white wine. Now put in boiling water allowing a third more for reduction; thus six bowls of water will produce four of soup.

Simmer with the lid half on for about three-quarters of an hour, and another quarter with the lid off. Pass the consommé through a fine strainer and if you want it very clear, again through a muslin. Make it hot again and serve with little *croûtons* of fried bread handed separately.

Fillets de Sole Chambord

For two people: one medium-sized sole, a tumblerful of red wine, onions, herbs, salt, pepper, New Zealand butter, flour, mushrooms.

Order the soles to be filleted by the fishmonger, but see that the bones are sent as well. Put these in a deep flat pan with a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, one or two onions cut up, salt and pepper.

Add a tumblerful of red wine (claret or burgundy) and one of cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer for fifteen minutes.

Put in the fillets to poach—not boil—for five or six minutes, remove and keep them hot in a serving dish standing over a pan of boiling water so that the steam keeps them moist. Let the fish liquid boil until half of it has evaporated.

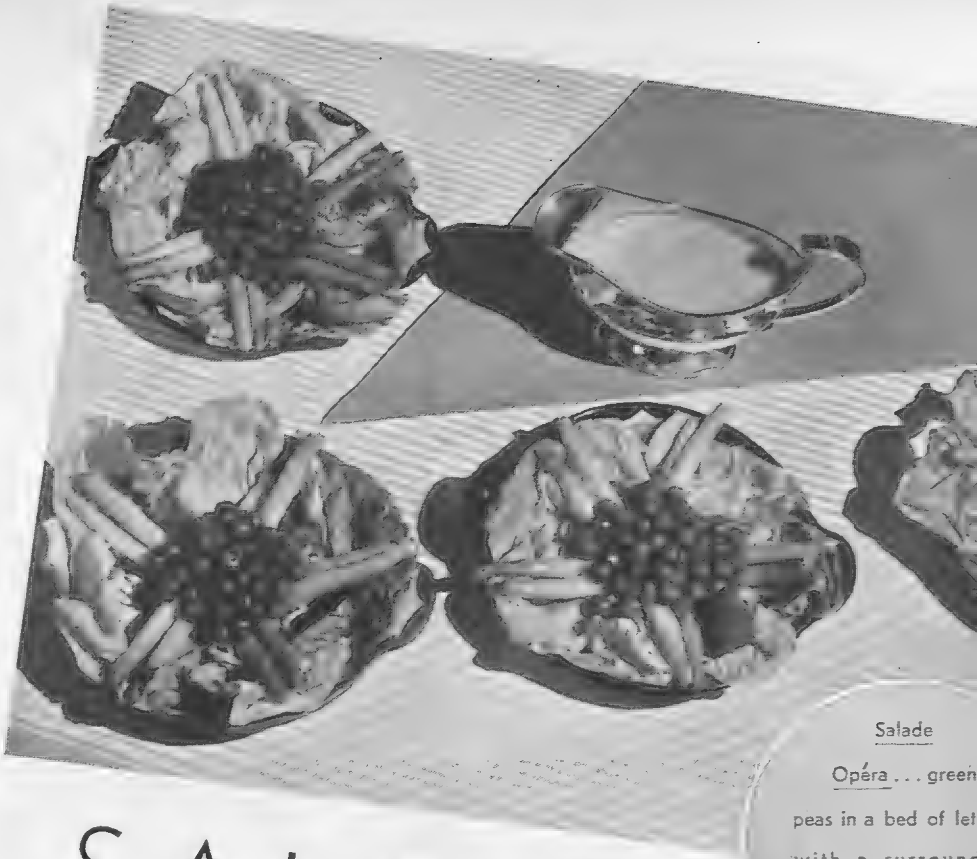
Now work together in a small saucepan a teaspoonful of flour with a nut of butter and pour in slowly through a fine strainer, the reduced fish and wine stock stirring so that you have a smooth, fairly thick sauce.

(*Continued on page 110*)

Tournedos à l'espagnole . . . tournedos topped with grilled tomatoes, garnished with mounds of mixed vegetables.

Better Cooking
By A. H. Adair

SALADS



Salade Opéra . . . green peas in a bed of let with a surroun asparagus tips.

In my opinion there are only two kinds of salads in summer time . . . a plain salad of crisp, fresh green stuff, dressed in the simplest manner with olive oil, wine vinegar, salt, pepper and sprinkled with chopped herbs like parsley, chervil, tarragon, chives, spring onions; or a really elaborate mixture luxuriously seasoned with a good salad cream.

There are some things which I simply cannot stand, neither can my digestion. One of them is that awful mixture in which everything is thrown into the bowl including whole radishes and large chunks of cucumber, and the bowl gets so full that you cannot stir it, let alone dress it properly. So I shall start with a list of equipment and condiments.

Essentials for salad making are a large salad bowl of glass, china or wood, with spoon and fork. Real olive-oil and wine vinegar, fresh herbs if available, if not some herb vinegars. All these are for the simple green salads. For the elaborate ones, you need mayonnaise or Heinz Salad Cream.

Cucumber Salad

One cucumber.
Salt, pepper, vinegar.

Peel the cucumber, cut it in slices and put them flat on a plate or dish. Sprinkle all over with salt and let it stand for half an hour or so. You will see that the salt has extracted all the water, which is the indigestible part. Put the cucumber in a clean cloth and squeeze out even more of the water, put it in a bowl and dress it with vinegar and pepper.

The Perfect Green Salad

Lettuce or cos lettuce.
Oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, herbs.

Remove all the withered outside leaves (don't throw them away, at the end of the week you will have enough to make a dish of salad purée cooked like spinach).

Put the good leaves, broken into convenient pieces, in a bowl of cold water to wash and revive them, but *do not let them soak*. This is a fatal mistake made by so many people. After a time, the action of the water is to make the leaves sodden instead of crisp. Five minutes in the water is quite enough.

Shake the leaves, put them in a clean cloth in which you wrap them up. You can now keep them perfectly crisp for a whole day. When ready to use them, put them in the salad bowl (which must be so large that you can turn the leaves over in it freely), and sprinkle with finely chopped herbs.

Put a little salt in the salad spoon, fill it with the vinegar and dissolve the salt. Pour over the salad and add two spoonsful of olive-oil and freshly-ground pepper.

Now turn the leaves over and over with the spoon and fork until all are seasoned, and serve at once. The dressing of this plain salad must be done at the last minute only, by the hostess herself at the dinner table.

Now for some exciting salads.

June Salad

Cooked green peas.
Cos lettuce, tomatoes.
Heinz salad cream, chopped parsley.

Prepare the cos lettuce as for a plain salad; peel the tomatoes, cut in quarters and remove the seeds.

Have a flat bowl and put all round it the lettuce leaves with pieces of tomato on top and leaving a sort of circular space in the middle of the dish, into which you put the green peas.

Sprinkle the tomato and lettuce with salt and pepper and completely cover the green peas with Heinz Salad Cream. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

Summer Salad

Lettuce, tomato, raw carrot.
Chives, chervil, tarragon.

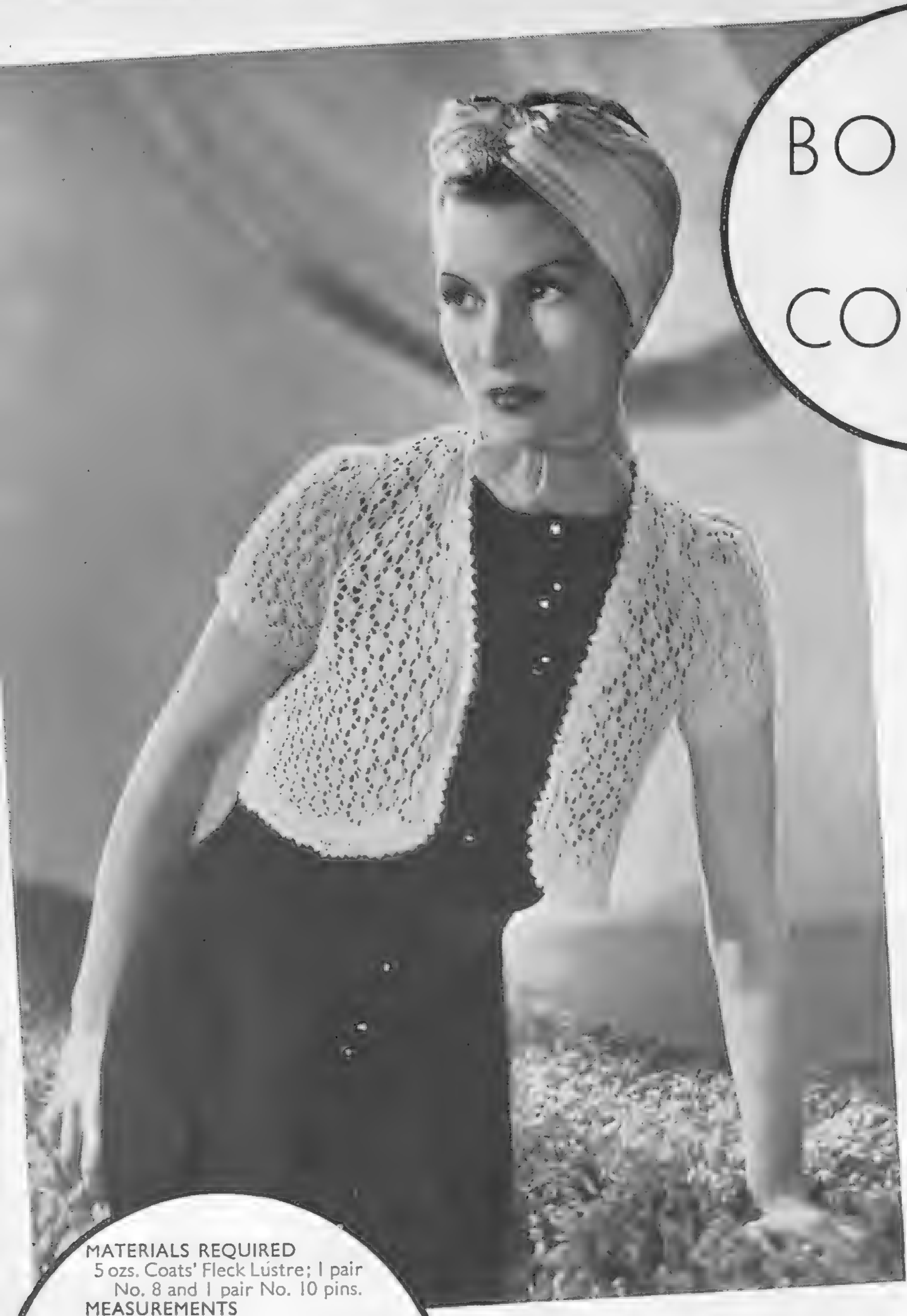
Prepare the lettuce and tomatoes as described above and put them in the salad bowl. Add some grated raw carrot (a heaped tablespoonful would be quite sufficient for four people), and mix thoroughly with the salad spoon and fork.

You can dress with the plain oil and vinegar dressing, or hand Heinz Salad Cream separately, but in either case first sprinkle the salad with chopped herbs.

(*Continued on page* 110)

Essentials For Salad Making . . . a large bowl with spoon and fork, olive-oil, wine vinegar, condiments, Heinz salad cream.

BOLERO IN COTTON



MATERIALS REQUIRED

5 ozs. Coats' Fleck Lústre; I pair No. 8 and I pair No. 10 pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Back length from shoulder, 15½ ins.
Across back underarms, 16½ ins.
Across front underarm, 8½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 7 ins.
Tension: Approx. 5 sts. to I in.

ABBREVIATIONS

K., Knit; P., Purl; Sts., Stitches; Inc., Increase; Dec., Decrease; Tog., Together; Beg., Beginning; Pat., Pattern; M., Make; S., Slip; P.S.S.O., Pass Slip Stitch Over.

BACK

With No. 8 pins cast on 86 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. P. 1 row. Continue in following pat.:

1st row : K. 1, * K. 2 tog., K. 1, K. 2 tog., M. 1, K. 1, M. 1. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.

2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th rows : P.

3rd row : K. 1, * S. 1, K. 2 tog., P.S.S.O., M. 1, K. 3, M. 1. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.

5th row : K. 1, * M. 1, K. 1, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1, K. 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.

7th row : K. 1, * M. 1, K. 3, M. 1, S. 1, K. 2 tog., P.S.S.O. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.

These 8 rows form pat. Work until 7½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

(End with 8th row of pat.).

1st row : Cast off 3, K. 3. Repeat from * of 1st row of pat. to end.

2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th rows : Cast off 3. P. to end.

3rd row : Cast off 3. Work from * of 3rd row of pat., ending K. 4.

5th row : Cast off 3, K. 3. Work from * of 5th row of pat. to end.

7th row : Cast off 3. Work from * of 7th row of pat., ending K. 4.

Work 6½ ins. on remaining 62 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. (one complete pat.) at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 8 pins cast on 20 sts.

1st row. K.

2nd row : Cast on 3 sts. P. to end (23 sts.).

3rd row : Work as 1st row of pat., ending K. 4.

4th row : As 2nd row (26 sts.).

5th row : Work as 3rd row of pat. to end (29 sts.).

6th row : As 2nd row.

7th row : Work as 5th row of pat. ending K. 4 (32 sts.).

8th row : As 2nd row.

9th row : Work as 7th row of pat. to end

Repeat rows 2 to 9 (44 sts.). Continue in pat. until straight edge measures 7½ ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES AND FRONT EDGE

Cast off 3 sts. every armhole end row four times, and at the same time dec. 1 st. every 4th row at front edge. Work 6½ ins., continuing front decs. until 20 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row twice. Work back to armhole. Cast off 8.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 8 pins cast on 20 sts.

1st row : K.

2nd and every alternate row : P.

3rd row : Cast on 3, K. 4. Work from * of 1st row of pat. to end.

5th row : Cast on 3, K. 7. Work from * of 3rd row of pat. to end.

7th row : Cast on 3, K. 4. Work from * of 5th row of pat. to end.

9th row : Cast on 3, K. 7. Work from * of 7th row of pat. to end (32 sts.).

Repeat rows 2 to 9 (44 sts.). Continue as for Left Front with armhole, etc., at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 8 pins cast on 74 sts. Work as for back until 2 ins. from start. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGINGS

With No. 10 pins cast on 5 sts. K. into backs of 1st row. Continue in following pat.:

1st row : K. 1, M. 1, K. 1, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1 (6 sts.).

2nd row : K. 2, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1, M. 1, K. 1 (7 sts.).

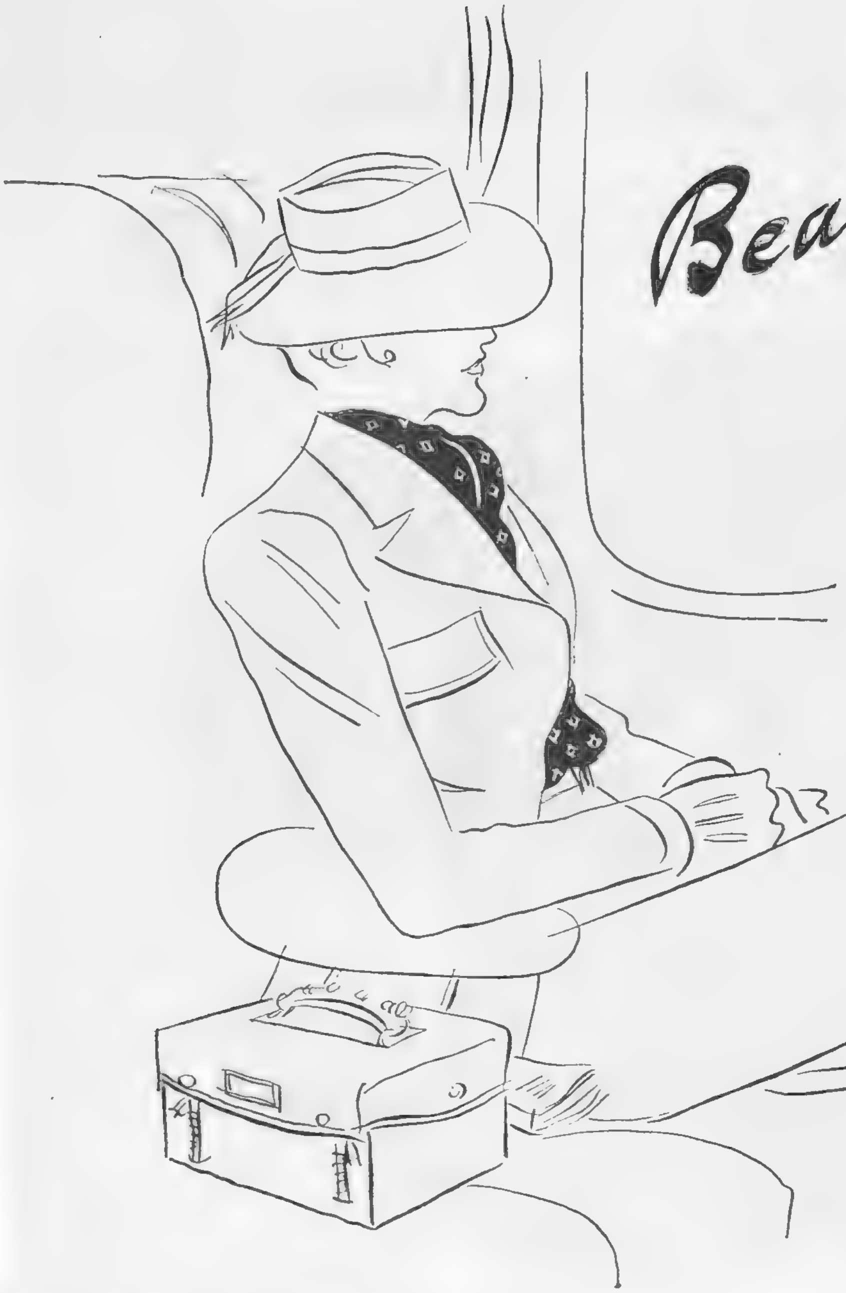
3rd row : Cast off 2 (loosely), K. 1, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1 (5 sts.).

4th row : K. 2, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1. (5 sts.). These 4 rows form pat.

Work 1 strip 80 ins. long for outer edge. Work 2 strips 11 ins. long for sleeve edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves, pleating at top of shoulder. Sew edgings to sleeves and outer edge of bolero.



Beauty boxes—

PLANNED
BY
ELIZABETH
ARDEN

Elizabeth Arden Beauty Boxes have achieved a place in the world of travel quite their own. To include one of them in your luggage is a hallmark of sophistication, whether your journey is around the world or just a week-end to the country. They range in type from the luxurious double case called The "Heavenly Twins" comprising a large suit case with a completely and exquisitely equipped beauty tray, to the simplest of overnight bags containing only the essential cleansing and make-up requirements ★ *Beauty Boxes from 16/6 to £60*

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

A GLASS OF SOMETHING COLD

yflag
Pommie
GORDON
Gordon's
Special Dry
London Gin

Drinks are always important in our lives, especially in hot weather.

Let them be long or short, sweet or sharp, with or without a kick. But if they are meant to be cold, see that they are really cold. Here are some exciting summer thirst quenchers.

Grapefruit Punch

Grapefruit juice.
Kia-Ora.
Sparkling white wine.
Castor sugar.
Ice.

Put a good layer of crushed ice in a large glass bowl and add a tin or bottle of grapefruit juice and a glass of Kia-Ora. Let this rest (without stirring) for ten minutes, and then splash in a bottle of sparkling white wine of a dry kind, previously iced. Give one vigorous stir, taste, and add sugar if you like.

Gin "Pick-me-up"

For each person, one egg yolk.
One tot of Gordon's gin.
One tot of grapefruit juice.
The juice of half an orange.
Dash of grenadine.

Put all these into a large cocktail shaker, add ice—if using refrigerator cubes, break these up—and shake very thoroughly. Pour into a tumbler through a strainer and fill up the tumbler with iced soda water.

Kia-Ora Fizz

For each person, the white of an egg.
A tot of Gordon's gin.
A tot of Kia-Ora.
A teaspoonful of soft sugar.
Ice.

Put all the ingredients into a cocktail shaker (plenty of ice is wanted, as no other liquid matter is added). Shake thoroughly, let the shaker rest for a few minutes and shake again. Pour into wine glasses through a strainer. I have given these proportions for one person, but I think you would get two quite reasonable short drinks out of them.

Cyder Cup I

Gaymer's Gaysec or Gayflag.
One orange, one lemon.
Strawberries, mint, cucumber rind.
Barley sugar, ice, soda water.

Cut the fruit in halves and put the juice of one half of each into a large glass jug. Cut the other halves in slices and add these with some cucumber rind, a few sprigs of mint, a few strawberries cut in two, and two pieces of barley sugar. Cover the jug and let it stand on ice for one hour.

Now add a bottle of Gaymer's Cyder—dry or sweet, according to taste—previously iced, and just before serving splash in sufficient well-iced soda water. By sufficient, I mean you must decide how soft the drink should be. Personally, I would put hardly any soda, as in this case no spirits have been added.

Cyder Cup II

Gaymer's cyder.
Brandy, green chartreuse.
Orange, lemon, pineapple juice.
Lump sugar, ice.

Put half the orange in juice form in a glass jug with half the lemon and the rest in slices as before. Add the juice of a small tin of pineapple, six lumps of sugar, a liqueur glassful of brandy and one of green chartreuse.

Cover the jug and let it stand on ice for one hour or more, after which you stir it well, crushing the orange and lemon, also the sugar if it has not melted. Strain this into a clean jug, add a bottle of Gaymer's Cyder well iced, also a good splash of iced soda water.

Rum Julep

Jamaica rum.
Fresh mint, sugar, orange.
Ice, soda water.

For each person have four sprigs of mint, a slice of orange and a tot of Jamaica rum.

First of all, put half the mint to soak in the rum and while this is being done bury the tumblers in crushed ice so that they are frosted. Take them out and dip the rims in castor sugar.

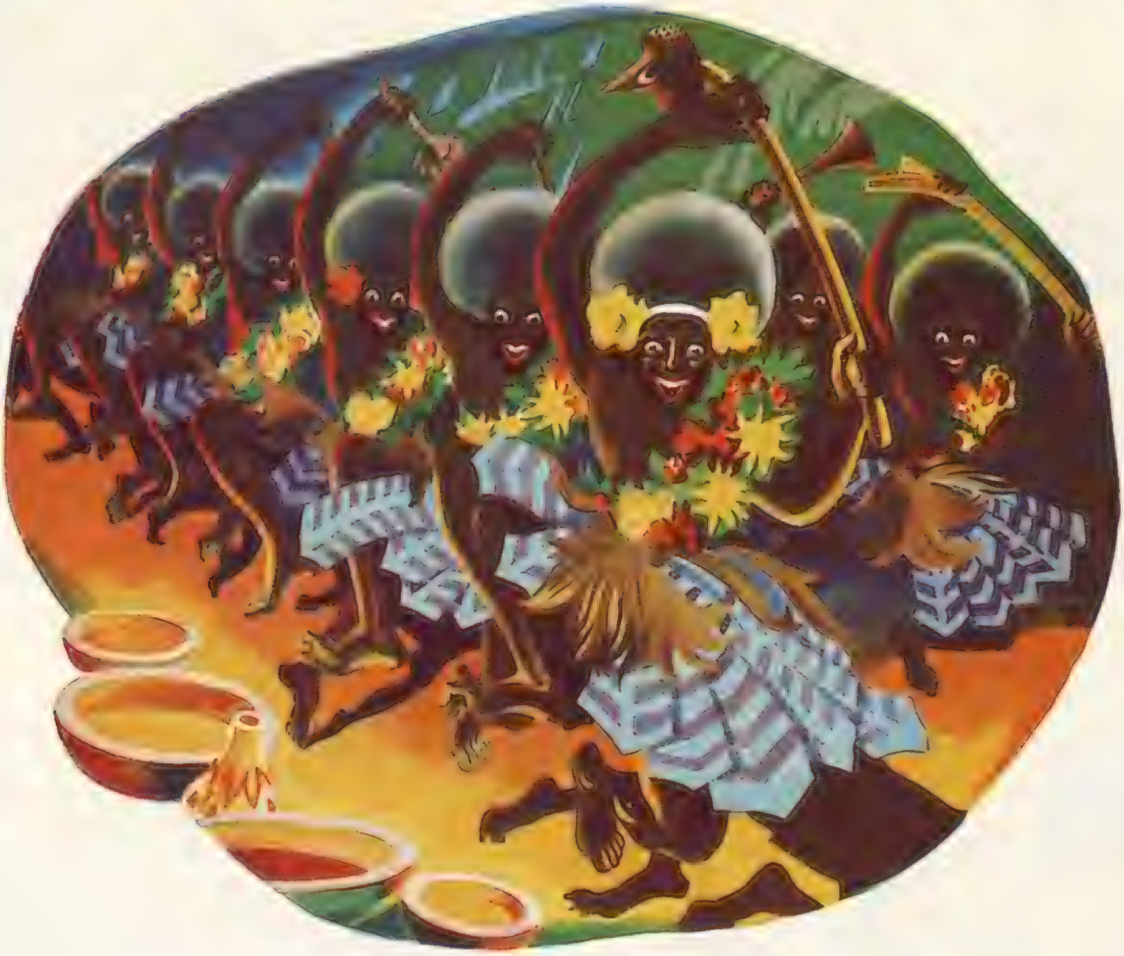
Half fill the tumblers with crushed ice, add the rum through a strainer, put a slice of orange on top and two sprigs of mint. Fill each tumbler carefully with iced soda water and serve with straws.

Fruit Fizz

Kia-Ora.
Orange juice, grapefruit juice.
Soda water, ice.
Castor sugar, mint.

Crush some mint leaves and drop one in each tumbler with a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Add about a third of the tumbler of mixed fruit juices—Kia-Ora, grapefruit and orange in equal proportions. Add crushed ice and splash in enough soda water to fill the tumbler. Serve with straws. *(Continued on page 146)*

IN FIJI ONE DRINKS KAVA . . *



. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET Schweppes

* A Fijian friend tells us that Kava is distilled from the rather stringy leaves and tough roots of the Pepper Plant; and the flavour is raw and a bit chancy. No wonder the local war dance gets distinctly ragged when Schweppes is not forthcoming.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Butter at its very best!

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER brings to your table regularly throughout the year all the health-giving properties of warm sunshine and fresh green pasturelands in a *natural* and supremely enjoyable form.

Butter is one of nature's sunshine foods . . . there is no substitute for it . . . much less for . . .

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

N.Z 66

Ask for it by name

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Hikers and sports lovers will be interested to hear of the new and extensive range of tennis and sports socks recently produced by Viyella.

Made in the famous Viyella yarn, they are guaranteed hard-wearing and unshrinkable, and the white ones will keep a good colour indefinitely in spite of repeated washing.

The range includes all-white with turnover top, white with coloured turnover in green, red or blue, all grey, grey with navy, bottle green or red turnover, brown and tussore, and they retail at 1s. 9d. a pair for fully-fashioned socks and unfashioned ones at 1s. 3d. a pair. They are widely distributed and may be obtained from most of the leading stores

If you are one of those people who avoid buying dresses with fronts and collars which have to be sewn in, you no doubt have the same objection to sewing in dress shields.

Kleinert's offer a solution in an excellently shaped "pin in" dress shield, so cut that it will not curl. Four tiny pins, two for the armhole, one for the underarm seam and one for the inside sleeve seam, hold the shield smoothly and securely in place, enable it to be attached instantly and easily detached for washing.

Kleinert's dress shields afford maximum protection. The new "pin in" type are 1s. 9d. and 2s. a pair.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap, famous for generations for nursery use, is the ideal family soap. Men like its invigorating freshness and the protection its antiseptic lather gives against infection and blemishes, and women appreciate its mildly antiseptic deep cleansing properties, which ensure pore cleanliness and leave the skin soft, smooth and supple.

This soap contains Liquor Carbonis Detergens, a soothing and antiseptic skin medicament used and recommended by leading skin specialists, and it has been awarded the Blue Seal, the highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

A booklet giving particulars of useful gifts for household and personal use may be obtained from: Gift Dept., Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. These free gifts may be obtained in exchange for outside printed yellow wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Phoenix heat-resisting oven glass is a great asset to every housewife, for the attractive designs in which the various dishes are made enable them to be brought straight from the oven to the table, thus saving dishing up and washing up, and conserving the heat. A dish cooked in Phoenix ware always comes to the table piping hot.

A most comprehensive range includes covered roasting dishes, casseroles and entrée dishes, soufflé dishes, ramekins, scallop shells, custard cups, egg poachers and a number of attractive individual dishes of every kind.

The covered dishes all serve two purposes, for their bases make excellent pie and pudding dishes.

The Phoenix chicken casserole, price 8s. 6d., is equally successful for roasting, braising or casseroling a chicken, and cooks it perfectly, preserving all the flavour and goodness of the bird without loss or shrinkage due to evaporation.

If used separately, the lid and base make splendid dishes for all kinds of meat and fruit pies and milk puddings.

An excellent cookery book full of good recipes and suggestions can be obtained for 6d. through any Phoenix retailer, or direct from The British Heat Resisting Glass Co. Ltd., Phoenix House, Lodge Road, Birmingham, 18.

In June most of us begin to plan seriously how and where we are going to spend our summer holidays, and while thinking of the play, sun and swim suits we are going to buy, our thoughts naturally turn to the luggage we intend to take with us.

A case that is hardly larger than a hat box, that is fitted with hangers and that will accommodate twelve dresses, is worthy of serious consideration. Such is the Rev-Robe, a product of Revelation, the world-famous suitcase manufacturers.

The "Foldfast" device which is a special feature of the Rev-Robe, enables twelve dresses to be folded and packed in three minutes without a scrap of tissue paper and without the necessity of pressing-out at the journey's end.

It is obtainable in vulcanised fibre for only 63s. There are other models in fabric, bound leather, at 75s., in cowhide at £6 15s. 0d. and in rawhide at £8 5s. 0d. A very useful one at 90s. will hold ten dresses and has a tray-lid to carry underwear, hosiery and accessories.

Revelation soft-top week-end cases in navy, nigger or black with art. silk linings and pockets to tone may be obtained from 21s., and week-end cases fitted with "Chic-Pak" cosmetic containers are from 77s. 6d.

An illustrated folder and comprehensive price list may be obtained from The Revelation Suitcase Co. Ltd., 170 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Last year Morny, famous for their delightful toilet products, introduced a complete range of "French Fern" bath and toilet luxuries. This was in response to public demand, owing to the immense popularity of their "French Fern" soap. Now their "Rose Geranium" soap has proved to be another winner, and they have produced a complete range in this perfume, which has at once met with unqualified success.

The "Rose Geranium" range includes bath essence, bath and toilet soaps, bath dusting powder, talcum powder, bath salts and bath salts tablets, all of which may be bought separately or in various attractive presentation boxes

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

'OH, MR. MERCURY!'

SAID THE GIRL AT THE WHEEL

'What is this MILEAGE BONUS *they talk about?'*

'It's a gift' SAID THE GOD OF THE ROADS

'A gift of more miles to the gallon. And you get it with every gallon of National. It's the Benzole that does it! For Benzole is not only the most powerful motor-spirit known—it is a natural anti-knock fuel. When blended with petrol—as it is in National Benzole Mixture—it controls combustion, brings smoother running, and liberates extra power. Each gallon takes you farther, yet costs you no more. In fact,

BENZOLE MAKES GOOD PETROL BETTER'

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE

for

MORE MILES PER GALLON

NATIONAL BENZOLE · MIXTURE

Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

"Over-Drive"

What it Is, and What it Does

By The Earl of Cardigan

It is becoming quite common to hear people say of a new car: "Oh yes, an interesting design. It has over-drive, etc., etc." For those who have no idea what this "over-drive" is, perhaps the only possible rejoinder is the expression "Oh, Ah!" which should preferably be pronounced with a broad Wiltshire accent!

With the simple, this may be quite effective; but, with the general spread of interest in things mechanical, it is becoming important to know what this "over-drive" really is. Lacking this knowledge, it is becoming difficult to defend one's choice of one car in preference to another.

As a broad general description, one may think of an over-drive car as one having a sort of double-barrelled gearbox. The main part of the gearbox is quite normal. It nearly always has three speeds, is located in the normal place, and is operated in the conventional manner.

There is, however, also a subsidiary gearbox. This is incorporated in the rear axle, and provides two speeds. A little thought will show that this has the effect of giving the car six different forward speeds in all. When the subsidiary gearbox is in "high," the driver has three relatively high ratios at his disposal. When it is in "low," he has three relatively low ones.

He need never feel worried however—and this is an important point—by the notion that he has a superfluity of gears to deal with. In open country, the car will go very well if left exclusively in its high set of ratios. In and around London, on the other hand, it will give a highly satisfactory performance while confined to the low ratios only.

Indeed, it is to be expected that the car with over-drive will perform more than ordinarily well under either set of conditions. The ordinary top-gear ratio always represents a compromise between that which will ensure the best acceleration and that which will give the easiest running at high speeds. (The same is true, to some extent, of the indirect ratios also.) Where there are two distinct sets of ratios, the necessity for making this sort of compromise naturally does not arise.

With many over-drive cars, the driver is not even asked to make the decision as to when to change over from the low ratios to the high ones. The mechanism arranges this for him. In other words, it is set to change over automatically when a certain road speed is attained. In most cases, the selected speed is about 40 m.p.h. As soon as the driver, having reached or exceeded this figure, momentarily lifts his foot from the accelerator, he will find that the higher ratios are in operation. The lower ratios will "cut in" again, by the same process, as soon as the car's speed has fallen back below the 40 m.p.h. mark.

There are advantages and disadvantages in this arrangement. It saves the driver trouble, but it equally deprives him of the ability to exercise his own discretion, if any. Moreover, it exposes him to rather a serious form of temptation.

There is no doubt that a car runs most pleasantly with the high gear ratios in use. Hence, in the case which we are considering, one would prefer to keep the speed always just in excess of 40 m.p.h. A heedless driver might be led into doing this, even in circumstances which would make such a speed dangerous. It is, at least, a possibility to be reckoned with.

My own inclination is rather towards the other sort of over-drive, in which the driver controls the choice of high or low ratios. It means that he has a small subsidiary gear lever (or plunger or whatever it may be) which he must use from time to time; but I cannot see that this is really laborious for him. A good car should be able to run quite happily at 10 m.p.h. in its high top gear, and should be capable in its low top gear of speeds up to 60 m.p.h.—so that the need for changing from the high to the low ratios, or vice versa, should obviously be quite infrequent.

At present, of course, the whole idea of over-drive is novel—and some people may still feel doubtful as to whether the attractions of it really outweigh the added complexity and increased costs of manufacture. My own feeling is that, as over-drive becomes more familiar, any such doubt will be finally dispelled, and this new form of gearing numbered among the important and valuable developments in motor car design.

LIGHTER OILS

Now that the warmer weather is here, it is to be hoped that all motorists have remembered to make use of a "summer" grade of oil.

Generally speaking, oils suitable for use in summer possess rather more "body" than would be desirable during the winter months. With engines running at higher temperatures, the reason for this is pretty obvious.

It is no longer necessary, however, for even a summer oil to be a *thick* oil. In fact, it is better for it to be moderately thin, provided that the needful amount of "body"—in other words, lubricating efficiency—can be retained.

This is the *raison d'être* for the new Wakefield Patent Castrol. As a lubricant, it is just as efficient as ever—indeed rather more so. At the same time, it is a much lighter oil than formerly, and so enables an engine to turn over with much greater freedom. This is a combination of qualities which the intelligent owner cannot fail to appreciate.

ROVER
ROVER

Consider these features of the 1938 Rover range. Allied to high quality of design and craftsmanship, they have earned for the Rover the title "One of Britain's Fine Cars." Each of them is a real contribution to safer and more enjoyable motoring.

- Powerful O.H.V. Engine
- Controlled Freewheel
- Clutchless Gearchange
- Underslung Chassis
- Inter-axle Seating
- Automatic Chassis Lubrication
- Hydraulic Jacking
- Silent Coachwork
- Girling Brakes

HENLYS

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1 (GRO. 2287)
Nearest agent's name gladly sent on request.

Smartness down to the ground

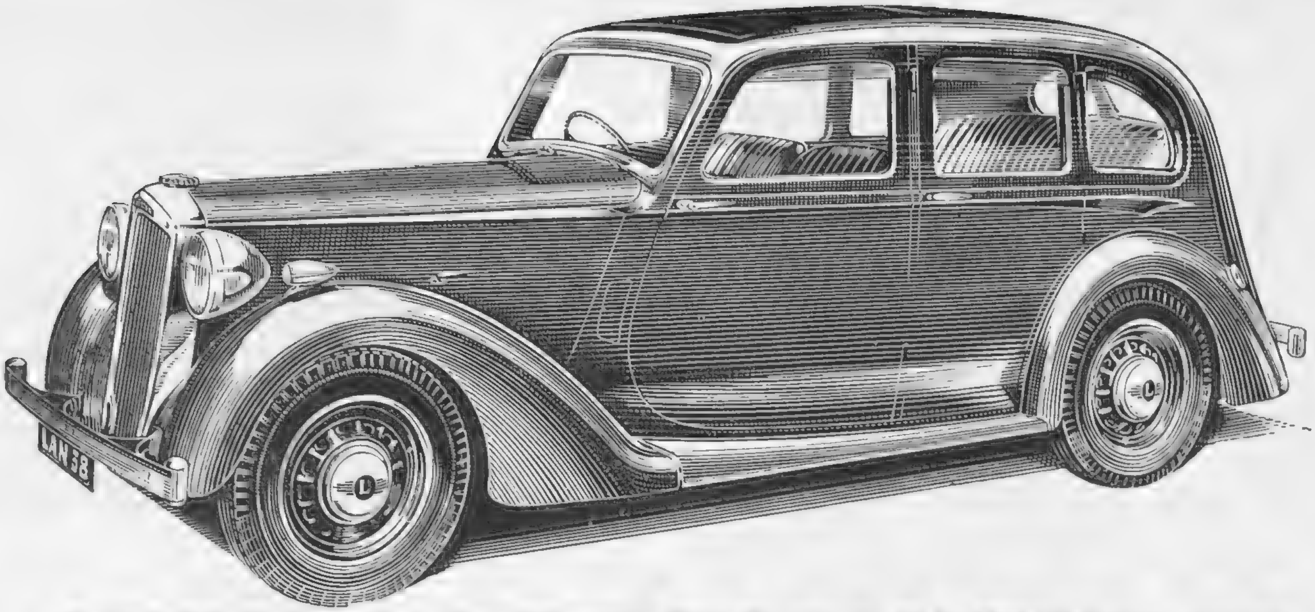
'Nugget' supplies everything that shoes need to keep them smart. It gives such a deep, brilliant gloss, makes the leather soft and keeps it in a well-preserved condition that ensures months of extra wear.

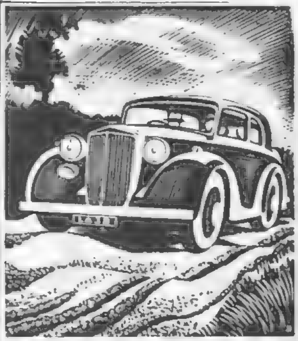
In Black, various Shades of Brown and White.
'Nugget' White does not mark silk stockings.
Tins 3d. & 6d. Large Household Tins 9d.

'NUGGET'

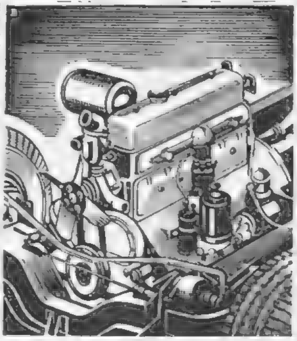
THE POLISH OF SUPREME QUALITY

N/AW/2c

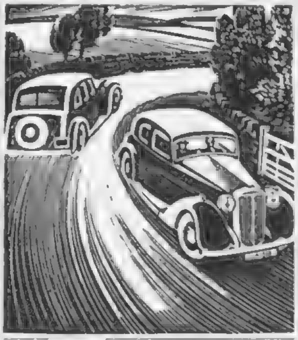




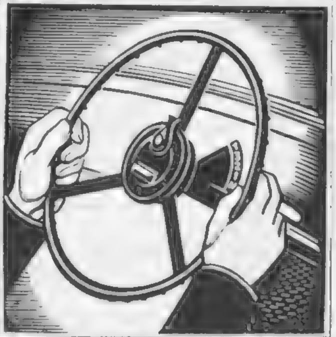
1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY



4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Licensed under Vulkan-Sinclair & Daimler patents

In ONE CAR *for the first time*

Imagine a car with every improvement worth having! Whose independent front wheel springing turns rough, rutted roads into billiard tables. Whose high power-weight ratio swirls you away from a traffic stop yards ahead of the others. Whose low centre of gravity seems to turn sharp corners into easy sway-less curves. Whose Daimler fluid flywheel transmission takes all shocks out of driving, and all headaches out of gear-changing. Whose luggage compartment takes enough suitcases for a full family holiday — all under cover. And whose eleven other refinements solve eleven other motoring worries.

And when you've imagined such a car — go to your local dealer and have a trial run in it! It's the new Lanchester, made and finished as very few cars are to-day. A Lanchester — a joy and a pride to own.

5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

7 INTER-AXLE SEATING

8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE

12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

14 QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET

15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

16 INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM

The new LANCHESTER *Roadrider* DE-LUXE

LANCHESTER
6-CYLINDER
'14' ROADRIDER
DE LUXE
from **£365**
Tax £10 . 10

FOR £25 LESS you can have the same car with synchro-mesh gearbox and ordinary clutch.

'Eighteen' from £525 'Roadrider' from £330 'Eleven' from £275

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY   LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

A Lively Small Singer

The "Super-Ten" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

IN a book which I was reading about a year ago, I came across a remark which I have remembered (if not word for word, at least in substance) ever since. It was this: "Progress can never be experienced: it can only be recorded."

I fancy that those motorists who, during the last few years, have been driving a succession of 10-h.p. cars may easily have failed to experience any great sense of mechanical progress. The advances have been too gradual. I, on the other hand, whose business it is to keep track of such things, can record that the amount of progress actually made has been astounding.

One can see it in this way. If, even five or six years ago, I had commenced this article by saying, "The new Singer 'Ten' is capable of doing a good 70 m.p.h."—I am sure that the majority of my readers would have felt quite incredulous. Even if they had believed me, they would have been bound to conclude that I had been given a specially "super-hotted" model.

To-day, while it is still a very high speed to record of a 10-h.p. car, I hope that no one need find difficulty in believing that this Singer—a perfectly ordinary saloon model—can genuinely be driven up to 70 m.p.h. It has a remarkable little engine, with overhead valves operated by an overhead camshaft.

It is sometimes said that an overhead camshaft creates noise; but this is a quiet engine, and also a very smooth one. It enables the car to pull in top gear at speeds in the the region of 5 m.p.h., and to accelerate quite readily without any disagreeable "snatching."

At 50 m.p.h. or so, a very pleasant cruising speed is reached. At 60 m.p.h. the engine is still perfectly happy, although one feels that it must be getting somewhere near its maximum. But no: if the throttle is kept open, the speedometer needle continues to mount—going up to 65 and

(*Continued on page* 83)

The coachwork provides plenty of leg room, with front seats which are adjustable over a wide range

The "Super-Ten" Singer in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves and camshaft; 10 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox; 2nd, 3rd, and top ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 70 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, with shock absorbers.

Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.

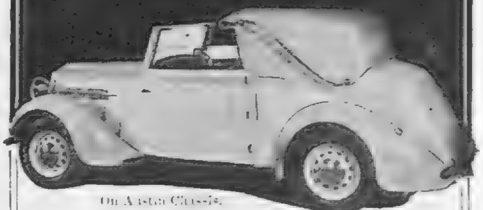
Steering: Light and effective; well raked.

Coachwork: roomy in front, adequately so behind.

Price: Saloon, £195.

The Singer "Super-Ten" Saloon has very pleasant lines and is capable of 70 m.p.h. Price £195

THE CAR MART LTD
"Montagu"
DROPHEAD
FOURSOME
COUPÉ



On Austin Chassis.

This dual-purpose body has been specially designed by Cart Mart as an ideal all-weather body, giving the full dignity and protection of a saloon when closed and the complete freedom of a touring car when open.

Opened or closed in ten seconds ● Ample room for three adult persons in the back ● Generous amount of leg room ● All seats within wheel base ● Front squabs fitted with air cushions ● Front seats on Leveroll fittings ● Modern type windscreen.

12 H.P. £315
With telescopic steering
£2 10 0 extra.

14 H.P. £345
Telescopic steering
included.

The Car Mart Ltd

Austin House, 297-9 Euston Road, N.W.1 (*Euston* 1212)
146-150 Park Lane, London, W.1 (*Grosvenor* 3434).
Stanhope House, 320-4 Euston Road, N.W.1 (*Euston* 1212).
832 Finchley Road, Golders Green, N.W.11 (*Speedwell* 7481).

WOMAN SLEUTH FINDS MYSTERY STAINS

When I came back from that week-end (said Shirley Holmes) and didn't see Ann in the flat, I sensed trouble. I searched—no clues—ah! The wardrobe. Yes . . . a white chiffon frock, horribly stained. A stealthy footstep entered — I knew whose! "You shall pay for this!" I hissed. "It's a case for dyeing." . . . "D-dying?" gasped Ann. "*Plus*-Dyeing yellow," I explained. "I like the colour of the lemonade you spilt down *my* frock. Off to Clark's with it. They'll probably get those stains out, but I'll enjoy a new colour—and it'll cost you more than cleaning. Ha! Ha!" . . . "But Plus-Dyeing costs so little, anyway," said Ann, relieved. "I've got off cheaply. I'll send your white slippers, too, darling. Lucky we take the same size—I can borrow the things again when I meet John's people!"

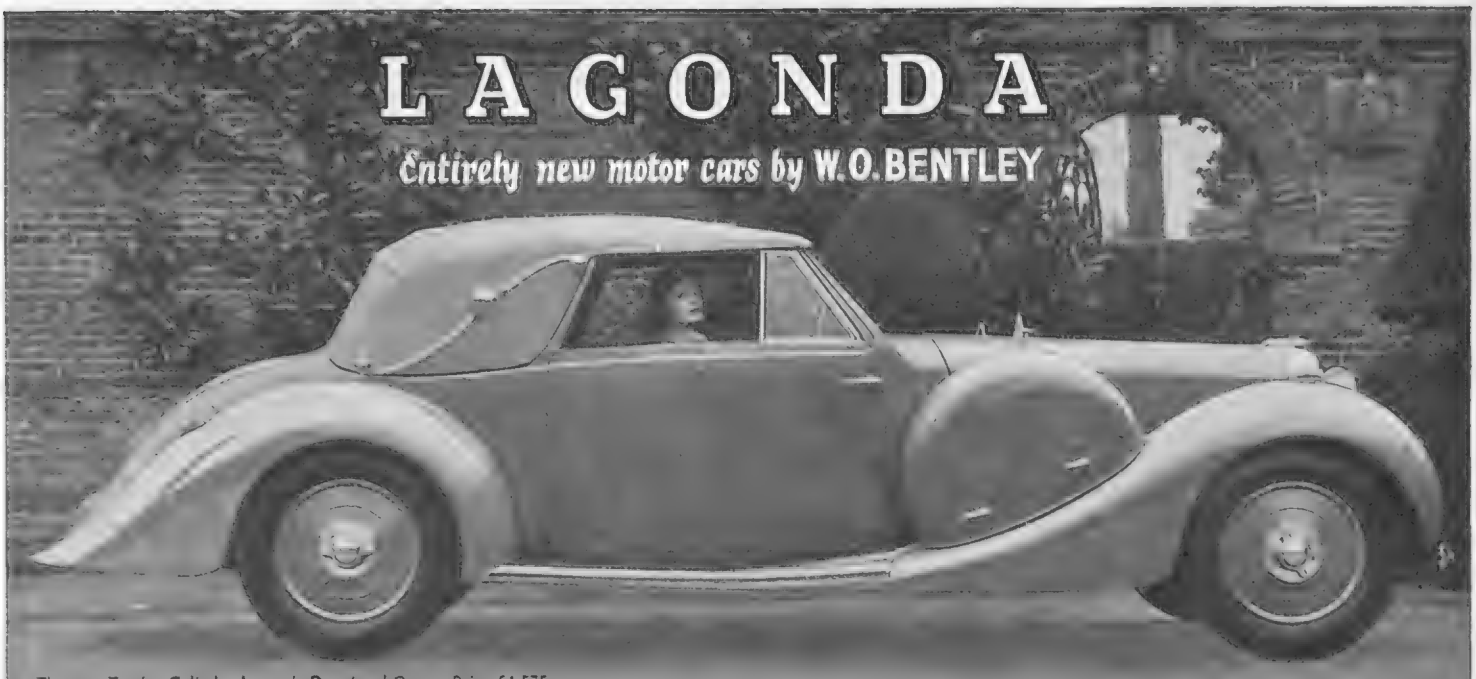
N.B.—Plus-Dyeing includes Vita-Cleaning, of course Here is an indication of how little it costs:—

	Plus-Dyed	Vita-Cleaned only
Lady's Costume (*Skirt and Jacket*), Plain Frock or Long Coat .. .. *from*	6/-	4/-
Evening Gown .. .. .. *from*	8/-	*from* 5/-
Blouse .. .. *from*	2/3	1/6

(*Extra if fur-trimmed, pleated or rucked*)

48-HOUR SERVICE FOR VITA-CLEANING
Clark's Pay Return Postage

FREE **"You Shall 'Dye'!"** A book full of ideas and facts about saving smartly with Vita-Cleaning and Plus-Dyeing. Also Price List and (if specially requested) Fashion Colour Guide in actual fabric. Send p.c. to **Liaison Bureau, Clark's Dyeworks Ltd., Retford.**



LAGONDA

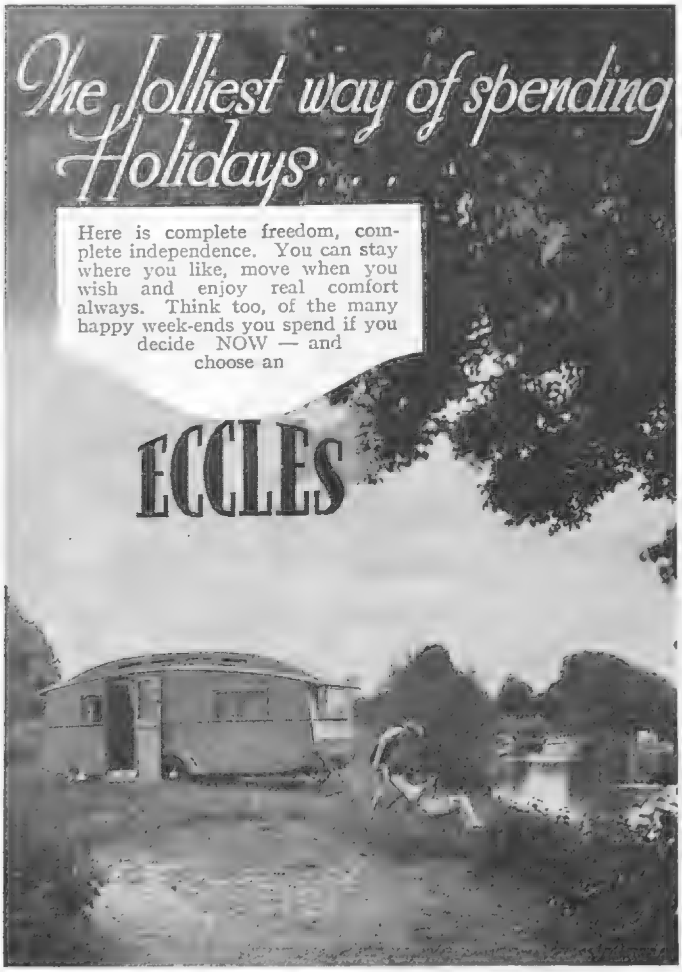
Entirely new motor cars by W. O. BENTLEY

The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Drophead Coupe, Price £1,575.

Probably one of the three fastest touring cars in existence. It is quiet, it is docile, it has exquisite manners, alike at a hundred miles an hour in the open and worming down Bond Street, its acceleration is life itself, it stops in a proper manner. It is a very beautiful piece of the highest class of machinery, it is the most enviable thing I know for sale to-day.

John Prioleau, "The Observer," 9th January, 1938.

LAGONDA MOTORS LTD. STAINES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND · TELEPHONE: STAINES 1122 (5 LINES)



The Jolliest way of spending Holidays . . .

Here is complete freedom, complete independence. You can stay where you like, move when you wish and enjoy real comfort always. Think too, of the many happy week-ends you spend if you decide NOW — and choose an

ECCLES

Announcement of ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD.,
HAZELWELL LANE, STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM

Front seat jacking

You need not get out to jack the car when it is equipped with the Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacking system. You merely sit in the front seat and work a small control handle. In less than a minute the car is standing clear of the ground on four hydraulic jacks, enabling you to get at normally inaccessible places without any difficulty.

Write now for illustrated catalogue, which gives full particulars and prices.

SMITH'S JACKALL

BUILT-IN 4-WHEEL JACKS

S. SMITH & SONS (Motor Accessories) LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2

A Powerful and Attractive "Eight"

The 29 h.p. Hudson

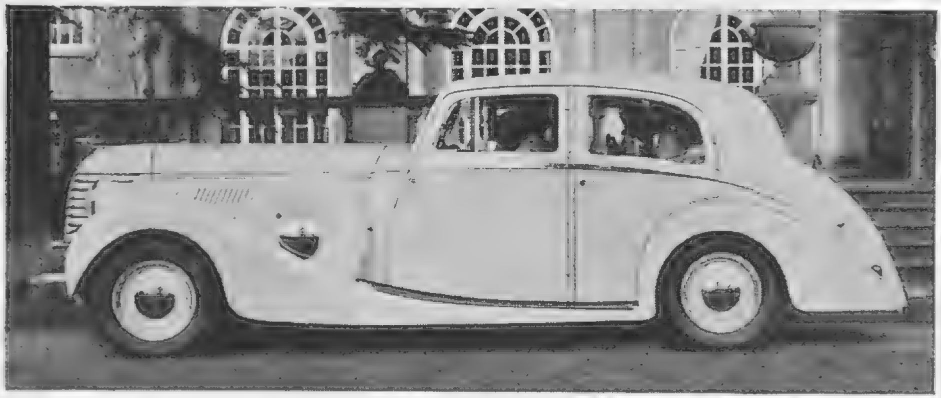
By The Earl of Cardigan

NOW that the business of gear changing has been made so exceedingly simple, it may seem—on paper at any rate—that the high-powered car, capable of doing anything and everything in top gear, has been robbed of some of its allure. For why, one may ask, should a fine top-gear performance be esteemed, when the indirect gears no longer present any awkward characteristics?

This argument is quite a sound one; but it does not take account of human nature. In practice, there seems to be no doubt that the ordinary man is a top-gear enthusiast still. He may no longer have any cause to dislike or fear his gearbox; but he still tends to regard the thing as a nuisance, and to rejoice when a big, flexible engine enables him to disregard it.

No doubt there *is* something very delightful in being able to drive quietly along, knowing that, at almost any speed on almost any gradient, one has to do no more than press the accelerator in order to get an immediate and generous response.

This happy sensation can be experienced very fully in the eight-cylinder Hudson. Here we have an engine which is rated at 29 h.p., but which can develop as much as 122 h.p. Moreover, although this latter figure is recorded only at very high "revs," the power developed even at a walking pace is genuinely impressive. The rate of acceleration may be described as first-rate from 4 or 5 m.p.h. upwards.



The new Hudson eight-cylinder Special Sports Saloon. Price £595

The Hudson "Eight" in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders with side valves; 29 h.p.
Transmission: Simple three-speed gearbox.
Performance: Second gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.
Steering: Light, low-geared; self-centers well.
Brakes: Hydraulic, with supplementary mechanical system.
Springing: Semi-elliptic; car holds road well.
Coachwork: Of attractive, roomy English type.
Price: Special Sports Saloon; £595.

To those who have any previous knowledge of Hudson cars, it should not be necessary to stress the fact that this engine is also extremely silent, and at all speeds exceedingly smooth. A point to be noted, however, is that the top gear ratio is approximately 4 to 1, which by English standards is definitely high. Thus, except at the very high speeds, it does its work easily, at moderate "revs."

A (*Continued on page* 83)

Interior of the front compartment of the new Hudson "Eight." It is upholstered in real leather

For PURE Enjoyment smoke ARDATH CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES 10 for 6D.

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

"What was it your father said?"

"YOU GET SO MUCH MORE IN AN AUSTIN"

"Well, let's see just how much more we have got in the last fortnight. What would you put first?"

"Comfort, I think—though it seems a most inadequate word. Never feeling 'fidgety' or cramped. Never having to lean forward to see what's going on. Never sighing with relief to get your feet on solid ground again. Sounds ordinary enough, I know—but that's what I'd put first."

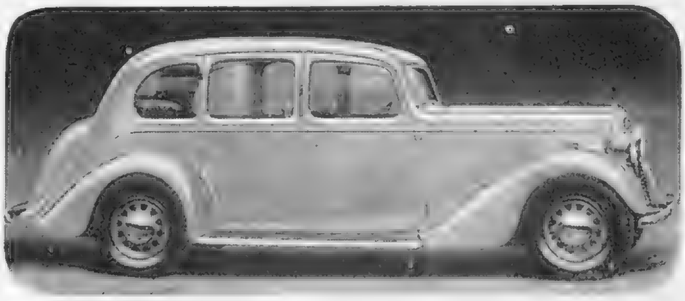
"I think I'd say 'peace of mind.' We've covered well over two thousand miles, you know—including the Lake District. Yet, I've never felt so completely sure of myself before. Partly because she's so easy to drive, of course. But that doesn't altogether explain it. She seems to have such a tremendous reserve of power. You always feel she has so much more to give than you're taking out."

"So you're not sorry we took Dad's advice?"

"Sorry! There are three things I want in a car. Safe trouble-free performance. All-day comfort. And 'lines' I can be proud of. We've found all three in an Austin. That's more than good enough for me."

You buy a car — but you invest in an

AUSTIN



GOODWOOD FOURTEEN SALOON
WITH THE NEW ENGINE

The new engine (with its new aluminium alloy cylinder head) not only makes this a much faster car—but a car with amazing acceleration. All-steel, sound-insulated body, with "wing-to-wing" vision. Triplex toughened glass. Dual wipers. Adjustable steering column. Built-in luggage compartment with enclosed spare wheel. Light, positive steering. 4 speeds. Girling brakes.

£250
(at works)

DE LUXE SALOON WITH PYTCHLEY SLIDING ROOF £26

OTHER MODELS

SEVEN	*from **£112 - £135***	*TWELVE*	*from **£220 - £231***
BIG SEVEN	*from **£139 - £149.10***	*EIGHTEEN*	*from **£350 - £38***
TEN	*from **£185 - £199***	*TWENTY*	***£65***

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for June?

Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

A Powerful and Attractive "Eight"

cruising speed of 60 m.p.h., for example, appears to be quite moderate, while a maximum of about 80 m.p.h. can be attained. Since a change to second gear is so seldom required, the makers have felt justified in employing a gearbox which, while very easy to deal with, is not literally fool-proof. Some small degree of skill is called for in order to get the best results from it.

When second gear *is* used (for it is a three-speed gearbox), it will be found that an uncommonly good turn of speed is available in this ratio. Something like 60 m.p.h. can be reached, with, of course, very vivid acceleration.

Considering that the springing is comfortable and relatively soft, this Hudson holds the road more than ordinarily well. It is steady on corners, and steers with accuracy. The steering is rather low-geared, but there is a good, definite self-centering action which makes for ease of control.

The brakes are hydraulic—very powerful and smooth. An admirable feature of them is that the hydraulic apparatus is supplemented by a mechanical braking system, so that, should the former fail, the latter is instantly ready to operate in its place. I should point out that nowadays it is excessively rare for hydraulic connexions to give way. Still, the bare possibility remains—and the Hudson Company is to be praised for having made this provision for it.

There is one small point here, however, which is open to criticism. The brake pedal stands up a good many inches higher than the accelerator. This means that the driver needs an extra fraction of a second to transfer his foot from one to the other. A trifling thing in its way—yet it might make a perceptible difference in an emergency.

In appearance, all the Hudson models are impressive, although a rather curious effect is produced by the radiator grille which projects quite a long way in advance of the front axle. A vertical line from the "mascot" (if that is the right name for it) would fall even some way ahead of the front wheels.

A very attractive body was fitted to the car loaned to me. This is known as the Special Sports Saloon. It is of English design and manufacture, seating five, and is upholstered in real leather (so much more pleasant, in my humble opinion, that even the finest grade of cloth!). The seating space, both front and rear, is ample, with sufficient length left for a big luggage boot to be incorporated.

The eight-cylinder chassis, carrying this body, constitutes the most expensive car in the Hudson range. Even so, the price is really very moderate at £595. There are, of course, a number of other models to choose from, among which one may mention, for strikingly good value, the eight-cylinder coupé (five-seater) at only £450.

A Lively Small Singer

(*Continued from page* 79)

70 m.p.h., or even, with persuasion, a little more.

The engine "revs" at such speeds must be very high, for the top gear ratio is 5¼ to 1. At the same time, even when the car has been driven "flat out" for several miles at a stretch, one does not feel that any damage is being done to it. The 5,000 r.p.m. or whatever it may be (I am simply guessing at the probable figure), is achieved with such apparent ease.

It is the same in third gear. One would expect a car of this power to do its 40 or 45 m.p.h.; but, in fact, it is ready to do its 50 m.p.h. or more. The gearbox has four speeds, of which three are synchromesh, so that "second"—which also is a valuable ratio—is likewise convenient to use.

(Incidentally, do we still realise what a blessing it has been to have the four-speed gearbox made available to light-car owners? It is quite a recent innovation; but nothing has done more to make the light car into a "real" motor car, able to satisfy even those who formerly had no use for anything under 15 or 20 h.p.)

In nearly all respects, this Singer is far from giving the impression of being "only" a "Ten." The coachwork provides plenty of leg-room, with front seats which are adjustable over a wide range. Only in the matter of head-room—and then when tall people are put on the back seat—does one perceive any sort of limitation. Another couple of inches of height would be helpful.

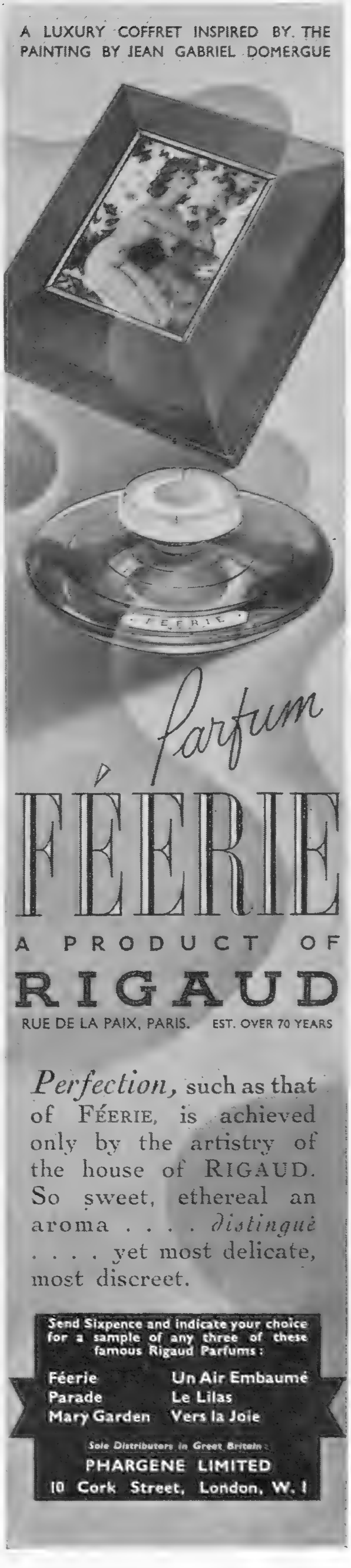
Many big-car features characterise the chassis. The brakes, for instance, are of the Lockheed hydraulic type, which has usually been associated with cars of substantial size. As regards power and smoothness, one is always bound to give full marks to a hydraulic brake—and it is so in this case. The hand brake is of the sort that pulls out from under the instrument panel, thus occupying no floor space.

The springs are semi-elliptic, enabling the car to ride comfortably and at the same time steadily. In general, one should praise the springing when a car holds the road well—and this Singer certainly "sits down" in a very satisfactory manner. Otherwise, with its short wheelbase, it could not be so pleasant to drive at speeds in excess of a mile a minute.

The steering is accurate and easy, so that altogether the car can be handled with confidence, even on very short acquaintance. The steering column lies at an angle not much steeper than the horizontal, thanks to the steering link being located in advance of the front axle. This helps to make the driving position a comfortable one.

There is good luggage accommodation, access to which is from the outside of the car. The price of the "Super-Ten" saloon, which incidentally has very pleasant lines, is £195. The radiator grille is of a new pattern, with which, during the current season, motorists are sure to become increasingly familiar.

Latest model 18/80 Wolseley Saloon, the property of Mr. Richard Watkins, Joint Managing Director of Messrs. Eustace Watkins Ltd., Sole London Distributors for Wolseley cars.



A LUXURY COFFRET INSPIRED BY THE PAINTING BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE

Parfum

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Perfection, such as that of FÉERIE, is achieved only by the artistry of the house of RIGAUD. So sweet, ethereal an aroma . . . . *distingué* . . . . yet most delicate, most discreet.

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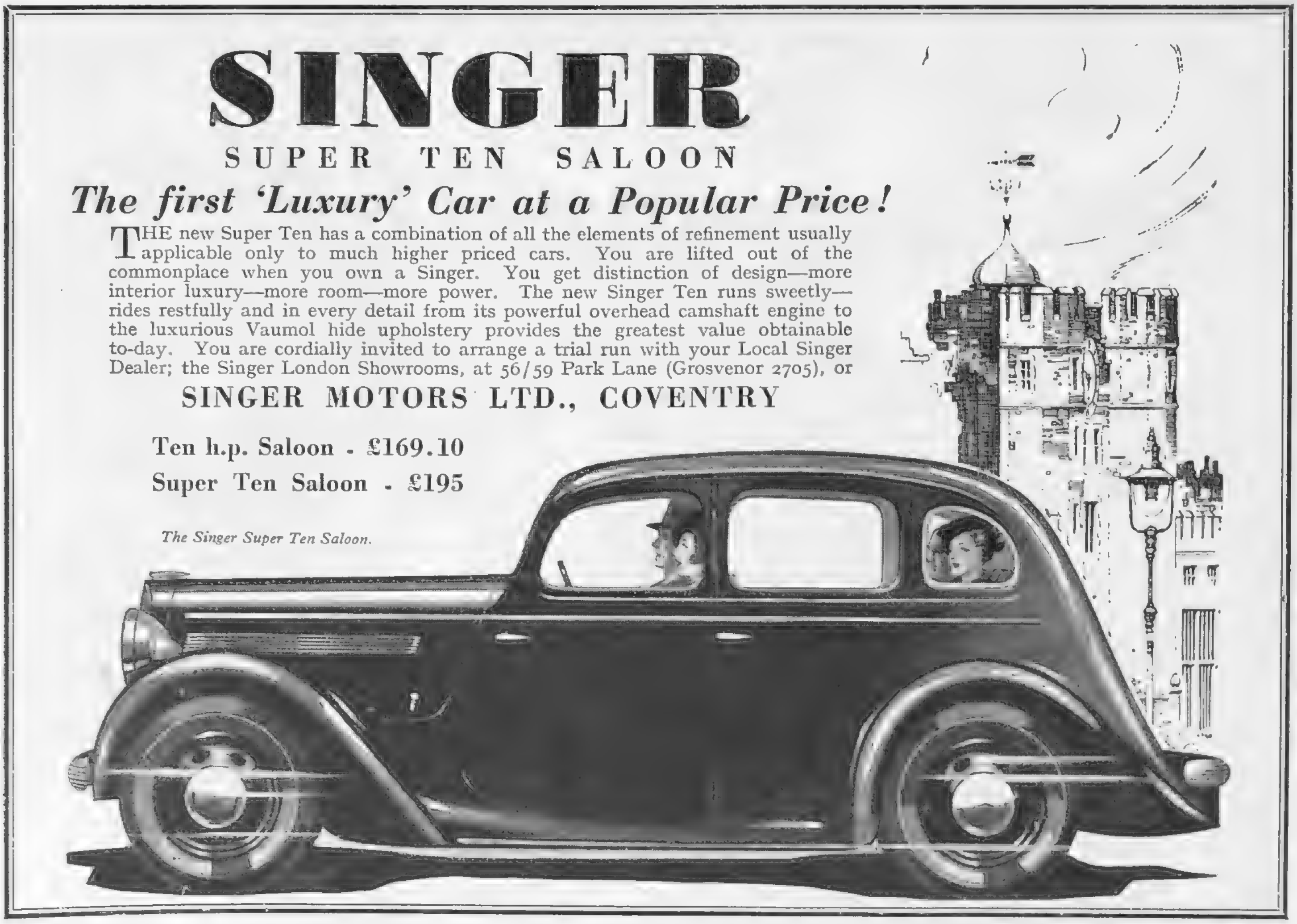


SINGER

SUPER TEN SALOON

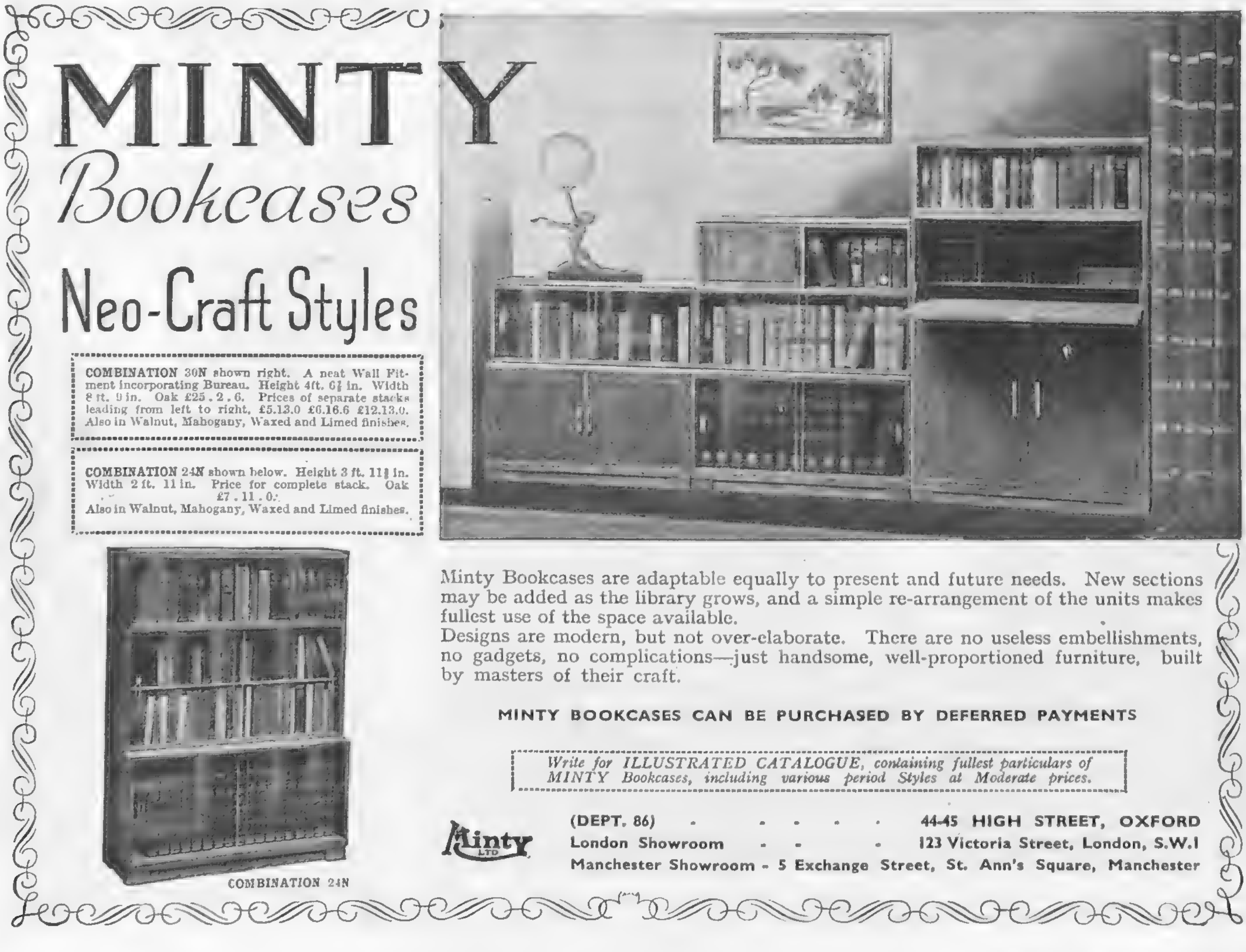
The first 'Luxury' Car at a Popular Price!

THE new Super Ten has a combination of all the elements of refinement usually applicable only to much higher priced cars. You are lifted out of the commonplace when you own a Singer. You get distinction of design—more interior luxury—more room—more power. The new Singer Ten runs sweetly—rides restfully and in every detail from its powerful overhead camshaft engine to the luxurious Vaumol hide upholstery provides the greatest value obtainable to-day. You are cordially invited to arrange a trial run with your Local Singer Dealer; the Singer London Showrooms, at 56/59 Park Lane (Grosvenor 2705), or

SINGER MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY

Ten h.p. Saloon - £169.10
Super Ten Saloon - £195

The Singer Super Ten Saloon.



MINTY

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Neo-Craft Styles

COMBINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4ft. 6¾ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25 . 2 . 6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0 £6.16.6 £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below. Height 3 ft. 11⅞ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7 . 11 . 0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N

Minty Bookcases are adaptable equally to present and future needs. New sections may be added as the library grows, and a simple re-arrangement of the units makes fullest use of the space available.

Designs are modern, but not over-elaborate. There are no useless embellishments, no gadgets, no complications—just handsome, well-proportioned furniture, built by masters of their craft.

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Europe's Quiet Corner

NORWAY, land of dramatic nature, is yet inhabited by a peaceful, cultured people, who delight to welcome the stranger in their midst and to spread before him their scenery, their sport, their urban and peasant architecture and pursuits, their excellent food. Perhaps with those ancient vikings who crossed the North Sea in cockleshells, and whose blood flows in the veins of many of us in this country, Norway exported her restless and violent elements, to win at last to peace in this more genial land. And perhaps it is some remote sympathy of blood that makes an Englishman feel singularly at home in Norway, for the man (or woman) who has once gone there inevitably wants to repeat the experience—sometimes, indeed, she binds him to a yearly pilgrimage for all the years of his life.

The usual way of reaching Norway is by steamer from Newcastle to Bergen—a voyage that takes twenty-one hours. During the summer months there are sailings from Newcastle every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and from Bergen every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so that the traveller can fit his programme to any convenient length of time. The air-minded can fly from Newcastle or Aberdeen to Stavanger, at more expense but a saving of several hours each way.

In a booklet just published by the Norwegian State Railways, and obtainable from their London office (Norway House, 21-24 Cockspur Street, S.W. 1), details are given of some two dozen tours, independent, individual, and unconducted, together with their inclusive cost from and to Newcastle. The first, covering ten days, leaves Newcastle in the evening, and reaches Bergen the following afternoon. Most visitors like to spend their first evening in Norway at the Flöien Restaurant where, high above the city, they can sample Norway's delicious fare in beautiful surroundings. The next day is passed at Bergen — founded in 1070 and now Norway's second largest city—inspecting its ancient houses (relics of the days when Bergen was one of the Hanseatic League ports), its old churches, its museums. Next day the visitor is carried, by motor car, fjord steamer, and rail, to Voss, across woodland and moor, through wild ravines, past the pleasing shores of the Hardangerfjord, whence can be seen the gigantic Folgefonn glacier, along the shores of Lake Granvin, and past the sombre ravine of Skjervet with its magnificent waterfall. Lunch on the fifth day is taken at the Stalheim Hotel which stands on the edge of a precipice a thousand feet above the Naerödal Canyon. The sixth day is spent on a fjord steamer between the sheer mountain walls hundreds of feet high of the narrow Naeröfjord. The seventh day, spent at Fjærland, offers an opportunity for visits to the Böyabre and Suphellebre glaciers. Steamer journeys from Faejrland to Balestrand and Bergen, thence back to Newcastle, complete the trip, which costs £18 11s. 9d. with first class North Sea passage, £16 11s. 9d. second. Other tours on similar lines, but covering longer itineraries, take twelve, fifteen, seventeen, twenty-four days at prices ranging from £23 16s. 6d. to £39 16s. 0d. inclusive.

Days, of course, are much longer in the summer in Norway than they are with us, until within the Arctic Circle is found the land of the midnight sun. At Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, there is perpetual day from mid-May to the end of July, and coastal steamers leave Bergen daily from May 25 to August 15 for a twelve days round trip to Kirkenes and back, touching at innumerable ports on the way, and scarcely out of daylight the whole time. The fourteen-day trip—four thousand miles of sea travel—from Newcastle and back to Newcastle costs £27 inclusive.

Geirangerfjord

Trollfjord. Lofoten Islands

Nordfjord. Loem Lake

INTRODUCING

rose-pink

Helena Rubinstein's newest cosmetic shade to accent the new fashions—the pinks and blues, the violet hues, the beiges and greiges.

Lips that wear Rose-Pink grow lovelier each day. A new ingredient in all Helena Rubinstein Lipsticks makes them more lustrous and flattering, more protective and lasting. Wear Rose-Pink to make your lips as soft, as dewy-fresh, as beautiful as freshly picked roses!

Perfect your Rose-Pink make-up with flattering Town and Country Foundation and becoming Peaches and Cream Complexion Powder.

Beauty Lesson Treatment

An Individualized Treatment and Lesson at the Mayfair Salon brings you instant beauty and teaches you how to keep it at the peak of perfection by correct home beauty care. You learn from an expert how to keep your skin young, smooth, fine-textured and radiant. Also, veins, moles and hairs are permanently removed. Visit the Salon for complementary advice or write for details.

Please forward, for which I enclose P.O. ...., Rose-Pink Lipstick, 6/6, *Rose-Pink Rouge,* 4/6, *Town and Country Foundation* 4/6, *Peaches and Cream Powder* 6/6.

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Address......................

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The SHORT HEAD
with the long life!
IT FITS THE ARCH

Tek is the shorthead toothbrush that's shaped to fit the arch of your teeth. It probes industriously into every crevice and makes a thorough job of teeth-cleaning. Its firm, springy bristles last long and stay vigorous. Dentists all over the country have given their signed approval of Tek. Buy one to-day and you'll never be satisfied with anything else. ★ *Sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Hard and medium—6 colours and crystal. Extra hard—white and crystal only.* *Tek is a guaranteed product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave.* ★ *Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.*

Tek 2/-

and worth it!

FOR THE CHILDREN—**TEK JUNIOR 1/3**

Luxury at Sea

Cruising at its Best

Summer and Autumn Cruises by *Atlantis*

NO holiday is more exciting than a cruise, none is more sharply differentiated from everyday life. In these days of wireless, of course, every passenger aboard ship can keep as closely abreast of the news as if he were ashore; but the wise "cruiser" lets the world go by and devotes himself (or herself) to the blissful repose and equally blissful activities of the passing hour. The exhausted are rejuvenated by the tonic air, the pleasant company, the good food; the sleepless are wooed to rest by the monotonous chug-chug of the engines; the jaded, worker or idler, finds fresh stimulus in the different atmosphere of a sea voyage. In the carefree camaraderie of deck and lido, swimming pool and card room, friendship springs up rapidly, and the solitary traveller is likely to make contacts that will enhance a thousandfold the pleasures of comfortable travel amidst glorious scenery — enhance, who knows? the rest of life.

OF all cruising ships, none is more popular than the Royal Mail Steamship *Atlantis*, whose sole purpose in life is to cruise. During July and August, she will make four journeys to the north. The longest and most exciting, lasting nineteen days from 23rd July, includes visits to Iceland and the far northern land of Spitzbergen, returning homeward to Tilbury via Bear Island, North Cape, Hammerfest, Trondhjem, and Bergen. Weather permitting, travellers should see the midnight sun all the way from Jan Meyer Island to Bear Island. The fare for this cruise is from thirty-three guineas upwards. Other summer cruises last seven, twelve, and fifteen days, at fares from twelve, twenty-one, and twenty-six guineas upwards.

In the autumn the *Atlantis* heads south. On 2nd September she begins a twenty-four days cruise costing from forty-one guineas through the Mediterranean, calling at Bizerta in Tunis, Corfu, Kotor and Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia, Brioni, Venice, and Abbazia in Italy, Korcula (Yugoslavia), Malta, and Sfax (Tunis). A shorter Mediterranean cruise, taking eighteen days, begins on 30th September and calls at Algiers, Naples, Capri, Catania (Sicily), Malta, Sfax, and Lisbon.

A fifteen days sunshine tour, starting on 21st October, at a fare of twenty-six guineas and upwards, carries the traveller to Casablanca, Saffi, and Marrakesh in Morocco, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Santa Cruz de la Palma in the Canary Islands, and Madeira; while a Christmas and New Year cruise beginning on 23rd December penetrates well into the tropics, touching as its farthest point south Freetown in Sierra Leone.

No passports are required by British passengers making the round trip by one of these cruises.

THE *Atlantis* carries only first-class passengers. Fares vary according to the cabin occupied, but all the amenities of the ship are available for every traveller. Dancing, swimming, sunbathing, deck sports, talking films, a cabaret show, card rooms—these are the recreations offered; and those who want rest will find many a quiet corner where they can idle away pleasant days of sunshine and blue sea.

Deck chairs are supplied free. Cushions and rugs can be hired on board. A tourist bureau on board makes shore arrangements, and at ports of call comfortable launches maintain a ferry service supplying free transit to and from the shore. Money can be changed with the purser. During each voyage the official photographer on board takes views and groups which are on sale at the photographer's shop, where films, freshly stocked for each cruise, can be bought at London prices and passengers' own negatives can be developed and printed.

THE dining saloon accommodates over four hundred passengers at a sitting. Expert hairdressers fulfil the needs of both ladies and gentlemen; while the fully equipped laundry includes dry-cleaning apparatus. The indifferent dancer, moved by the pleasantness of his surroundings and the excellence of the dance band supplied by Mr. Jack Hylton to aim at perfection—perhaps even to achieve it—can have tuition by professionals. And if any passenger should be so unfortunate as to fall ill, a fully qualified surgeon and nurse will attend him, and he will receive all medicines prescribed free.

Could any man (or woman) ask for more?

The R.M.S. *Atlantis* approaching Merok

"I used to be a frump, Jane Seymour"

"I simply don't believe it!" I said to this client when she called at my Salon and told me that. "Your skin looks beautifully tended and your colour accent is just right."

"Well," she said, smiling. "Six months ago, I assure you, I was the sort of person nobody noticed. I didn't believe in beauty treatment. Then one day I read an advertisement of yours that inspired me. I began to look after my skin with Cleansing Cream, Juniper Skin Tonic, and Orange Skin Food, and learned to make-up every day with Petal Cream, Dryskin Powder, and a little touch of Paste Rouge and Lipstick.

"The result was that I became more interested in my appearance. I went in for smarter clothes. Because I felt gayer and more attractive myself, I became more attractive to other people. And well—I just want to thank you, that's all."

What a lot women miss in life by letting their looks go! A little care with a few well-planned preparations can bring out a whole personality. Why don't you try it? Get my book 'Speaking Frankly' from any shop that sells my preparations—and read it. Or get it direct from me: Jane Seymour Ltd. 21–22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London. W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 3712, Salon Extension 3.

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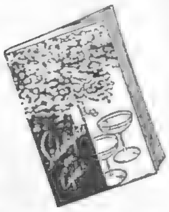
Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

"Mummy-may I have another tennis party?"

"Of course, dear—but we must remember to get more Gaymer's Cyder this time!"

Deliciously refreshing and cooling after exertion, appetising and invigorating on all occasions, Gaymer's is the Cyder that everybody enjoys. Nothing else but the choicest, juiciest English apples give it the fascinating tang and flavour that make it the favourite family drink.



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Send now for your copy of "SIDELIGHTS ON CYDER," the valuable recipe booklet that tells you how to make delicious long and short drinks and all about tempting cyder cookery.

Gaymer's CYDER

There's a type of Gaymer's Cyder to suit your taste

In bottle:	In flagon:
POMMETTA *(like champagne)*	**GAYFLAG** *(medium sweet)*
POMMIE *(dry)*	**GAYSEC** *(dry)*
GAYMER DRY *(pale dry)*	**CYDETTE** *(non-alcoholic)*
★★ *(medium dry)*	
◇ *(medium sweet)*	
V.D. *(dry)*	

To William Gaymer & Sons Ltd., Dept. 3,
Attleborough, Norfolk.

Please send me a FREE copy of "Sidelights on Cyder."

Name..

Address..

....

Scotland is Host to the Empire

THIS summer Scotland is playing host to the Empire, for Glasgow is staging its great exhibition at Bellahouston Park—a veritable second Wembley—and many a Sassenach will, during the coming months, be doubtless crossing the border for the first time. Provided he has sufficient leisure at his disposal after touring the exhibition, the visitor, especially if he be a newcomer, should certainly not miss the opportunity of seeing some of the sights and scenes of Scotland—a land intensely individual in its beauty and exerting a fascination that has held many a great mind in thrall, not the least that of Dr. Johnson, who derived such deep enjoyment from his tour of the Hebrides and, according to Boswell, actually thought of buying the lonely isle of St. Kilda and spending a winter there among the crofters.

It is fortunate that some of Scotland's finest scenery lies within easy reach of Glasgow, for from there Loch Long, Loch Goil, and Loch Lomond—that superb trinity—can all be reached in an hour or two and be seen, if time presses, in the space of a day, the tour being made partly by steamer, partly by motor coach, and partly by rail.

Loch Lomond, the most beautiful of all Scottish lakes. (Right) Edinburgh Castle

Loch Lomond, commemorated in song and story, stands unrivalled as the most beautiful of Scottish lakes. Steamers make the tour of the loch, starting from Balloch and calling at Balmaha, Luss, Rowardennan, Tarbet, Inversnaid and Arduli. Inversnaid is in the heart of the Rob Roy country and the name of Rob Roy is still given to a cave by the loch side a mile to the north of the town and to his prison three miles away on the south side.

All told Loch Lomond contains thirty islands, many of which are of interest both historically and scenically. Indeed it was on Inchlonaig that Robert Bruce caused yews to be planted to provide arms for his bowmen, and it was Clairinch that gave the fierce Buchanan clan its war cry.

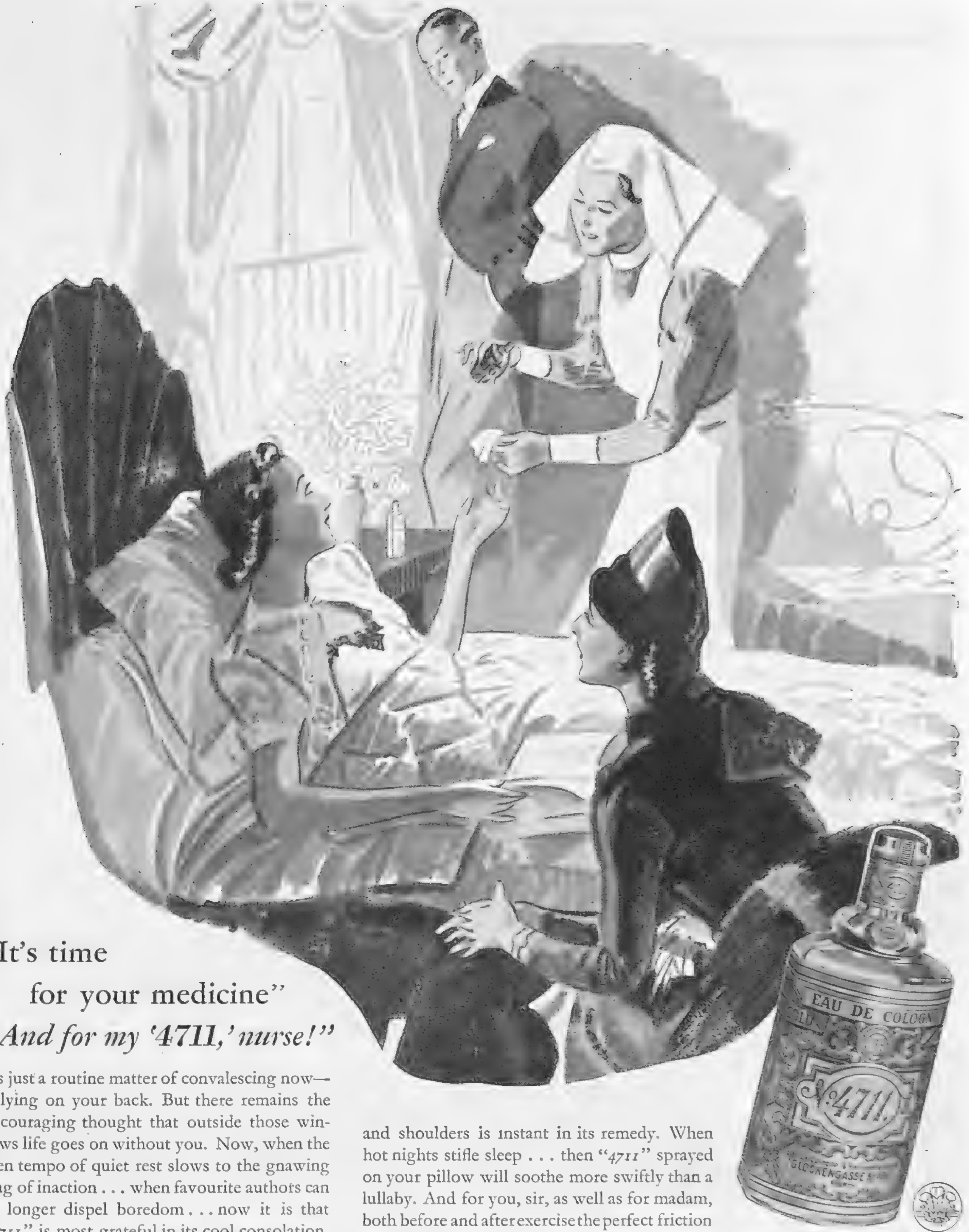
Also in close proximity to Glasgow is the Clyde Coast which offers visitors a combination of mountain, loch, and river scenery not to be found within the same compass in any other part of the country, though it is certain there is many a Scotsman, jealous of the claims of his own particular district, who would dispute this to the bitter end.

Yes, Glasgow is the ideal gateway to this region of beauty and romance, and from the city one may explore the fascinating upper reaches of the Clyde with its historic castles, its little towns nestling along the shores, and an endless variety of picturesque woods and hills. The lower reaches open out into wider vistas of green isles, majestic mountains, bold headlands, rugged cliffs and fair green slopes, all combining to form a picture of endless fascination that the holidaymaker, if he be the least sensitive to beauty, will find an ineffaceable memory.

Particular reference must also be made to the river steamers run by the L.M.S. and L.N.E.R., plying up and down the Clyde. They are the last word in comfort and convenience and, together with the railway, so knit the area together that every beauty spot of note is easily accessible. By

(Continued on page 90)

Aberfoyle from Duke's Road



"It's time for your medicine"

"And for my '4711,' nurse!"

It's just a routine matter of convalescing now—of lying on your back. But there remains the discouraging thought that outside those windows life goes on without you. Now, when the even tempo of quiet rest slows to the gnawing drag of inaction . . . when favourite authots can no longer dispel boredom . . . now it is that "*4711*" is most grateful in its cool consolation. Dispelling fuss and fret at a touch . . . good-bye stuffiness, welcome "*4711*"!

So precious will you find "*4711*" in the sick-room, so also is it indispensable at other times in many ways. When headaches threaten, or nerves are on edge . . . then a touch of "*4711*" on the temples or a little sprayed on the neck and shoulders is instant in its remedy. When hot nights stifle sleep . . . then "*4711*" sprayed on your pillow will soothe more swiftly than a lullaby. And for you, sir, as well as for madam, both before and after exercise the perfect friction and refreshment is "*4711*" . . . "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne . . . the classic one . . . still made to-day from the original secret recipe.

Originalbottle as illustrated
8/9 (half size 4/9)
Watch-shaped Handbag
bottles 2/6 and 4/9
Wicker-covered bottles and
attractive decanters
up to 52/6

By Appointment to
The Prince of Wales
[illegible]

'4711' Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

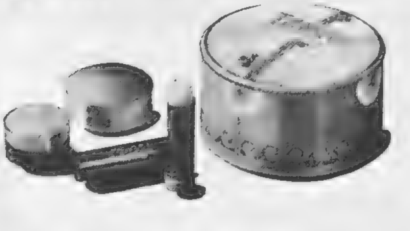
"4711" Slough, Buckinghamshire

GarE&s

Bring
NATURAL
BEAUTY
to your lips

THE petal-dewy bloom of youth itself touches your lips with its magic softness when you use Tangee *natural*. But Tangee *theatrical* will give you richer colour for the brilliant lights of evening occasions. Tangee rouges and face powders blend entrancingly with both.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



Luft-Tangee (London) Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1.

these steamers it is possible to visit the seaside resorts of the mainland such as Dunoon and Largs, to cruise up Loch Fyne, of kipper fame, to Inveraray, or to cross to the isles of Arran or Bute. The chief port of Bute is Rothesay and no one who sails into that island bay amid the encircling hills at the elect hour of a summer day, when the sun is bathing the hillsides in light, will deny that the scene is one of surpassing loveliness.

There is seemingly no limit to the attractions of the Clyde Coast and it would certainly go beyond the limits of any article to do them detailed justice. From these brief notes, however, it is to be hoped that something of its fascination has been gleaned for a tour of this region could assuredly round off in no better fashion a visit to Glasgow for the exhibition.

The traveller, wishing for more detailed information is well advised to communicate with the enquiry department of the L M.S., which publishes the fullest literature regarding the area served.

END

Let's Break a Record

(*Continued from page 29*)

tested and re-tested and wherever possible fragile components are duplicated.

All the artifices of high-speed tuning are employed in preparing the car. The exhaust-parts are polished as though by a lapidary to facilitate the rapid exodus of the exhaust-gases; the compression is raised to the absolute limit consistent with the necessary degree of reliability; the valve-springs are tempered to a exact parity and the valves themselves are highly polished and are ground in to their seats until there is not so much as a ten-thousandth of an inch clearance anywhere.

While all this is going on in the workshop a true-to-scale wooden model of the car about eighteen inches long is made. This model has a rough exterior surface and it is taken to the National Physical Laboratory where, for a modest fee, the use of the wind tunnel is obtained.

In this tubular cavity the wooden model is suspended while a propeller forces a gale of wind through the tunnel past the model car. Particles of chalk are injected into this air-stream and as these whirl past the model some of them cling to its rough surface.

Subsequent examination shows where these particles are deposited most thickly, indicating some projection on the car calling for improved streamlining.

Time and again this procedure is adopted until the streamline is as faultless as possible and then the car's full-size body is adapted in the light of the lessons learned from the wind-tunnel tests.

Finally, after every part has been tested over and over again, both separately and with its fellows, the whole car is reassembled and given a final coat of shiny enamel to help the flow of air to pass over it more rapidly.

The car is jacked up while the wheels are balanced by wrapping strips of lead round the spokes and then there stands your car, a thing of gleaming beauty, tuned to perfection by acute brains and accustomed hands—ready.

The rest is up to you.

WHILE all this mechanical preparation has been going on, you yourself have by no means been idle.

You have interviewed the Royal Automobile Club and have applied for and obtained their permit to attack this record.

You have had to arrange for the hire of Brooklands track for the day of the attempt; you have taken out the necessary insurances on the car and personal risk; you have arranged for the attendance of the internationally-recognised timekeepers and you have had to negotiate with the various firms whose accessories and fuels you will use.

Your pit personnel is to comprise an expert mechanic, a timekeeper-cum-log-keeper and a general mechanic-handy-man whose job it will be to write messages on the blackboard and assist at the wheel-change. The official timekeeping and R.A.C. supervision will, of course, be conducted from elsewhere—this is no concern of yours.

A simple code of signals is arranged between the pit and yourself. The schedule lap-time having been fixed at 77.8 seconds (128 m.p.h.) any variation of this time-figure will be shown.

Two laps before you are due to come in for the wheel-change and again at the finish a large *2* will be displayed followed on the next lap by a *1* and then *IN*.

If no signal at all is put out, you will know that your previous circuit was completed at exactly schedule speed.

The next two days are spent in testing out under actual running conditions.

How the car handles with its new-shaped body, suspension, carburation a hundred and one details must be laboriously checked.

For instance, you do three or four fast laps and then, while travelling on full throttle, take one hand from the steering-wheel to switch off your engine, quickly putting out the clutch and slipping into neutral.

Then you coast into your depot and pull up. The plugs are taken out and examined and from the amount of black deposit on the points you can tell whether the size of the jets in the carburettors is correct or whether larger or smaller ones are needed.

At this time, too, little items affecting the driver's personal comfort in the cockpit come in for attention. A bolt-head here is covered with sorbo-rubber, an instrument-cable there is looped up so that it shall not irritate him by touching his leg.

The exact procedure to be adopted by each man at the wheel changing is rehearsed over and over again against the stop-watch until the jacking-up of the car, changing of wheels, wiping of the windscreen, examination of the petrol, oil and water levels and so on can all be accomplished systematically in 45 seconds.

When this performance has been gone through three consecutive times at that speed you feel fairly satisfied—but it takes many hours of hard practice before this can be achieved. . . .

THE morning dawns clear and still. Not a breath of wind and a slight heat-haze.

You make an early and sparse breakfast and are off to Brooklands, arriving at the track at 8.30 to find the rest of your personnel already there—excellent fellows!

The mechanic is checking over the car while the others are running to and fro between your shed and the pit with the hack car piled high with the paraphernalia of the run.

As the time for the start draws nearer, however, your uneasiness gradually diminishes to be replaced by a cold matter-of-factness which surprises even yourself.

After the R.A.C. supervisor and the timekeeper arrive, you and the car are weighed and the fuel is put in under observation.

The car is then pushed down to the starting line, where it is warmed up on "soft" plugs for which racing plugs are afterwards substituted.

You pull in your body-belt, powder your hands and don your soft-skinned net-backed gloves, strap on your crash-helmet, tuck your trouser-legs inside your socks, adjust your goggles above the peak of your helmet (if you pull them down over your eyes earlier than is necessary the lenses mist up) and clamber into the restricted aperture which is to house you as you fight for your very life for the next hour.

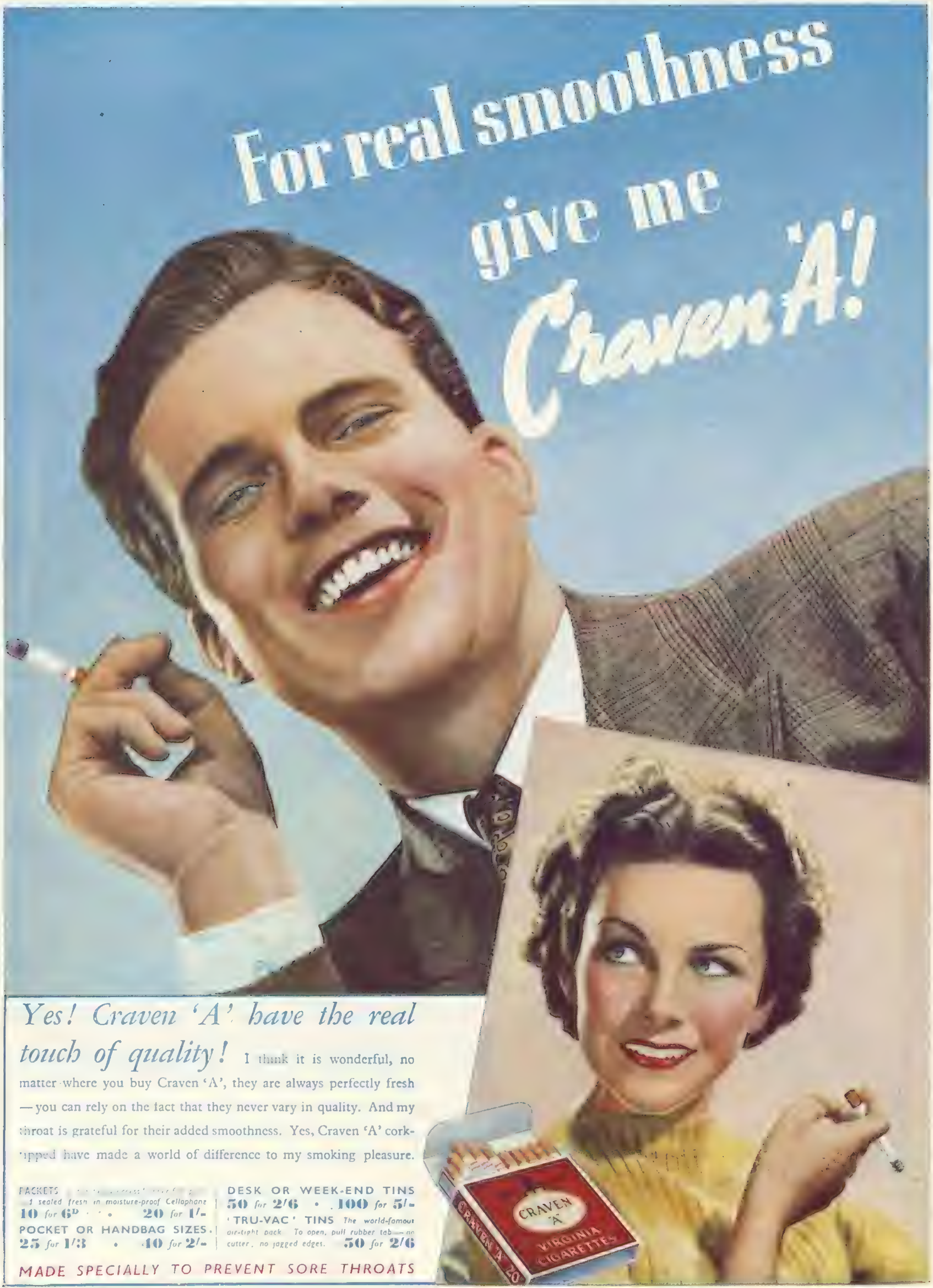
The engine has been started and you keep "blipping" the accelerator-pedal to prevent the plugs from

(*Continued on page 93*)

'Celanese' says—

Modern, cool, delightful - are the words for short pyjamas ... and they're also words for 'Celanese Mylanit'.

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.1.


For real smoothness
give me
Craven 'A'!
CRAVEN 'A'
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CRAVEN 'A' 20

Yes! Craven 'A' have the real touch of quality! I think it is wonderful, no matter where you buy Craven 'A', they are always perfectly fresh — you can rely on the fact that they never vary in quality. And my throat is grateful for their added smoothness. Yes, Craven 'A' cork-tipped have made a world of difference to my smoking pleasure.

PACKETS [illegible]
[illegible] sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane
10 *for* **6D** • **20** *for* **1/-**
POCKET OR HANDBAG SIZES.
25 *for* **1/3** • **40** *for* **2/-**

DESK OR WEEK-END TINS
50 *for* **2/6** • **100** *for* **5/-**
'TRU-VAC' TINS *The world-famous air-tight pack. To open, pull rubber tab — no cutter, no jagged edges.* **50** *for* **2/6**

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD. — *150 years Reputation for Quality*

[illegible]

oiling up. The noise is comforting and the engine-note is encouragingly healthy.

Nods tell you that the others are all set.

You pull your goggles down over your eyes; settle yourself comfortably in your seat; put out the heavy clutch; engage bottom gear; grip the steering-wheel with your left hand and let in the clutch, accelerate and release the hand-brake simultaneously.

The wheels spin and smoke for a split second that seems a year then suddenly they bite and the car lurches forward.

You're off!

The engine note rises to a thin scream. You change up. The car gathers speed rapidly and by the time the straight is reached you are in top gear.

You know that you cannot expect a signal at the end of your standing-start lap, for your speed can only be worked out after you have completed each lap, so as you pass the pits the first time round you steal a glance at the instrument dials before you.

All is well. Water 70. Oil 50. Supercharger pressure O.K. Now you settle down to the real business of the drive.

HAVING the whole track to yourself, you are able to pick exactly the course you want.

In order to minimise tyre wear you take the banking high up all round, even though this does increase the distance of each lap very slightly.

At one point you have to surmount an appreciable rise but you are fortunate in having a gentle following wind here, so that your revs. only drop from 5,700 to 5,450—a difference of about 7 m.p.h.—but this advantage actually makes the drive trickier inasmuch as the rise follows immediately after a blind corner which, with this following wind, becomes the fastest point on the circuit.

It requires not only nerve and skill to round this bend at about 150 m.p.h., but it also calls for a very great physical effort and after some twenty-odd laps you find your shoulders are aching damnably.

Everything is normal and the signals from your pit show that your lap-speeds are pretty consistent and if anything a shade over the schedule, but the car is running so faultlessly and weather conditions are so favourable that you deem it wise to pile up a little extra allowance in case the wheel change should overrun the allotted 45 seconds.

You are thinking it must be nearly time to pull in for that change as you come round towards the pit again and there, sure enough, is the magic *2* being held out for you.

During most of the next lap you are wondering whether to roll in with your engine "dead" or whether to keep it running in case you should overshoot your pit, for of course you will not start to slow down until what you judge to be the last split-second.

Ultimately you decide on the latter course, but you need not have worried for the brakes pull the car up far more quickly than you had thought possible and you reproach yourself momentarily with having lost a fraction of a second by applying them if anything too early.

But it is only momentarily that you thus reproach yourself, for the next three-quarters of a minute are a whirl of concentrated action.

Scarcely has the car actually stopped at your pit than you feel the back of it hoisted high on the quick-lift jack while the handyman hammers away at the hub-caps.

A wet sponge is tossed to you. You catch it, wipe your mouth and then your screen and throw it back into the pit.

Filler-caps are snapped shut, you are jerked back to earth as the jacks are released, your screen and steering-wheel are given a peremptory rub and your mechanic hits you on the back to signal you off again.

With a prayer you press the starter-button. The engine roars into life, and you set forth on the second half-hour of glorious strife against the furies which seek to tear your car from your grasp and plunge you, swirling, into eternity.

AS the sun mounts higher, it worries you a little on each lap as you approach the bend and so, also, the external temperature rises.

This means that you lose a little thermal efficiency towards the end of your run and your lap-speed drops by nearly a mile an hour, so you are thankful that you slightly exceeded your schedule in the early stages—you certainly had overlooked this in you original calculations. . . .

You wonder if you will ever be able to hear properly again. Your ears feel dead inside, as though they were filled with water.

Your left leg has gone numb—thanks to the fact that in the restricted cockpit you have to brace this knee against the side and twist the leg to keep your foot clear of the clutch-pedal.

Your shoulders and forearms ache intolerably and visibility is not too good, for you forgot to change your goggles when you stopped.

Still, you wipe them quickly with the back of your glove and carry on. You can't have much further to go now. . . .

After another couple of laps there is the longed-for sign at your pit telling you "two laps more."

One more lap during which you wonder what your average speed has been and then —the last lap!

Although a drink and a bath are to you at this moment the consummation of all that is worthwhile in life, you decide to do one extra lap—just in case your pit should have slipped up.

So, to the manifest surprise of its occupants, you tear past your depot flat-out once more —and you think you see out of the tail of your eye that your friends in the pit had made ready to receive you suitably.

Well, they get their chance very soon and as you draw up your timekeeper leaps over the pit-counter and hands you the best drink you have ever had in your life!

And your time and speed?

You're still deaf, so he writes down for you his computation—128.22 miles in the hour—but the official distance will not be available until the R.A.C. and the international timekeeper have ratified their figures. . . .

IN the private office of the managing director of the Blank Car Company a conference is in progress.

Around his desk are grouped his Chief Designer, the head of the Experimental Department and the Sales Promotion Manager —the latter, by the way, is never absent from any such conference for fear he should miss "A New Slant," as he is pleased to term such new stories as these meetings occasionally provide.

The managing director has just finished reading a detailed report (yours!) on the run in which one of their racing-cars broke the Class D record for one hour at Brooklands on the previous day.

"The publicity has been extraordinarily good," announces the Sales Promotion Manager. "There is a sheaf of press-cuttings in already from last evening's papers and some of this morning's and the B.B.C. did us proud in their News Bulletins last night. I am having the cuttings pasted up for you, sir, and will——"

"What was that bit about the drop in speed as the morning grew warmer?" interrupts the Experimental Department Chief, "may we have that again, sir?"

Very slowly and deliberately the two pages of details and atmospheric and engine thermometer readings are re-read, while the others make copious notes.

"You will notice," remarks the managing director when the recitation is ended, "he says that if he could have a vane fitted in front of the aperture in the radiator-cowling and could control this from the cockpit, such a contrivance would usefully augment the work

(*Continued on page 94*)

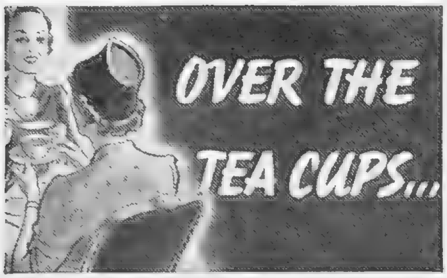
If you do this
you must do this

Watch your friends in the sunlight. See how they unconsciously shade their eyes, how they screw up their features, how they frown. Has it ever occurred to you that you do the same things yourself? Have you ever realised that this is the way lines and 'crowsfeet' form? Do you realise that eyestrain is at the root of it all? Don't let eyestrain spoil the benefit you are getting from the sunshine. Bathe your eyes with Optrex eye lotion *regularly*, night and morning. This pleasant soothing lotion will relieve the strain, remove dust, strengthen the eye muscles and keep your eyes clear and healthy with the attractive sparkle and gleam of youth.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex
BRAND
EYE LOTION

From all Chemists at 2/-(with free eye-bath); Triple Size 3/6 (without eye-bath). For interesting booklet "Sight, the Master Sense" please write to Dept. BE67, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Rd., London, N.W.2.


OVER THE TEA CUPS...

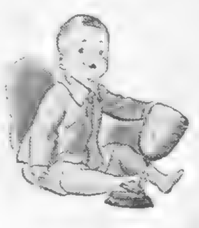
'My husband has stopped grumbling—

he couldn't stand effeminately perfumed soaps.'

'John hasn't caught anything—

he's avoided all the school epidemics.'

'Baby has won a prize—



the judges all admired his beautiful skin.'

'And everyone tells me how well I look—

—Since we have used

WRIGHT'S

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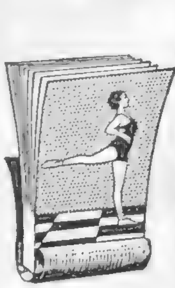

FREE! *Slow-motion "Flickers"* of **HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXERCISES.** Here's the way to carry out *your* part in the "**Fitter Britain" Campaign!** These exercises and regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap provide the finest health and beauty course possible. Early morning exercises & Wright's will make you feel 'as fit as a fiddle'—always fresh and alert and full of life! Each flicker shows 2 simple movements, and can be obtained *free* in exchange for *two* outside printed yellow wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. (Complete series for 6 wrappers.) Post your wrappers to:—Dept. B.81, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Mark envelope 'Flickers' and enclose your name and address. (1187)

Let's Break a Record

of the thermostat—I think there may be something in the idea. . . ."

Of course, it may be the merest coincidence, but it is nevertheless a fact that all the latest and most sumptuous Blank saloon cars have a very distinctive feature in the form of a decorative vertical vane fitted in front of their radiators and operated electrically in circuit with a pointer on the facia-board.

The object of this fitment is to enable the driver to vary the air-flow into the radiator according to the external temperature.

The Sales Promotion Manager has made much of this new gadget in his latest catalogue, pointing out the ingenuity of the dial calibrated to show the correct vane-setting for the existing atmospheric conditions.

But no one has said a word about another suggestion advanced in the driver's report, which was to the effect that the man who designed their racing car should drive it flat-out for an hour some time to see how *he* likes having nowhere at all to put his left foot. . . .

End

Nights Out

(*Continued rom page 11*)

Down at Tonypandy in Wales, listening to the woes of the wretched coal miners, I could hardly believe the way I had spent the two last weeks. It all seemed so puerile. Yet, even in Cardiff, I heard myself asking a hospitable Welshman: "Let's see some life."

I don't think there can be a man so dead that does not feel something strange and atavistic stir within him when he finds himself, after the sun goes down, in some strange town. It is silly to be affected by it. Experience has long ago taught us the hopelessness of such a quest. We know beforehand that if we want to "doll up" and pay the price we can go to any number of midnight resorts where the entertainment menus are all printed in advance. Descending lower in the scale we can snoop around the back streets of the city, hoping that something will happen. Nothing, it seems, ever does. But we still cherish the secret hope that some night, somewhere, we will turn a corner—and there the perfect adventure will be waiting.

Old sensation-seekers never die.

I have just completed a six-months' tour of the tropics and South America, where, in out of the way spots, I purposely laid myself open for anything that might happen to me after dark. A night in jail, after a row with a taxi-driver, is the only fresh experience that I have to record.

To Americans, London has always been a peculiarly disheartening city in this respect. You have so successfully sentimentalised your adventures in the fog. We expect too much. A friend of mine from Des Moines, Iowa, arriving in London with an unbearable sense of freedom from prohibition and the sex-taboos of the Lutheran Middle West, found, after a few days in London, that he could find nothing to do with all this freedom. So he accosted a policeman in Piccadilly Circus.

"Tell me, officer," he asked—"where can a guy have a good time in this town?"

"This town" probably put the bobby on his mettle, for he solemnly replied: "What do you want, sir? Do you want pleasure? . . . or do you want vice . . . or do you want just plain filth . . .?"

"Say, officer! Say—I guess you can give me all three!"

The officer, obligingly, wrote down three addresses on the back of an envelope for him. Next day my friend came to me. He was furious.

"I'm going to Paris!" he said, relating his encounter with the officer—and what followed afterward. That blasé policeman with the Scotland Yard education had evidently given him merely the names of three pseudo-night-clubs, which, successively increased the price until it was one guinea for "membership," decreased the lights, and made him buy fabulously expensive sandwiches before he could buy a drink. Nobody spoke to him.

Nowadays, if you persist in hunting the bizarre in night-life, the best place seems the water-front. Sailors are usually good guides to follow for what is gaudy in life. And Colon, in the Canal Zone, is the sailor's idea of Heaven.

Colon has the reputation (jealously upheld by the local proprietors) of being the 'hottest" seaport on earth—hotter even than Marseilles. For several blocks its main street, Balboa Boulevard, is just one long unbroken line of *cantinas* or cabarets. The *cantinas* sell beer and cheap rot-gut whisky. The cabarets have photographs of naked strip-tease dancers on the gaudy bill-boards under their quivering Neon lights. After sundown about half the seventeen thousand United States soldiers, sailors, marines, and the seamen of the six thousand ships that pass through the canal every year, are struggling to get into them. Mixed with these, adding colour, are boatloads of tourists garbed in the gaudy Japanese costumes they have just bought over in the unbroken mile of Hindu shops along front street.

But it is a well-behaved crowd. The regular U.S. army and navy men, just in from their forts or ships, spend all their money treating each other to drinks—before they can get along as far as becoming really devilish. The tourists have to return to their passing ships. For bad-behaved soldiers or sailors there are the hawk-eyed U.S. military or naval police.

The most interesting people in the night-life of Colon are the professional entertainers themselves. Most of them are young girls from the United States who have taken the Panama booking as a chance to see something of the romantic tropics. They are, for the first few days, just as much a tourist as the women on any Caribbean-cruise liner. The proprietors who bring them down have to put up a $500 bond, and money for their return passage, to ensure they will return to the United States again. Their engagement in the Canal Zone is seldom for more than three months. By that time most of them have had enough.

"For many," the proprietress of one Balboa cabaret told me, "it's Panama romance. What *they* expect to find down here, I don't know. Only, whatever it is—I know they don't find it."

As the Republic of Panama is supposed to be independent, Uncle Sam does not intervene to deport French, Spanish or German girls when their time is up. These young ladies drift down through the tropics into the shabbier night resorts of South America. The American girls get sent home. Uncle Sam keeps their passports until he has them safely back aboard ship again. The proprietress of this cabaret I am speaking about locks her girls up at nights. She doesn't want to lose her $500.

We had a discussion, in Colon, as to the strangely dissimilar ways the English, American and French sailors take their night life.

Why was it, for instance, that after a while the American usually turns nasty and wants to fight? Why is the British tar usually so complacent, even bored with proceedings? Why are French sailors so gay and care-free—always, apparently, getting more fun out of the situation than their Anglo-American brothers?

The answer is simple. Most American sailors have never seen the sea. They are recruited chiefly from the husky German or Scandinavian

(*Continued on page 96*)

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stock of the Middle West. They are incurable romantics. The government has urged them to be. Has it not caught them this way? *Join the Navy—and See the World!* Thus reads the colourful recruiting poster—showing Manchu girls, naked ladies of Bali, dancing senoritas in the tropic isles. So they sign up.

But after a few encounters with the ladies of foreign ports the U.S. "Gob" becomes disenchanted. The women are too tough. They're only out to make you drunk and get your money—the dirty dogs! No love there. And after a while the fleet begins to sing:

Join the Navy—and See the Sea . . .

In foreign ports they are just about as pleasant to meet as a bear with a bee in its ear.

The British tar, on the other hand, has the heredity of disillusionment. *He* knows it's only a song, that "wife in every port." Brother Jack has cautioned him to watch his step with the Chinese girls. And if that Burma girl is sitting where Kipling says she is, it is not a British sailor she is thinking about.

A mixture of cynicism and sense of humour has long persuaded the British sailor not to expect too much. His complacency saves him from taking night life too seriously.

Your French sailor is more practical. He knows that both these attitudes are sheer nonsense. "Love . . . ?" That depends. He does not expect it. Usually does not want it. When a French shore-going sailor meets a lady of the port—neither of them has any delusions. Neither of them is going to be taken in. The result is they both start with a perfect understanding—and the evening is gay as a consequence.

Gorgeous example of this nautical sophistication is the little pseudo-Arab village that the French have constructed outside of Casablanca—a sanitary mile or so from the main town. It is perfect Africa. It is walled. It has white minarets and dark archways. Behind the pin-points of lights from scrolled merebyiahs comes the tinkle of brass and wails of a native orchestra. And the oldest profession in the world (which probably began with the Arabs) parades its coloured streets.

These Arab *bints* of Casablanca have reached a high perfection. They are slender, gay and boyishly boisterous. Each one from her painted lower lip to the point of a sharp chin has a thin blue line of tattoo. They are all dressed in billowing robes of desert white and around each waist is what is seemingly their badge of office. This is a heavily embossed belt of golden braid.

When an Arab girl thinks that some Frenchman is going too far she takes off this belt and slams him with it. All in good fun, you know. And the evening (in what is probably the largest open-air district of its kind in existence) was good natured. That is the particular "French" quality of this scene that I am describing.

Centre of this Arab set-up was a vast cement-floored dance hall. About the size of Wimbledon's famous centre court. It was empty, save for a bar at one end—which served just as much minted tea as it did lukewarm beer—and a dais at one side, on which sat a battered yet jovial white man playing an accordian accompanied by a nigger drum-boy.

Behind some of the mysterious *mesreybiahs*, it was advertised, one could see a *dance du ventre* for twenty-five francs. A performance you seldom want to see more than once. To anyone who has tried to locate the fabled wickedness of Port Said, the dives of war-time Cairo—OUT OF BOUNDS TO BRITISH TROOPS—the weary "Waza," down by the turquoise-domed tombs of the Mamelukes, or the Rue Ramleh in Alexandria, this *innocence* of the French red light district outside Casablanca is almost unbelievable.

For the chief characteristic of Arab night-life—when a white man tries to delve into it—is embarrassment. There is nothing gay about Arab-town in Port Said, nothing but sordidness in the Waza of Cairo. Off cement-paved New Street in modern Baghdad is a dark, light-guttering lane with the always inviting warning at its head: OUT OF BOUNDS TO BRITISH TROOPS. But a mere inquisitive stroll down that odious alley (League of Nations investigators, I believe, have reported this narrow thoroughfare to be the wickedest street in the world!) is enough to make you hasten back to your hotel and clap your hands for a boy to pull off your shoes, take your clothes outside—and beat them clean. It will take you weeks to get over the horrors of that street, and the dazed men who come out of it—mostly desert Arabs with dope-deadened eyes. Similarly the romances that Kipling made glorious of the Englishman in India and "the lady on the wall" are—mostly romance.

INDIA, for me, was the final disillusion of the folly of the search for adventure after dark. Not that I needed it by that time. My first shock, as a foreign journalist, began with the realisation of how pathetically little a stranger ever gets inside the life of the countries he visits. For a boy reared on Washington Irving, the "professional" gipsies that an enterprising tourist agency always has on hand at the Alhambra were enough to make me want to leave Spain. It was downright cheating, I felt, to provide such pseudo-natives. In dismay I rented a couple of mules and rode all the way across Andalusia. I sat and talked and drank with dozens of Spaniards (men only) in the *cantinas*, and, later, in the *casas* of the high Pyrenees. I had a couple of Basques show me the "Montmartre of Pampleuna." I infested the cellar cabarets of San Sebastian, in winter, when the English and American tourists were not there. The result was several headaches and an intolerable boredom. And one rainy night in pre-civil-war Bilbao I bumped into an American sailor in the same futile quest.

"Where," he asked me, "can a guy have a good time in this town?"

"Nowhere," I said — "Do you play dominoes?"

OF course fashions change. The British and American intellectuals who come to Moscow for a free-for-all sex orgy are probably motivated by that old story of the three nude ladies who got into a tram. Across their lovely bosoms were placards declaring: ONLY THE MALFORMED NEED WEAR CLOTHES! And in Vienna of 1924, when all the world seemed going to pot, the chief sign of a joyous time was two old men in a cabaret leaning with arms round each others shoulders singing: *Wein . . . Wein . . . Nur du Aline. . . .* When the mark broke in Germany clothes as such simply vanished from the ladies on the stage; and when the franc fell to 246 to the £, pandering-Paris balanced the French budget by standing first on one leg and then on the other. . . . As the story goes. Remnants of the *grand seigneur* life of Romanoff Russia may still be found in sophisticated cities like Copenhagen where, on the revolving dance floor of the Palace Hotel, you will see minor Scandinavian and Greek royalty having a "night-out" with local wealthy landowners. Madrid, whose night life has always been maddening because of its studied propriety, has to-day become genuinely the most ascetic city in the world: "Purified by battle," as one Norwegian of the International Brigade told me: "Madrid has no woman problem to-day." Primo de Rivera, playing up the Jesuits, purified Spanish night-life (as far as others were concerned) and closed the great gambling casinos of San Sebastian and Malaga. Mussolini, for much the same reason no doubt, has made Rome more of a "great village" than ever. Hitler has completely reformed Berlin night-life to the point of utter boredom. Paris? Yes, Paris still remains—the Paris for Americans, and English—and rich Czechoslovakians. But that is the old set-up.

Now, I am not worried. I no longer have any illusions. I have learned to play dominoes.

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The Sûreté Steps Out

(Continued from page 17)

a busy—and successful—time as of late months. It has fairly been stepping out. The rounding up of Franco's agents and potential wreckers, forty of them scattered over France, many astutely camouflaged, was, in the Sûreté's own estimation, as difficult and important a "netting" as its C.S.A.R. coup. While following up the latter investigation, inspectors from the Murder Section managed to make five arrests in connexion with the baffling killing of the Roselli brothers, active anti-Fascists whose removal Rome desired at all hazards, if only because one brother habitually printed Mussolini's most hush-hush instructions to the Italian press.

Another Sûreté success, almost as spectacular as the unravelling of the C.S.A.R. treason (the initials stand for Secret Committee of Revolutionary Action) was the arrest of the fivefold murderer, Weidmann, who undoubtedly would have otherwise gone on killing selected individuals at the rate of at least one a month, the good-looking young German having gone into the business of murder as he might have taken up salesmanship or any other form of earning a living. He succumbed through accidentally dropping the visiting card of an acquaintance on the floor of the room in which his fifth murder had been committed. That card led in a roundabout way to a totally unsuspected St. Cloud villa whose leaseholder, on opening the door in person to two self-styled tax collectors, saw at once what was in the wind and, courteously inviting his callers in, opened fire on them at the first favourable opportunity. But the two inspectors were ready, ducked, and fell upon Weidmann; and each now wears a gold medal, highest Sûreté award.

The C.S.A.R. conspiracy for months kept the Sûreté plumb in the public eye, as the most far-flung case the "rue des Saussaies" has ever been called upon to tackle. Compressed, the story runs as follows:

Just a year ago some wealthy French industrialists listened to the suggestions for a Fascist *coup d'état*, as made to them by certain French cavaliers of fortune, tough guys. The industrialists subscribed copiously, and presently funds were swollen by "sympathetic" remittances from a foreign power. The C.S.A.R. is known to have collected £1,000,000 but is believed to have had its hand at one time on far more. A General Staff was formed on genuine military basis, even to a Chief of Intelligence, and secret recruiting began throughout the country, human material being drawn mainly from youthful adherents of the banned political leagues of the reactionary Right, such as the Social Party (formerly Croix de Feu), the Popular Party, the monarchist King's Hawkers, the Francists.

Recruits were drilled for street fighting. The plan was firstly to acquire arms, ammunition and equipment from abroad, and to create hidden dumps all over France, for which regional commanders would be responsible. Recruits took only one oath: to lend their services whenever required for the execution of traitors in the camp. The C.S.A.R.'s chief preoccupation all along was lest spies should join this movement smothered away from the light of day.

The dumps steadily grew on the strength of purchases from Belgium, Germany and Italy—perhaps not exactly "purchases" from the two last named. Rather was it more like barter. The German and Italian arms and explosives were delivered in return for the C.S.A.R.'s scheme to blow up the Third Republic and disintegrate the French nation, than which no more appetising dish could be offered Berlin and Rome. By the early autumn an astonishing headway had been made, so much so, that one or two notorious politicians, whose names have been on every French lip for months past, are believed to have promised their co-operation if not their leadership in the event of a successful rising.

When should it have been zero day? Probably none was ever fixed. More likely, sudden and devastating seizure and action would have been ordered at the height of a particularly virulent political crisis, traitorous air pilots co-operating.

Meanwhile, there were several executions and more were contemplated. A chemist confessed that his services were retained so that he should perfect a culture which, if dropped in coffee, brought feverish death. Two Spaniards arrested at Biarritz confessed that the tubes of bacilli found among their belongings were intended for delivery to the Cagoulards. The contents of these tubes could have killed thousands. In fact, it was to have been a highly civilised campaign. Another feature had to do with the removal by bacilli of puissant enemies such as Blum and Daladier.

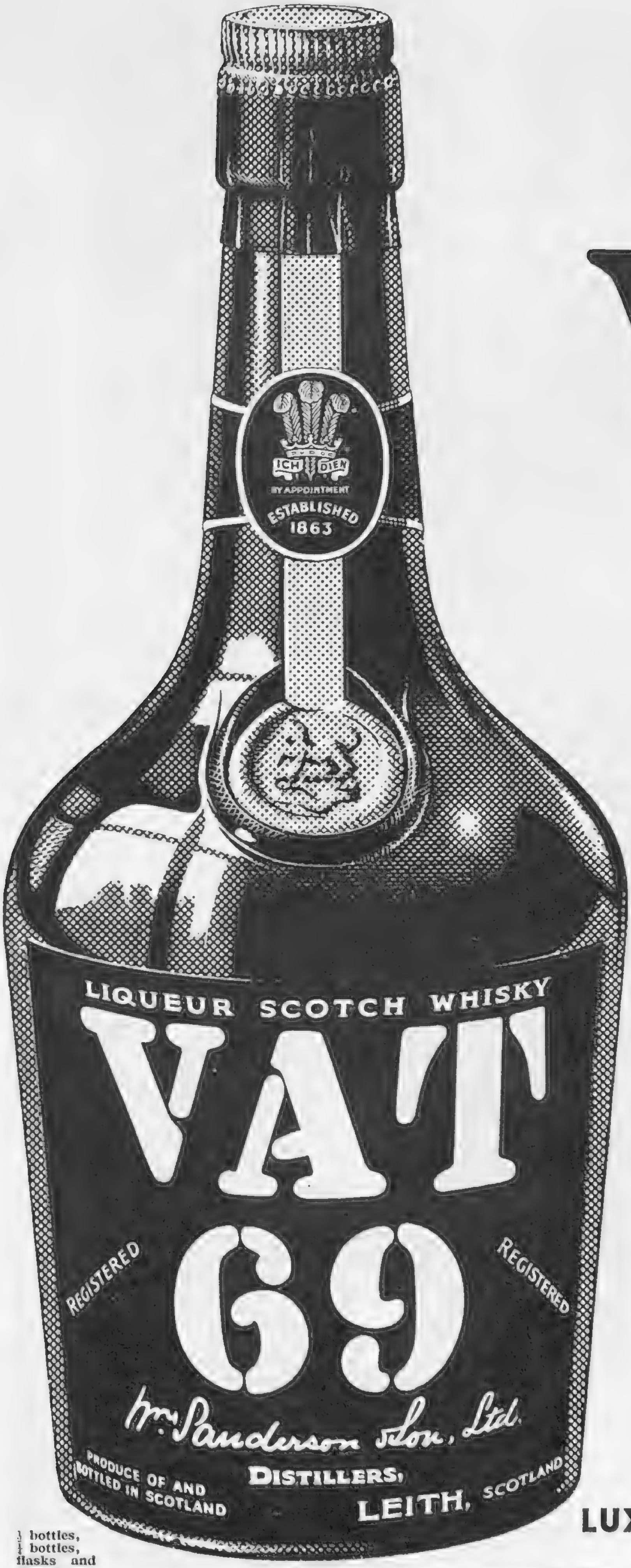
By dint of many months patient investigation the Sûreté laid bare the great C.S.A.R. plot, though it would not be accurate to say that it actually started the ball rolling. This was done by a disgraced ex-inspector named Bonny who had loomed largely in the Stavisky scandal—it was Bonny who produced the stubs of Stavisky's cheque books, showing payments as having been made right and left to men prominent in public life. Perhaps that was never forgiven Bonny whom the then Minister of Justice called "the first detective in France." France is a funny land. At all events, the ex-inspector suddenly announced that he could lead the authorities to several hidden arms dumps, and he promptly proceeded to do so, having penetrated the secrets of the C.S.A.R. by way of a second party. Upon which development, the Sûreté has perforce to pass to action, though its plan had been to get things more fully "sewn up."

Leaders were arrested; dozens of dumps progressively revealed from one end of the country to the other. The majority of the Sûreté's national effectives of 7,000 lent a hand. It seemed that the mammoth work of detection must be triumphantly crowned. Yet, alas, no. France, as I say, is a curious land. Presently unmistakable signs appeared of the Government soft-pedalling for reasons given early on. C.S.A.R. leaders were one by one released on parole on health or other ground although, as the Sûreté emphasises, their acts were purely criminal, not political. No move was made to follow up the Sûreté's knowledge of the men really behind the plot or to track down the financial sources that had fed the plotters. Clearly word had gone out that the whole terribly grave affair was to be allowed to die down so that the public should gradually forget about it.

That may occur. What may equally well occur is a resurrection of C.S.A.R., not half of whose dumps, money or organisers were ever touched, and many of whose leading spirits have been "replaced in circulation" (paroled), though they will be closely watched. It wouldn't be the first time great French detective work had been brought to nought. The Stavisky case would have had far greater repercussion had the Sûreté reports been heeded, in full, by the magistrature.

Excessively mysterious, at times, can be the workings of the "rue des Saussaies"; one reason the Sûreté is rarely for long out of the average Frenchman's mind. Another reason is because the Sûreté has a dossier of one in four of the population—over 10,000,000 dossiers! "Am I there?" wonders the average citizen. "And, if so, what have they got about me!" Theoretically, dossiers are strictly secret. But the Minister of the Interior can call for any one—can even order any one to be destroyed—and it is recorded that the first thing Clemenceau did on taking over the Interior, was to call for his own dossier. Nor would the "Tiger" see a soul for the rest of the day, so engrossed was he in the police record of his hectic doings dating back to pre-Commune days of the 'sixties.

(Continued on page 100)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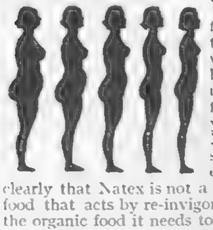

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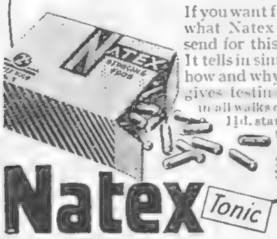

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The seriously unsettled state of France, summons attention to the vital rôle played by the Sûreté in national affairs, to its framework and organisation, methods and personnel, rather than to the hundred and one customary stories of its prowess, some true, the majority elaborated if not imagined.

The Sûreté is far senior to Scotland Yard which will not celebrate its centenary for another four years.

In France, Louis XIV had the first idea of a State Police, but the initial *Bureau de Sûreté* did not materialise until 1750. From the onset, two conceptions held the field (as they still do). Authoritative regimes wanted to centralise the Sûreté. Democratic ones, to decentralise it, the fear being lest too much power should pass through one political personage. After the Revolution and until the end of the Napoleonic Wars, the story of the Sûreté was the story of Fouché, Napoleon's celebrated chief of secret police. From 1815 onwards, the Sûreté has operated under the Home Office, now centralised, now decentralised, according to the regime in power.

To-day there is a Director General for the whole country. M. Mondanel presides over two principal divisions: the administrative or preventive police with mission to dig out and co-ordinate economic, political, financial and social information, and the judicial or repressive police whose job it is to track down criminals and deliver them to justice. The first division is also known as the "special" or "political police." The Minister of the Interior requires to be kept informed of every social and political trend in the eighty-three departments into which France is divided. This branch further keeps check on foreigners and, since the Dreyfus scandal of 1898, has taken over counter-espionage from the army while, of course, collaborating with the latter. Finally, it maintains the ominous "Carnet B" in which are inscribed the names of all revolutionaries and agitators to be arrested upon mobilisation.

The judicial and "repressive" division has five sections: Fraud, Theft, Crime, Stolen Cars, International Wrongdoers. It keeps permanent contact with from fifteen to nineteen Mobile Brigades distributed through France, by means of a weekly "Criminal Bulletin," largely given over to "wanted" persons. The system owes its origin to Clemenceau and is thirty-one years old. The old idea of the French detective as a heavily-moustached individual in a bowler hat and hobnailed boots and carrying an umbrella only survives in the imagination of music-hall comedians. The modern Sûreté man is smartly dressed, clean-shaven and well-spoken. As likely as not, he has passed his baccalaureat before leaving school to enter the special police college in the rue des Saussaies, from which he graduates to start at or near the bottom rung. His principal aim is to be an inspector, of which there are 2,500, drawing from £80 to £160 a year (at current exchange). This may not sound much in pounds, but to it has to be added all manner of allowances, and absolvings, free this, free that, while the future is assured.

There is a Murder Section of sixteen experts at Paris headquarters, and these are drawn upon for dispatch to any part of the country, there to supervise the local Mobile Brigade's enquiring into such and such a crime. The Brigade deputes five inspectors to the scene of events. Inspector No. 1 puts a cordon round the scene and keeps a strict watch. No. 2 examines the corpse and superintends its removal. No. 3 minutely examines everything, *a la* Holmes. No. 4 questions those who've been in contact with the victim. No. 5 is the chief inspector who receives all reports and directs further work on the strength of "examination and elimination." He's to be "minute, sure, swift but unhurried." He has far greater powers than our inspectors, being able to hold in custody witnesses who won't speak, and to apply the "third degree," the main feature of which, in France, consists of relays of detectives shooting questions at a suspect without a minute's pause, sometimes for as long as twenty-four hours on end. If a man, the suspect may be punched awake by detectives on either side. There is a strong movement against a continuance of this procedure which, it is held, causes suspects to confess, in sheer exhaustion and sleepless mental torture, crimes they have never committed; the process even driving them to sign detailed statements prepared by other hands.

It may come as a surprise that women detectives occasionally have to attend such ugly sessions when the "grilled" one is a woman. Paris boasts the only women's detective squad in existence, numbering fifteen, under Mme. Piquet, who did secret service in the war. Nor is this unique feminine company grim and tight-lipped or middle-aged. On the contrary, most are fashionably dressed and attractive mademoiselles in the late twenties or early thirties. Beyond a special dress allowance, they receive the same pay and treatment as men and enjoy similar powers. They concentrate on the white slave traffic. And when it is said that there are 17,000 licensed houses in France, yielding 4,000,000 francs in taxation, and that Paris is the capital of this traffic, as, indeed, it is the clearing house of continental crime, in general, the extent of Mademoiselle Holmes's activities will be better appreciated.

Reconstruction of a murder is an important part of the Sûreté's job. The suspect may even be shown the body when compelled to witness a re-enactment of the crime on the spot where it was committed. Sometimes the strain is too great and the suspect makes a mistake under cross-examination, or breaks down.

"Section 4" in the rue des Saussaies specially interests, as dealing with international crime. It is really an European criminal barometer. Details of crimes are flashed from all parts of the compass to "4," which is noted for the steady eye it keeps on migratories of criminal bent. Say there has been a jewel haul in a Bucharest hotel. Paris is the easiest centre for the disposal of stolen property. Files are consulted, and orders go to the frontiers to look out for the passage of, perhaps, a dozen individuals who have made a speciality of this form of robbery. Orders are also flashed to watch all ports. The work of this section is facilitated by the presence on the staff of several foreign detectives, including an Englishman, an American, and two German-perfect Alsatians.

Attached to the Sûreté is a section where experts spend their days with the Bertillon finger-print records. The odds of a finger-print error are said to be one in 64,000,000; nevertheless, a supporting system of identification, called "mensuration," is daily growing in volume. This consists of measuring the arm, middle finger, head, legs and feet, and it is claimed that these never represent an identical aggregate length in any two people. Of 800,000 aggregate measurements so far taken, no two have been alike. It is held that the system can be a valuable check in cases where felons have surgically altered their finger-prints.

Monsieur Bavle, Bertillon's successor, and the man who perfected "mensuration," was murdered in the Law Courts a few years ago by someone with a grudge.

France's "Yard," which almost faces the French President's Palace, was a moth eaten and mournful building, *style Empire*, until 1934, when it was completely renovated internally so that to-day most of the trappings of the American skyscraper are to be found within a building whose sombre exterior suggests the boulevard St. Germain. All the rooms and offices have been modernly furnished and decorated save the waiting room which still gives off wafts of Louis Philippe: old tables and chairs, depressing tapestries, faded settees and general mustiness.

After 7 p.m., no one can enter the Sûreté save through one small and guarded door. Up winding steel stairs one mounts to the sixth floor and enters the first of many rooms, here and on the floor (*Continued on page 102*)

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above, that harbour the most highly compressed aggregate of secrets ever assembled under one roof. A staff of sixty, under three inspectors, takes care of the 10,000,000 dossiers relating to living or not long deceased persons. Here, indeed, as has often been said, is a formidable weapon of power, in unscrupulous hands. What pressure could not be exercised on opponents or competitors by a man having access to these millions of secrets. What pressure *has* not been brought to bear!

The Sûreté Steps Out

"Burn the lot! It would be better!" many have demanded, and certain, it is, that if any authoritarian regime gets into the saddle in France, whether Fascist or Communist, one of the first things its leaders will do will be to make a bee line for the sixth and seventh floors of the "rue des Saussaies."

END

A Cottage in the Country

(*Continued from page 55*)

conveniences, and very good they are. Chemical sanitation is a highly satisfactory substitute for a water closet and where water is supplied to the house from a well a pumping system can frequently be installed at a comparatively modest cost.

So much for the old cottage, but they are few and while one is spending a hundred pounds or so upon reconstruction it is worth while in some cases considering a modern structure.

The thought of the new house in the heart of the country is displeasing to many, but this is largely attributable to the red brick monstrosities which are everywhere despoiling the countryside and which have given rise to the popular impression that nothing new on a small scale can be other than offensive. This, of course, is nonsense.

Little houses, cottages in every sense, based on the old English tradition, fulfilling all the modern requirements, yet avoiding those "period" affectations so theatrical in their effect, are to be found everywhere in quiet corners of the countryside, submerging themselves in the backgrounds for which they were designed.

This kind of new country cottage costing upwards from five hundred pounds is an investment that sometimes appeals to those requiring a week-end cottage that may some day become a permanent home.

Present-day mortgage facilities make the ownership of a low-price country house a very tempting bait, especially to those who are content to live more modestly in town in order to indulge the luxury of a country home.

The cost of a new cottage largely depends upon luck in the purchase of a site at the right price. A cheap site, and there are still plenty to be found in the more rural localities, brings the possibility of a charming cottage at a really economic figure within reaching distance. This, more especially, if immediate facilities are available, as they sometimes are, for the use of local materials.

END

Wedding Day

(*Continued from page 47*

SMALLER FRY. Should not try to monopolise her attention. She has so many things to think of, and she is emotionally overwrought.

(Even if she does not thank you specifically for your present she appreciates it just the same, and she can quite well be genuinely glad to see you even though she cannot remember your name.)

THE BRIDE. Should let tradition guide but never hamper her. This is her day, and she is entitled to be a little selfish. She should plan a leisurely time-table beforehand, and not let anybody rush her out of it. She should have a good facial treatment, a manicure, and a pedicure the day before the wedding, but make up her face herself on the day. And do it lightly.

Let the hairdresser come to fix your veil, and choose a head-dress that will be comfortable.

It would be charming to send flowers to your mother-in-law. And sensible to have a chicken sandwich and a glass of champagne before leaving, in good time, for the church.

Dramatise yourself a little, for this is one of the few occasions when you can, and everybody will be disappointed if you do not. At the reception kiss anybody you want to, but do not cluck. Leave yourself time to change comfortably into your going-away clothes and do not let friends swarm into your room.

Then, when at last you can both slip away, set out on your new adventure with a high heart and with the best fitted and most compact beauty box you can buy. It will be a straw that will never fail to save you from drowning.

Olive Randall

Loose Covers

(*Continued from page 57*)

fringe which is amusing and pretty used in combination with modern fabric, in an effective colour contrast.

Quilting is as charming as ever, but lends itself best to furnishing satins, glazed chintzes and the more glamorous fabrics not generally recommended for tough usage, though it should be remembered that quilting adds much to the strength and durability of exotic stuffs.

Whatever choice of fabric you may make for loose covers the final effect will rest chiefly upon the excellence of cut and fit. Most good stores employ cutters of the highest skill for this work and their prices are so reasonable that there can be no good reason for employing inferior workmanship.

The well-made modern loose cover is indistinguishable at sight from the permanent cover. It is tight, unwrinkled and shapely. All fastenings are concealed. Awkward strings and gaping hooks have been replaced by zippers.

Careful selection of design for loose covers does much to change the shape of chairs which, for any reason, are unsuited to their surroundings. Vertical stripes give an impression of added height to a chair that is too dumpy. Old-fashioned wood frames can be hidden from view, a lustrous texture, well-fitted, will enhance the beauty of a shapely chair and make it an object of notable interest in the room.

Splashing florals are at their best against plain backgrounds; small sprig patterns are perfect for cottage effects. There is practically no end to the variety of fabrics that offer themselves for loose covers in the modern scheme.

Felt is a new favourite and comes in rich colours which make up smartly in combination with heavy cord edging or a wide piping.

Striped ticking is original and attractive in the right setting, which should be a simple modern one. For lighter use, in the bedroom or drawing-room the heavier rayon satins are glamorous and practical.

These fabrics wash excellently and have a sturdiness belied by their appearance. Many of them have dull surfaces and can be depended upon for practical service.

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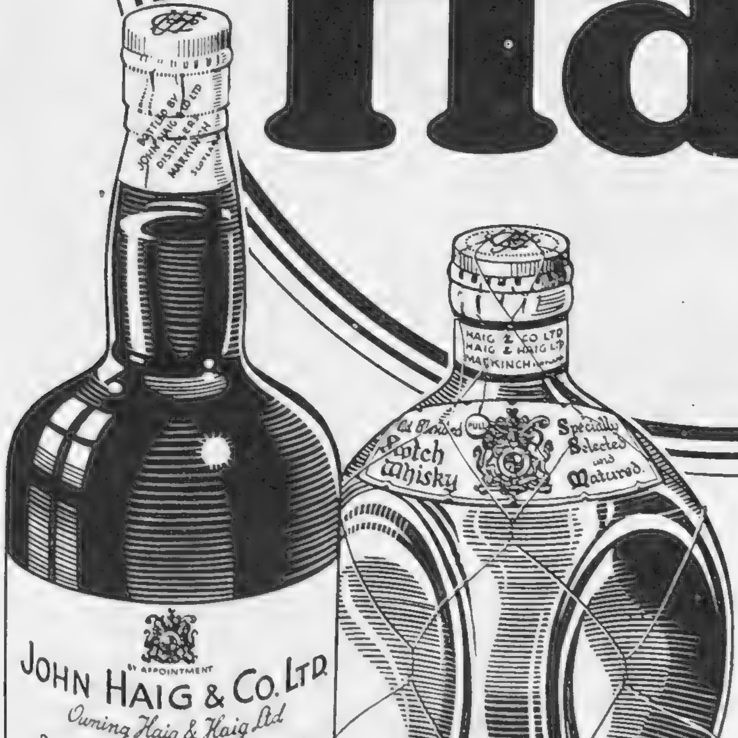
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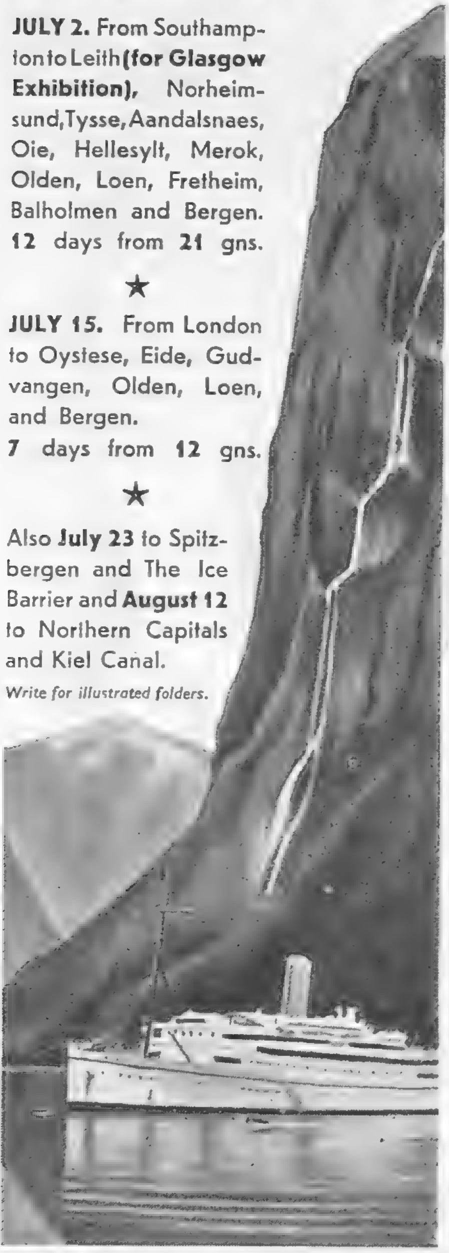

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A Prince of Rogues

(Continued from page 23)

the Venetian authorities, flung out of the Republic territory and ordered to keep out of Germany. Completely destitute they begged their way to Milan disguising themselves as pilgrims to Compostella, so that the pious fed and lodged them freely, supporting themselves thus, Guiseppe and Lorenza, for they shook off the others, tramped from Lodi to Genoa and through the south of France into Spain.

At Barcelona, Guiseppe began painting again and obtained the patronage of the governor-general, who was not unmoved by the sad tale of the poor pilgrims and the melting charms of the angelic Lorenza. His recommendations gained the couple a living in Madrid, where the Duke of Alba employed the wandering artist.

"This is not good enough," said the restless Sicilian, and Lorenza reminded him that he had indeed promised her more than comfort. So they packed up their now substantial baggage and set off for Lisbon, the fair Roman entrusted with a large bag of Brazilian topazes, which was his principal investment.

A little shop was opened for the sale of prints and portraits, but failed to attract customers though Lorenza, deliciously languid with the heat, idled in the doorway with flowers in her hair and the most gossamer of scarves over her white shoulders. She found an admirer, however, in an old merchant who often invited the couple to his little house amid the orange groves, and sent them back to the city loaded with gifts.

"Your diamonds are a long time coming!" she pouted to her husband. "What sort of life is this compared to what you promised me?"

But Balsamo hardly knew what to do; so many countries were closed to him—the police were looking for him in so many quarters. Then one day two fair young men, attracted by Lorenza's business, lounged into the shop. They were wealthy English travellers and the young woman soon sobbed out her tale of poverty to their sympathetic ears.

"Why not try London?" one suggested, pressing his purse into her pretty hand. "The works of Italian artists are in great demand there."

"London!" The word was an inspiration! Were not the English all rich and stupid?

Balsamo sold the bag of topazes and the couple travelled with moderate comfort to London. They lodged in Leadenhall Street and engaged an interpreter, by name Moses Bolibol. Their first adventure was unfortunate; they were deceived by a Jew who claimed to be in the service of the Emperor of Morocco, and who swindled them out of pictures and money. Soon the adventurers were in misery; the Italian colony would have none of them, they had no introductions; they sank to a filthy room in Soho and to living on what Guiseppe could make cheating at cards in the lowest taverns.

"See to what you have brought me!" moaned Lorenza. "We are a long way, indeed, from a diamond necklace and a coach with four horses!" It was, indeed; Guiseppe was soon thrown into prison for debt, but Lorenza's tears at the service in the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy that she piously attended saved the situation. Her distress was noticed by Sir Edward Hales, who paid off the cruel creditors and engaged Balsamo to paint the walls and ceilings at his country house, Hales Place, near Canterbury.

The Sicilian's work was so bad, however, and his manners so impudent that he and his wife were soon turned adrift again.

All their resources were now at an end, and the two adventurers sold what few clothes they still possessed to raise the money for their passage to France. No one could have looked more miserable than the ragged couple, the man sullen, the woman weeping, who embarked at Dover on a chill autumn day, crouching in the hold, clutching a bundle that contained only a few rags and a text book of magic.

It was nearly four years later when two very distinguished-looking foreigners, who had every appearance of wealth, landed at the same port, and hiring a handsome carriage, drove in dashing style to London.

The gentleman, who made a lavish display of Spanish gold pieces, gave his name as the Count Alexandre de Cagliostro, an Italian by birth, and colonel in some unexplained foreign army. The lady, who wore superb jewels to adorn her uncommon charms, was his wife, a Roman, she said, of noble birth; they were accompanied by well-trained servants.

Arriving in London, they set up a handsome establishment in Whitcomb Street, Leicester Fields, where one room was at once set apart for a laboratory, for the Count was extremely interested in chemistry. No one would have recognised in this impressive couple the wretched Guiseppe and Lorenza who had fled the country in disgrace. But—though the details of this period always remained a mystery—Balsamo had done pretty well in Paris and Italy, by fraud and the practice of quackery and magic, and the wretched Sicilian artist had been transformed into the wealthy and elegant Count, whose air of mystery only enhanced his prestige. He soon set to work to improve his income, and gave out that he could predict the numbers of the winning lottery tickets. As both State and private lotteries were very popular, Count Cagliostro found plenty of clients. He had engaged an ex-Jesuit as his interpreter and this man spread his fame throughout the London coffee houses. Oddly enough, the Sicilian's first predictions proved correct. This success attracted a large horde of gamblers and sharpers to Whitcomb Street and enabled the Count to fulfil a long-standing promise—he gave the Countess a superb diamond necklace of sixty-two stones.

The rogues, however, fell out among themselves; Cagliostro was betrayed by the ex-Jesuit and arrested on a charge of receiving and selling stolen goods. His property, including a rose-coloured powder that he valued above his life, he said, was seized and the end of this promising adventure was another hurried departure, stripped of diamonds, magic powder, text book, and many invaluable recipes.

During this visit to London, the Count became a Freemason, joining the Hope Lodge, Gerrard Street, Soho, and greatly impressed the master by his knowledge of the occult sciences. He was now well established in his career, and leaving vulgar frauds alone, concentrated on magic practices. He was able to impose on those who should have known better and obtained large sums in Holland and Germany in return for promises to convert small pearls into large ones, hemp into silk, copper into gold, and brass into silver.

As he travelled rapidly from place to place with a handsome equipage and a lovely wife, he was not suspected until he had disappeared with the money he had collected for his costly and magical practices. He also frequently changed his name, and it was almost impossible to trace his movements. Lorenza had now all the splendour that her husband had promised her. Her own parents would not have recognised the shy Roman girl, in the proud languid beauty who lolled in her satin-lined coach behind four superb horses. Cagliostro became a Rosicrucian and his feigned mystical raptures drew many disciples and rich offerings. He professed to raise spirits, to communicate with the dead, to predict the future. His tricks were sufficiently clever to ensure him a rich harvest in town after town, though there were some ignominious thrashings and chasings by the police at Berlin and Leipzig. On the whole, however, his reputation as a great alchemist and magician steadily increased as he travelled over Europe, as did the number of his dupes and his self-confidence. He had now become heavy and gross, but

(Continued on page 106)

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his huge black eyes retained their brilliance and his neat features their air of serpent's elegance. His impudence was unblushing and there were few who did not tremble before his majestic utterances when he claimed to be the mouthpiece of the angels. He had some knowledge of medicine and effected some cures with simple remedies that the ignorance of his patients claimed as magical. He had also some hypnotic powers and knew how to use the drugs on his dupes so as to produce hallucinations. Altogether, he was extremely successful and his progress became a triumph. He was greatly helped by the innocent, candid air of Lorenza, who gradually assumed the rôle of high priestess at the rituals held by her husband.

By way of Poland, the Count proceeded to Russia, where his alchemical experiments drew the attention of Prince Potemkin, favourite of the Empress Catherine. Hopeful that he had really found a man who could make gold, the Russian kept the Sicilian well fee'd.

Cagliostro also boasted that he could cure an illness of the Tsarina's, but her English doctor was too much for him, and Lorenza suddenly found that the climate was too severe for her and the couple, loaded with spoils, departed hurriedly from St. Petersburg.

After some profitable dealings with some disciples in Germany, the Count went to Strasbourg, where he held a kind of court where he distributed spiritual advice and balms for earthly ills. Here, too, he became intimate with the famous Cardinal de Rohan, a mighty prince of the Church and Bishop of Strasbourg. This personage completely believed in Cagliostro and was even willing to do him reverence as the representative of heavenly powers. As the Cardinal was a man of almost limitless wealth, Guiseppe and Lorenza were soon at the zenith of their astounding fortunes.

Fairy-tale magnificence surrounded these poorly born Italians; they had a splendid house, a crowd of servants in a green and gold livery, a carriage and four horses, while Lorenza dressed always in exquisite taste and now in the full bloom of her beauty, was easily the most beautiful woman in Alsace.

The Count's reputation now blazed; he was credited with miracles, even that of raising the dead, and the warm support given him by the all-powerful Cardinal protected him from the inevitable rage of the jealous and the incredulous. He was the sensation of the day and soon his fame spread to Paris.

Excited and encouraged, Cagliostro founded a new cult, vaguely termed "the Egyptian Rite," and a Count Phœnix installed himself as the priest or "Grand Coptte." Going to Paris with a crowd of wealthy and influential followers ready to support him, Cagliostro opened a temple of mysteries, rather uncertainly under the cloak of freemasonry, but definitely under the patronage of some of the most powerful and highly placed nobles, including a royal prince, the Duc de Chartres. Lorenza, now known as Seráfina, ruled over a female temple or lodge, where she presided over a very efficient staff and appeared in the guise of a priestess or goddess, clad in white and blue, seated on a throne, under a canopy.

The whole audacious imposture was very well stage-managed and though it cost a good deal to run the profits were enormous. For the whole of Paris seemed bewitched. The adventurer's claims to angelic attendants and vast supernatural powers was allowed as freely as his assertions that he could cure all diseases and predict the future. The credulity and generosity of the Cardinal de Rohan remained unbounded.

At forty-two years of age the charlatan found himself in a position that few men have achieved either by genius or hard work. There were soon no limits either to his pretensions or his insolence, while his wife, wrapt up in her part, almost (perhaps quite) persuaded herself that she was of heavenly origin, as she sat on her starry throne with great ladies kneeling at her feet.

This dazzling good fortune, however, was interrupted by a piece of bad luck. Cardinal de Rohan, misled by the infamous Jeanne de Valois, became involved in the intricate "Queen's necklace" scandal, and Cagliostro was accused of engineering the trick that, boldly, was to induce the court jewellers to part with a diamond "*rivière*" of almost fabulous value, on the lie that Marie Antoinette had agreed to accept it as a secret present from the cardinal, who was infatuated with her, though she had never spoken to him save before the whole court. When this horrible tissue of slanders and lies was exposed, Cagliostro and his wife were sent to the Bastille, under suspicion of having received the diamonds and sent them to a fence in London.

This misfortune, however, only increased the fervour of their disciples, some of whom were powerful enough to secure their release. The chief of police warned them, however, to leave France.

Cagliostro went for the third time to London and had the impudence to sue the French Government for £20,000, for damages and lost property consequent on his arrest. The English turned a cold eye on him, and his sole disciples were the French enthusiasts who crossed the Channel to consult him. Lorenza, forced to pawn her finery and to make economies, became peevish; Guiseppe gave vent to thunderous rages and indulged in a violent, costly and useless pamphlet warfare with his enemies—by now he had a fair number of them. A visit to London by the French police demanding if Count Cagliostro was not the same person as the rogue Guiseppe Balsamo, caused the adventurer to decamp hastily to the house of a devoted dupe, Madame Sarasin, in Basle.

But the magician's star was waning, quarrels upset his old followers, new ones were hard to find; Lorenza, robbed of her ease and luxuries, became rebellious. Besides, the Church of Rome had begun to harass the Count with his mysterious, perhaps blasphemous claims, and he was summoned to Rome. He decided to go, for he used to obtain the Papal authorisation for his lodge. Lorenza was delighted with the prospect of seeing her native town again and the two set out for Rome with renewed hope.

No sooner had they arrived in the Papal city than the Holy Inquisition struck. The couple were arrested on a charge of heresy and "offences against the Common Law," and lodged in the Castel del' Angelo. The General Assembly of the Holy Office tried and convicted Cagliostro of a good many crimes and ordered him to be sent to the prison of San Leo, a lonely fortress, for life.

Lorenza, desperately penitent and hysterically submissive, was sent to a convent. This mercy was largely purchased by the information she had treacherously laid against her husband. San Leo, high up in the Apennines, was termed "a prison in the sky"; Guiseppe Balsamo entered it, a man frenzied by despair. At first he was repentant, then defiant, then he became frantic and roared blasphemies. His one occupation was painting the walls of his cell—where his jailer found him dead from a stroke two years after his arrival at San Leo.

The priest who wrote the charlatan's death certificate was charitable in his description of Guiseppe Balsamo's career: Born misfortunate, lived an unfortunate life, and died the most unfortunate of deaths.

Lorenza made the most charming of penitents, and in the tranquility of the convent appeared to regret neither her lost glories nor her remarkable husband.

END

Let Ranee read your Character from your Handwriting

—*See announcement on page 148*

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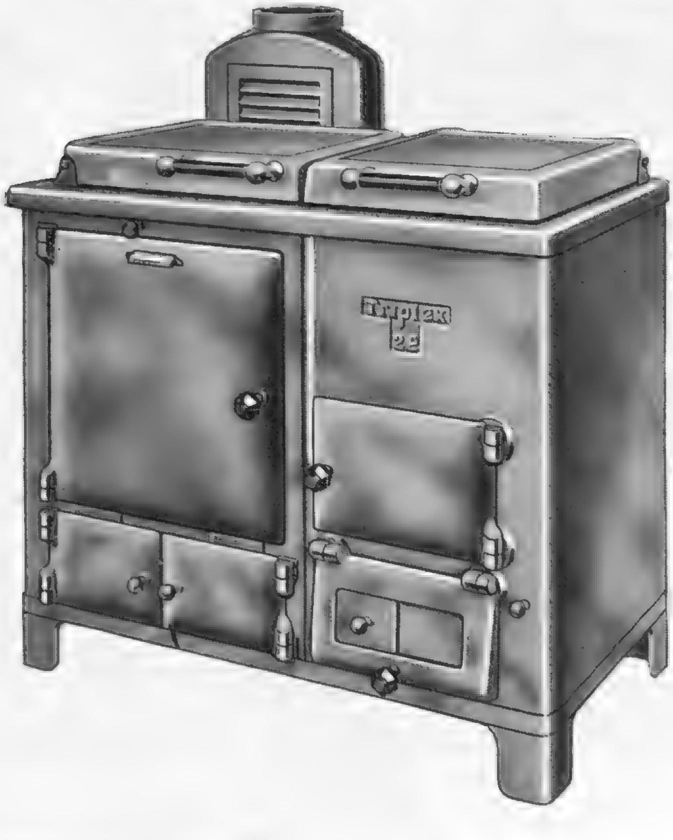

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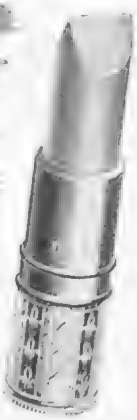

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Books

(Continued from page 30)

To take them in more or less chronological order, we come first to Audrey Lucas's new novel *Old Motley*, which Collins & Co. publish at 8s. 6d.

This is a story of the theatrical life of the period and tells of young Charles Baron who broke with all the traditions of his Quaker family to go on the stage.

His early struggles and his progress which culminates in his appearance at Covent Garden as Romeo would have been of commanding interest even had they been written by a lesser author, but when Audrey Lucas brings to the story her delightful gift of varied characterisation, the result is a novel of enthralling quality.

Next we come to a Victorian biography in *Queen Victoria's John Brown*, the life-story of the most remarkable Royal servant in British history.

Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall has made an excellent job of this biography of the uncouth Highland gillie who was the queen's virtual dictator.

More than anything else, it was the bland self-assurance of John Brown which makes him such entertaining reading.

Remembering the awe in which most of Queen Victoria's associates held her, John Brown's frequent references to "I and the Queen" are symptomatic of his entire indifference to her status!

The influence which this amazing man exerted over England's stubborn queen was oft-times reflected in a sudden change of regal policy and some of his contemporaries even went so far as to suggest that John Brown was secretly directing the affairs of the nation. In fact, it was even rumoured that Queen Victoria had married him!

Certainly it is true that immediately after his death his private diaries were impounded by Lord Ponsonby and later burned, under Royal instructions.

After the death of the queen numerous busts of John Brown in the Royal palaces were smashed, and a cairn erected to his memory was mysteriously torn down.

This book is published by Stanley Paul at 10s. 6d. and contains twenty-five illustrations.

Third and last of the nineteenth-century books of the month comes *Society Sensations*, by Horace Wyndham (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.), which also abounds with illustrations.

As the name of this volume implies, its revelations are calculated to make the whispers and chignons of our mid-Victorian grandparents quiver, for here are chronicled accounts of "goings-on" which, at the date of their happenings, thrilled and fluttered all Society.

To-day, these sensations are perhaps even more entertaining to read than they were when first revealed, for in this book each story, now recounted in its entirety, is most wittily related by Mr. Wyndham's experienced hand.

ANOTHER book in this month's batch which enjoys the distinction of a titillating title is Faith Compton Mackenzie's autobiography *As Much as I Dare*, published by Collins at 12s. 6d.

Photographs of the Compton Mackenzies at various ages and of their various friends and relations besprinkle the pages of this lively narrative.

If more autobiographers had associated with as many interesting people and could set down their memories with as interesting a turn of expression as this author, the art of autobiography, which of recent years has depreciated noticeably, would swiftly become rehabilitated.

This book has a wider motif, however, than that of autobiography, for the personality of Compton Mackenzie stands out in relief against the background of personal reminiscences which his wife contrives with such engaging artistry.

ROBERT GRAVES, whose *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God* were so instantly successful, enjoys the distinction of having his latest book, *Count Belisarius*, chosen by the Book Society.

Cassell & Co. publish this lengthy novel at 8s. 6d. and I predict for it at least as great a triumph as its predecessors enjoyed.

It deals with the thousand-years' gap between the reign of Nero and the Norman Conquest—a period of the World's history about which the average man is abyssmally ignorant notwithstanding the fact that it was a period charged with high excitement and events the repercussions of which still affect each one of us.

This book makes enthralling reading and I recommend it particularly to those who think that the speed at which our lives are led to-day results from having been born into an age of machinery.

By way of contrast let us turn for a moment to Dennis Wheatley's latest criminal dossier *The Mallinsay Massacre* (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.).

The hundreds of thousands of readers who avidly devoured *Murder off Miami* and *Who Killed Robert Prentice?* will welcome this new thriller in its unique but now familiar guise of a Scotland Yard folder, complete with facsimile letters, telegrams, photographs and real clues in little envelopes.

The present mystery which was planned by J. G. Links is just as ingenious as those which preceeded it and *The Malinsay Massacre* can thoroughly be recommended to test to the full the powers of the most perspicacious amateur detective.

FOR thoughtful readers of a different calibre there is, this month, a highly important book by Sir Philip Gibbs entitled *Across the Frontiers* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

With intimate knowledge of the European peoples he reveals their minds and their secrets as he has listened to them in quiet rooms of many cities. One hears in his pages the voices of Europe.

There are many passionate problems in this highly-informed account of the world of to-day, not the least of which is the tragic problem of the Jewish race in a new era of persecution with which the author deals in candour and sympathy.

Another is the decline of Christian idealism, resulting in a fashionable scorn of mercy and chivalry. Yet another is the retreat of Democracy before the driving efficiency of autocratic powers.

One of the most interesting chapters in this absorbing book is that which tells the story of the League of Nations and its failure to fulfil the hopes of the idealists, with their faith in a code of justice and collective security.

Grim though some of his story is, the author is not sunk in pessimism. On the contrary, he believes that the rulers of Europe are becoming fearful of the present drift to no-man's-land, and are anxious to ease the tension and their own appalling risks.

No-one of our time has a more comprehensive knowledge of the problems of the world to-day than Sir Philip Gibbs, and I venture to say that no-one could have discussed them at once more open-mindedly and more constructively.

This book is of vital importance to those interested in impending developments in the international situation and is one which will reward richly the concentrated attention of the reader.

A lighter and more "bed-sidey" volume is *Orange Blossoms*, by Joseph Shearing (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), a delightful collection of short stories, from the pen of the author of *Forget Me Not*, *Moss Rose*, *The Golden Violet* and other successful novels.

The title story of the present book tells how a bride on her wedding evening in a Paris hotel deals with a woman who is blackmailing her husband.

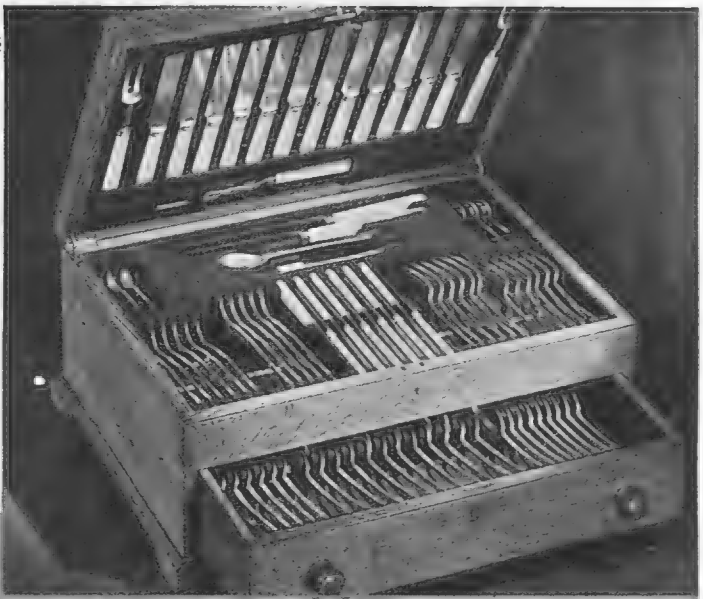
There are other stories in sinister or ironic vein, but the reader will find that Joseph Shearing can strike many other notes besides the sombre.

For instance, apart from murder stories such as

(Continued on page 110)

By Appointment to
His late Majesty
King George V.

for Finer Spoons & Forks



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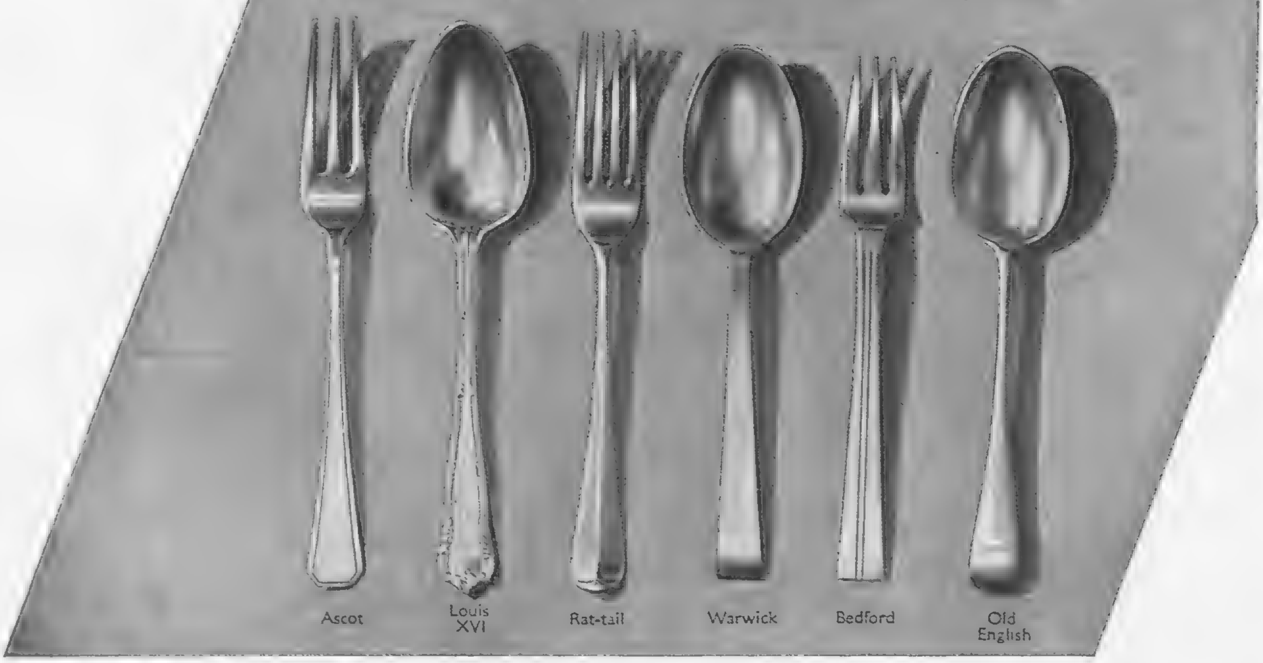

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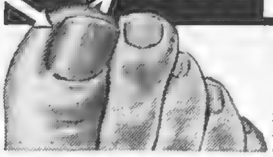

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Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

Love in a Mist and *She Knew What To Do*, there are three delicious comedy sketches, also some unusual studies of childhood and an adventure into the occult as well as an original foreword and epilogue.

A Ship of the Line, by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.) is a stirring novel of sea-faring in the days of George IV. It tells in vivid style of the maritime adventures of Captain Horatio Hornblower, aboard his ship the *Sutherland* (of two decks), not overlooking certain more tender moments in the life of this courageous sea-dog.

One feels upon turning the last page of this novel, "Here was a story of *Men* written for Men" and yet, I'll wager the ladies will thrill to it also.

On the principle of "the first shall be last," I have saved until the end this month the most important book of all.

This is the biography of one of Britain's greatest judges and wits and one of her most discriminating *littérateurs*—the late Lord Darling.

It was Lord Darling himself who chose the well-known barrister-author Derek Walker-Smith to write this official biography and readers will agree that no happier choice could have been made.

In *The Life of Lord Darling*, which Cassells publish at 18s. net, we see the subject of this fascinating book as a young barrister, as Queen's Counsel, as a brilliant M.P. in the spacious days of Gladstone, Chamberlain and Balfour, and then follow, as from the Bench, the famous cases of thirty years—murderers, traitors, swindlers; society scandals and *causes célèbres*.

The trials over which Lord Darling presided in his long term of judicial office hold up the mirror to life in all its diversity and in this book may be found authentic accounts of the cases of, among others, Horatio Bottomley; Steinie Morrison; Lord Alfred Douglas; the Suffragettes; Pemberton Billing; Bob Sievier and such murderers as Armstrong, Bywaters and Thompson and the bearded Frenchman Vaquier.

I conceive it as one of the few pleasurable duties imposed by intelligent society to read this highly interesting biography.

IN a month which has produced a spate of exceptionally interesting new books, the space at my disposal permits of my dealing in any particularised way with only a dozen, but the following eight new volumes are also recommended as being of outstanding quality:

The Grey Diplomatists, by Lt.-Comdr. Kenneth Edwards, R.N. (Rich & Cowan, 15s.).

The Three Ladies Waldegrave and Their Mother, by Violet Biddulph (Peter Davies, 15s.).

Limelight, by George Mozart (Hurst & Blacket, 18s.).

Madeleine de Scudery, by Dorothy McDougall (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

Fool's Melody, Anonymous (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.).

Dreamlight, by F. E. Mills Young (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.).

Appointment with Death, by Agatha Christie (Collins, 7s. 6d.).

Rose and Sylvie, by Ethel Mannin (Jarrold 8s. 6d.).

END

Cooking With Wine

(*Continued from page 68*)

Garnish the fillets of sole with a few slices of mushrooms fried in butter and pour over the sauce again through a strainer.

Tournedos à l'espagnole

Four beef tournedos (little rounds cut from the fillet), New Zealand butter, salt, pepper, a few seedless raisins, a port-glassful of sherry, flour.

Have your tournedos well trimmed of all fat and tied round with a piece of string and cook these in butter at the foaming stage turning them over to brown both sides. They should not be cooked too much, two or three minutes each side being sufficient. Remove and keep them hot in the serving dish. Put a small handful of seedless raisins in boiling water to soak and keep hot.

Now in the pan in which you have cooked the tournedos will be some quite good juices which form the basis of your sauce. Scrape the sides of the pan to collect these juices, sprinkle with a little flour, salt and pepper, and add a port-glassful of boiling water and the glass of sherry

Stir well while this simmers until about a third of the liquid has evaporated then pass through a strainer into a clean saucepan.

Add the raisins, thoroughly drained, stir well and pour over the tournedos in the serving dish, having first removed the strings.

Sauce Madère

Two or three streaky rashers, tomato purée, salt, pepper, two tomatoes, shallots, *bouquet* of herbs, two port-glasses of madeira or sherry.

Cut the rashers into small cubes and melt them in a small saucepan. Add a tablespoonful of tomato purée, also two fresh tomatoes cut up roughly, the herbs, two chopped shallots, salt and pepper. Cook for a minute or two, and then add the wine, stirring well.

Simmer for about a quarter of an hour. Then pass through a fine strainer (squashing everything well so that all the juices are extracted) into a clean saucepan to be kept hot. This useful sauce can be used with fillet of beef, with kidneys and so on.

NOTE: Remember that there should never be a taste of *raw* wine in a dish or sauce; if you see a recipe which says "Put in some wine and serve," it is a bad one. The wine is there to give body and flavour to a finished dish, but its own particular flavour should be indistinguishable at the end.

Sauce Zabaliogne

For three or four people: three egg yolks, two ounces of castor sugar, a port-glassful of marsala.

Put the egg yolks, sugar and wine together in a bowl and stand this over a saucepan containing boiling water. Beat with a whip all the time until you have a sauce which is frothy and yet of thick cream consistency. Serve in custard glasses with sweet biscuits or as a sauce with sweets like fritters.

END

Salads

(*Continued from page 69*)

Tropical Salad

Half a grapefruit.
Two bananas.
Four tomatoes, chopped onion.
Salad cream.

Remove the sections from half a grapefruit, leaving the skin behind, and cut the sections in two or three. Put them in a bowl with the bananas peeled and scraped and cut in slices or small cubes, and the tomatoes peeled and "de-pipped." Dress with Heinz Salad Cream and sprinkle with very finely-chopped onion.

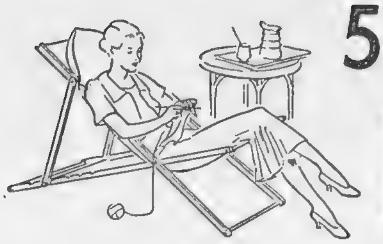
Salad Opéra

Asparagus tips.
Green peas, lettuce.

This is a simple but rather luxurious little affair and is best served with a plain oil and vinegar dressing handed separately in a sauce boat.

The asparagus tips are cooked, tied in little bundles and the peas cooked without mint. Serve on individual salad plates with the peas and tips arranged on a bed of lettuce.

END



5 in the 'Regulo' triangle and

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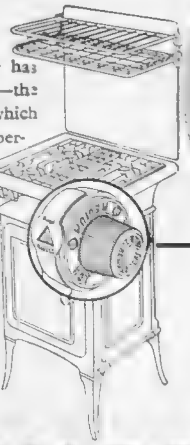

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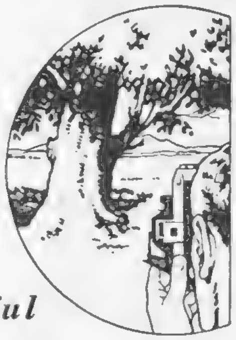

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Labels

(Continued from page 31)

There the weather changed, just like the transformation scene in the old-fashioned pantomime, but reversed. The blue sky became a black sky. It became cold. It poured with rain, and then the rain turned to hail. It thundered loudly and lightning darted about us like demons' forks. Mr. Eden and I smiled wanly at one another. I think we were both about as pale as the table cloths. I looked across at my wife and asked: "Are you frightened?" She said: "No," so I went to sit beside her, because I was frightened.

Here is a little blue and white label from the Hotel Machin in Geneva. How often have I stayed at this hotel; what memories this little piece of paper brings back to me. The days when hope ran high in the city beside Lake Leman. I recall the great spacious days when we were about to disarm the world. I recall Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sir John Simon, and many others, who have made impassioned speeches, just as I recall at the moment Mr. Ramsay Macdonald addressing the assembly. Little Doctor Dollfuss making such a marvellous speech that even the German delegation broke into applause before it remembered it should not. Here is the Liberian President making a dramatic entrance, but best of all I remember Sir Austen Chamberlain in tears when, despite everything he did, all that he thought to do, Brazil blocked the entrance of Germany to the Council Chamber. How far away all that is. To-day we do not even remember the names of Doctor Gustav Stresemann and Doctor Luther, but I remember them; I recall them sitting in their hotel sitting-room with earphones to their ears, listening to the speeches made in the Assembly, the Assembly which was to welcome them into the League. Then one other dramatic occasion comes to my mind: Brazil, or rather the delegate, walking out of the Council room and slamming the door behind him. How dramatic, how marvellous, how stupid.

Here is an oblong label. It is a picture of a pagoda, something like what we used to see in our picture books when we lived in a nursery. It is the luggage label of a hotel in Kobe. What do I best remember of Kobe? Certainly not the factories or the taxi cabs which drive right and left and in the middle as well; what I remember best in Kobe is a frail old, old man, an Englishman; I sat with him for hours, spell-bound by the stories he told of Japan long ago. For sixty years, I think a little more, he had lived in Kobe. He promised to write to me and I promised to write to him. I sailed away and when I reached Hong-Kong I read that the old man had died, died two hours after I left.

The Hotel Wasistdas of Praha, is not picturesque. Its label is a little abrupt. Praha you know better as Prague, the capital of Bohemia. Do you remember:

> Those who I pity
> Who know not the city,
> The beautiful city of Prague.

That, of course, was an entirely different Bohemia, that was the Bohemia of the Left Bank. The Prague I know is a much more serious place, very serious indeed is it now. Despite all its architectural beauty, its lovely bridges and its background of quiet, almost spiritual quiet, Prague is plagued by fear.

My eye is caught by the gay little red and white label, the advertisement of the Hotel Spumonte of Rome, headquarters of another dictator. Oh yes, I know the Pincio Gardens and the Forum, and all the rest of it, but as I look at that label, I remember coming into a room in this very hotel and finding that my luggage had been ransacked. I hope a good time was had by all the hired help.

And here is the label of a Shanghai hotel, and that brings a rather sad memory. Not that my memories of the hotel itself or Shanghai are sad, very much the contrary. It is the label which makes me sad, because the hotel is no more. It has been bombed, and bombed, until, so I learn, there is nothing left but debris.

I wonder how Bubbling Well Walk is to-day; I wonder what has become of all those beautiful Russian ladies being taken to tea in swift-moving rickshaws. I wonder and I wonder. Particularly do I wonder about these Russians, because they have been driven from pillar to post. The very Russians I mentioned in Constantinople had to go and thousands of them went to Shanghai. Now, I wonder where they have gone to.

Labels, just labels. Here is a half-obliterated one. I almost overlooked it. It is the paste-board of one of the two hotels in Sofia. What a funny little capital of the Balkans. What extraordinary times I have had there, the revolutions I have seen. Just a little label.

My pipe has gone out, and now I also must go out. Hullo, little bag, hail, but not farewell. I shall be needing you again very shortly. Perhaps a little space is left for a few more labels, and a few more memories to come.

END

The Escape

(Continued from page 21)

foolish. And he thinks he's in love with her."

"That won't hurt him," Gullio smiled.

"If it ended there. But he's talking a lot of nonsense about her never having had a chance and being *essentially* a pure woman. You can't argue with damn foolishness like that. And if anything goes wrong his father will blame me."

"She goes from here to Batavia . . . it is not far," said Gullio warningly.

Ashden was far more worried than he had admitted to Gullio. As he saw it, the woman had bewitched the boy. To fall in love was in the ordinary nature of things, but to think for a moment of marrying her was calamitous.

They met at lunch and after desultory talk of office work, the elder man plunged into the matter between them. "Look here, Peter, I've been thinking things over. I think it my duty to cable to your father."

"Then do your duty," said Peter Warley with that peculiar stubbornness which Ashden couldn't understand. "I've already written to him. It's silly to hold you responsible for my conduct. I'm of age. . . ."

"In years, Peter, that's about all. I've told you what I think about this dancer!"

"So, for heaven's sake, don't start it all again," Peter put in rudely. "Why make a tragedy of it? Even if her past is all you say it is, I'm concerned with her future."

"But she will be Lady Warley!"

"Why not? Are all the holders of these absurd titles so very much better than she has been? Hang it all, many of them do from *choice* what she has been forced to do."

"I know," said Ashden wearily. "But think of your mother and your sisters. What will they think? There may be coloured blood in her!"

"They won't know. She will come to them as a stranger—an American girl I met in Java. They'll probably like her. But in any case they're not marrying her . . . I am."

"What time are you meeting Jones, by the way?" Ashden asked, changing the subject.

"Two o'clock."

"His department is important and in his own line he's an expert."

"Good!"

At a few minutes after the hour Warley had mentioned, Ashden alighted from his car at Grote's Hotel.

"I want to see Miss Lorrimer," he told the Japanese in the bar.

(Continued on page 114)

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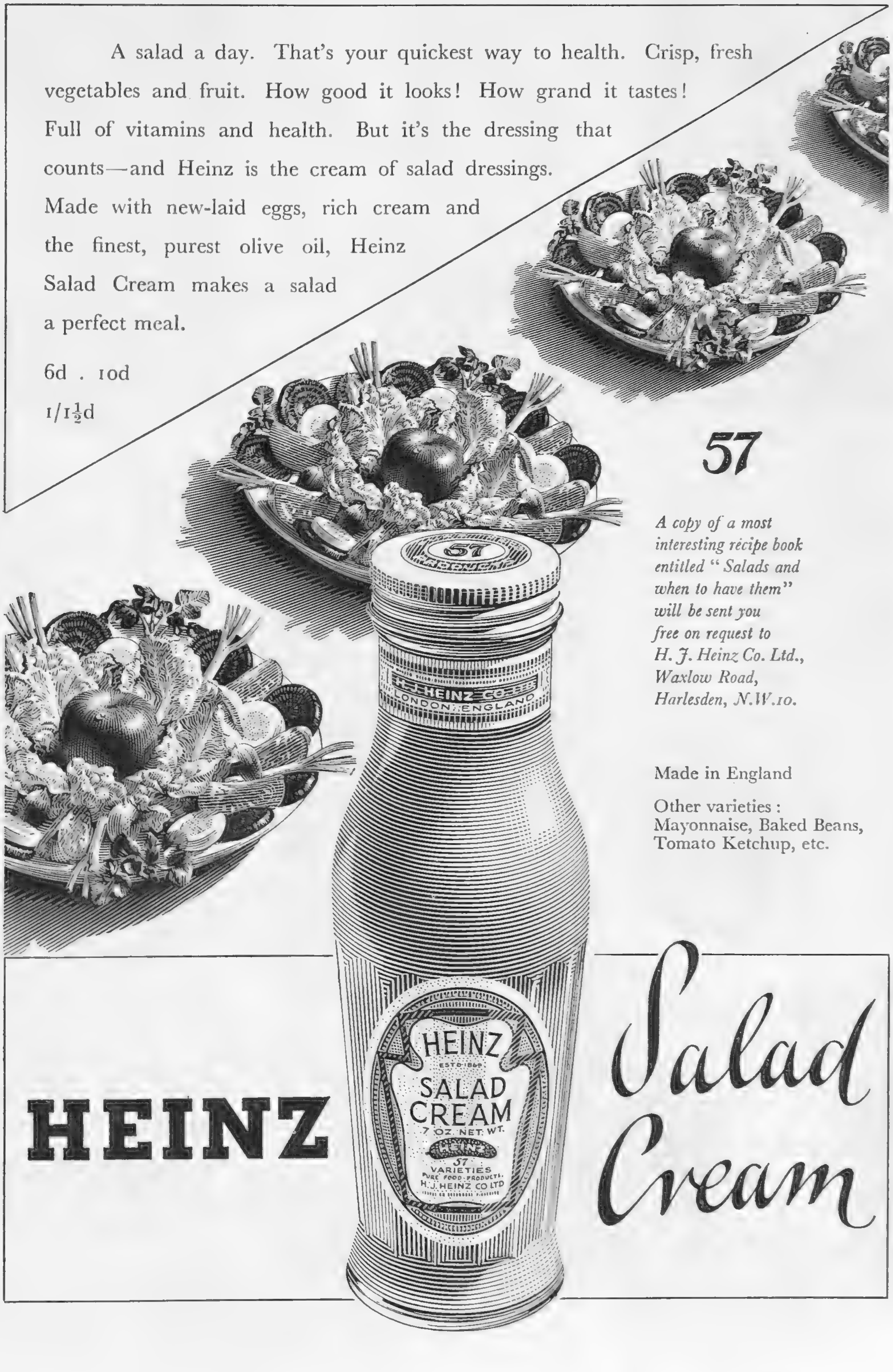
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"Sure! Number seven, first floor. She's in, okay."

Sadie herself answered his knock. "What do you want?" she asked coldly.

"I rather wanted a word with you, Sadie, about Peter."

"Well . . . here I am."

He followed her into the room. "It's cooler on the balcony," she said.

"I understand that Peter has asked you to marry him," he said, without preamble.

"That's so, Mr. Ashden. And you're very upset about it, I suppose?"

"You're a woman of the world, Sadie. This boy—he's only a boy, after all—will one day occupy a great position."

"His father's a millionaire, I hear," she said calmly.

"Well . . . he's a wealthy man. But he's quite capable of cutting Peter off with nothing."

"He can't. There's—what you call it?—the title. That must come to Peter, he says."

"And a lot of use it would be without any money!"

"I knew all this, Mr. Ashden. What is it you want to tell me?"

"You're fond of the kid?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, frankly, Sadie, are you, after the life you have led, a fit wife for him?"

"I'm very fit, as a matter of fact," she said with a hard laugh.

"I've come here because I'm fond of him."

"You've come here because you've got the wind-up that you'll be blamed for this affair with me."

"Then you see how his people will view the . . . affair?"

"I don't give a damn what his people think!"

"You'll have to live among them. You've caught him drunk with the glamour of a new world. If you marry him, he'll sober up and see things as they are. You're four years or so older than he is, remember. What'll you do when he turns against you? When he reminds you of where he found you?"

"But until he does 'sober up' I may be happy. I've never been happy yet. This is my chance! It's the only chance I've ever had."

"And to seize it, you sacrifice him? You're not a fool. What will be the end of it? It isn't a romantic love affair. Damn it all, Sadie, it's kidnapping!"

"You think it would hurt him? I don't give two hoots for you or his people. I like him, though. He's been decent and kind."

"I know. And is it fair to take advantage of his kindness? That's what you're doing, Sadie."

"He's the first man in years to treat me decently. What's wrong with me? He said the past was the past, that it didn't matter what I'd been. . . ."

"He said it. But you knew it was a lie. Look here, Sadie, I want to be reasonable. His father's a wealthy man and I'm certain that you won't lose by doing the decent thing. But this talk of marriage is absurd. It's no use your pretending with me."

"I'm not pretending with you. About his father, do you mean money?"

"Within reason, of course," he temporised.

She shook her head. "Cut it out," she said. "I'm not after his money. I . . . I know it sounds silly coming from me, but I love him. Love!" she added with a bitterness that startled him. "I've learnt to hate what you men call love . . . but this is different. You *do* see that, don't you?"

"If you love him, Sadie, you'll think twice before you wreck his life by marrying him."

"But why should it wreck his life?" she cried.

"Work it out for yourself, my dear. You know what you've been. And what you are."

"I'm not bad at bottom," she said quietly. "Or I should marry him in spite of the whole damn lot of you. And I *could*."

"I know that, Sadie. That's why I came to you. You're not the ordinary gold-digger."

"But what can I do?" she cried.

"Clear out. You open at Batavia next Monday?"

"And after that somewhere else," she cried wildly. "This is a way out of it all. And you want me to let it go!"

"It's tough luck. But you *can't* marry him, Sadie."

"He loves me," she said despairingly.

"It doesn't last in a kid like Peter. He's mainly sorry for you and he's chock full of romantic nonsense. He's twenty-three and you . . ."

"Get out of it!" she cried suddenly. "Leave me alone!"

THAT night Peter Warley was at the café. Ashden was with him. There was no sign of Sadie, however, until it was time for her turn. As she came in Ashden noticed that her eyes were unnaturally bright. She seemed excited; she might have been a little drunk, he thought.

"Are you all right?" Peter asked when she paused at their table.

"Never better!" she said. "See you presently."

She danced that night with an abandon which puzzled Ashden and her song was new. The way she put it over deepened its all-too-obvious meaning and Peter Warley listened with a grim look on his face. Ashden watched him; and suddenly realised that Sadie was cold sober, that she had a deliberate end in view.

The place was crowded and cheered her turn enthusiastically.

Her make-up was still on when she came to their table.

"What'll you drink, Sadie?" Ashden asked.

"Brandy. A large one."

"I think you've had enough, Sadie," Peter said.

"Come on, let's dance," she said as the orchestra began. She grabbed the reluctant Peter and Ashden like most of the men there watched them.

"Hold me tightly, Peter!" she whispered.

As they passed the door leading to the deserted veranda in front of the café, he swung her through it.

"No!" she cried. "I want to dance."

"Let's stay here for a while. It's cooler. Sit here," he went on. "Now tell me what the devil you mean by it all?"

She laughed.

"Don't do that," he said quietly. "You've been trying to make me angry. Why?"

She was silent.

"Tell me, Sadie," he said gently.

"Peter, I'm not going to marry you," she said, desperately.

"Why not?"

"It isn't fair. You're only a child."

"Nonsense."

"I don't want to marry you."

"That isn't true."

"It is . . . now. Come back to the hotel with me . . . now. I love you. I want you."

"I know you do. As I love you. And I'm damned if you're going to spoil things."

"I'm sorry, Peter," she said and he knew that she was crying.

"I shall come to Batavia with you on Sunday morning. We'll be married there."

"No . . . if you won't come with me let's dance, Peter. I can't sit still to-night."

"I shall come for you to-morrow and take you down to the harbour. I shan't stay here any longer to-night. I loathe the place!"

"Peter!" she cried. "I love you!"

"Why don't you go home as well?"

"I can't. I must stop until it closes."

"Cut it out! Let's go to Batavia in the morning!" he urged.

"No. I must go back. But take me to the harbour to-morrow, Peter!"

A PORTUGUESE who owned a motor boat took them the next afternoon to the rock known as Bouru Island, just outside the harbour. He was to return for them at six o'clock. Sadie had been there before and took Peter over the rocks to a tiny beach. It was high-water and a small patch of silver sand alone remained, but it was in the shade of the island. The (*Continued on page 116*)

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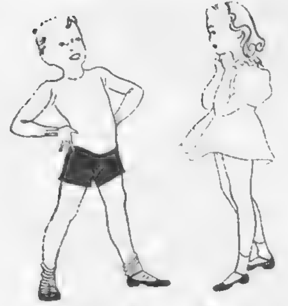

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green sea almost licked their shoes as they sat there.

"What a marvellous spot," Peter said.

She nodded as she lit a cigarette. "Don't talk!" she said. "Put your arm round me."

They were utterly alone on that barren islet. The tide was turning; gradually the patch of sand where they sat grew larger. As the shadow of the rock lengthened he became drowsy and for a while she sat up by his side watching him.

He opened his eyes as she bent down to kiss him.

"Peter!" she said. The word was a whisper and instinctively he took her in his arms.

SIX o'clock and the chugging motor boat came. Neither spoke as it worried its way back into harbour.

"You'll come to-night?" she asked. "I want you to."

"I hate the place, but if you want me to, I will," he said.

"Smile, Peter!" she said as they parted. "Don't be so serious. It isn't worth it. *I'm* not worth it."

"I want to get you out of it all!" he cried.

"I know you do. But you can't. But come to-night!"

She left him standing on the steps of her hotel.

Ashden, nervous and fussy, was with him at the café. Sadie was much quieter than she had been the previous evening.

"I'm not on to-night until later," she said. "I want to dance with you, Peter."

Ashden watched them. He had noticed that she was drinking soda-water.

"I asked them to play that," she said as the orchestra started up an old-fashioned waltz. "Come on, Peter."

She emptied her glass as she rose from the table.

"Hold me tighter, Peter," she said a moment later and Ashden wondered at the startled look on Warley's face.

Suddenly she stumbled and would have fallen if Warley had not grasped her.

"She's fainted," Peter said, as he reached his table.

"No. She's ill. Better get her to the hospital," Ashden insisted.

Once she opened her eyes and something in them told Peter the truth. She smiled as a little shiver passed through her—a sigh, perhaps—and she was dead.

Warley carried her into a room behind the bar and presently one of the doctors from the Dutch hospital arrived.

"Syncope," he announced, after a casual examination. Only Ashden had noticed her glass on the table. The dregs of soda water it still contained had turned a dull brownish colour. He squirted a little more soda into it and pitched it under the table.

"Syncope," the doctor had diagnosed and Ashden was prepared to leave it at that.

END

The Steward's Name was Jones

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Oh, Lord," he murmured reverently, "can't they do anything with the white man's burden except set it all down on the shoulders of poor little Jones?"

"Pouf!" Jule's fingers snapped. "You know you're loving this."

"I know it will cost me my job," wailed Jones.

"Then we'll be jobless together. Jule and Jones . . . sounds like a team."

"Despite its alliterative sound, it's a combination formed in a nut factory. But—so be it! You can stay here for the present." He assumed the cloak of his stewardship and inquired deferentially: "And what time will madam breakfast?"

"Oh, early. And Jones"—Jule Shepardson's hand fell lightly on his arm—"you're a lamb."

"Quite so," said Jones. "And heading straight for the slaughter."

"Think nothing of it. It's in a good cause. Oh, another thing. Don't for heaven's sake let the Gallehers know I'm aboard."

"My gosh," ejaculated Jones, "as if I would advertise my perfidy!"

"I knew," said Jule softly, "that I could count on you."

She gave him a look that would have taken Gibraltar and all the Jones gallantry flooded to the surface.

"Unto Bermuda and beyond," he said handsomely. "See you later."

MISS GENIA LA VARRE, in cabin number forty-six, was tall, blonde, svelte, imperious. She lit into Jones with all four feet.

"See here, steward," she said icily, "I've been trying to get you for almost an hour."

"I'm sorry, madam," Jones told her suavely, "there's has been a slight upset condition today."

"Well, now you're here," grumbled Miss La Varre, "I can do with some service. Because I don't intend to leave this cabin during the entire voyage. The very thought of the sea makes me ill."

Jones looked at her coolly. She was hard-eyed, ultra-sophisticated.

"I would suggest," he said, with notable formality, "that you rely on Miss Blaneworthy, the stewardess She'll make you more comfortable than I can."

"When I want suggestions from you, steward," Miss La Varre informed him, "I'll ask for them."

That disposed of Jones, who then answered a call to cabin number forty. The occupant, Mr. Garth Jarvis, was in a bad frame of mind.

Mr. Jarvis was about twenty-seven, black-haired, sleek, with shifty dark eyes. The eyes shifted now as he fairly bristled at Jones.

"You're the fellow I had last trip," he snapped. "You were rotten then and you're rottener now. Where the devil have you been?"

"Engaged," said Jones shortly. He didn't like Garth Jarvis for sour apples, merely from what he knew about him. An idle young wastrel of the smart set. Divorced once and now separated from his second wife. Too much money and nothing to do. A *habitué* of Bermuda with none too good a reputation.

"Well," Jarvis said now, "see that you step livelier next time."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, and contrived to make it sound like a slur.

Later he managed to serve Jule Shepardson with an excellent dinner. Miss Shepardson was duly appreciative.

"Jones," she said, "you're a wonder. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Neither do I," said Jones, grinning at her.

"I'd go up on deck," Jule said, "if it weren't for running into the Gallehers. It seems a shame to spend the whole evening in this cabin."

"You don't have to," said Jones. "I had it from the estimable Miss Blaneworthy that the Gallehers have retired. Both a little the worse for wear."

Jule's eyes lighted. "Oh, good!"

"You're a heartless woman," said Jones.

That night, strangely enough, Jones was on duty in the smoking-room. Just why he should be bar-stewarding, as well as attending doubtfully to the welfare of cabins, was not clear. But there he was, serving the patronage dutifully and, when not doing that, mooning vacantly about the bar.

At nine-thirty Jule Shepardson came in escorted by Mr. Garth Jarvis. With them was a nondescript couple. They sat down at a corner table and Jarvis beckoned imperiously for Jones.

"Four Scotch and sodas," he ordered, "and don't be all night."

By the time Jones (*Continued on page 118*)

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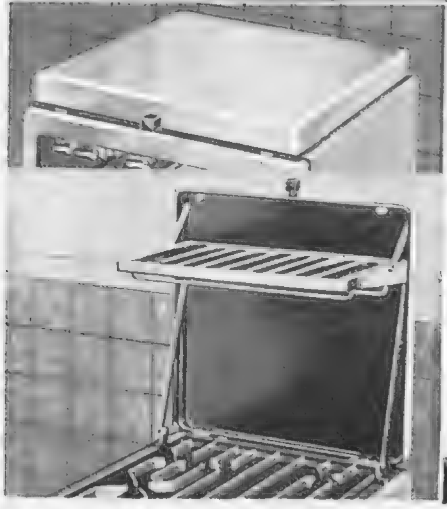

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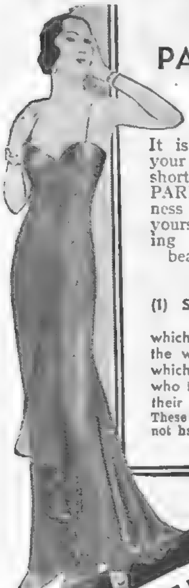

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got back with the drinks a bridge game was in progress. He set the glasses down and took up a position a few yards away. From where he stood, he could see Jule's face. When he caught her eye, he frowned.

Miss Shepardson, in no wise abashed, put out her tongue at him and bid game in hearts. Jones watched her get doubled and go down two tricks.

There were few people in the smoking-room and for almost an hour he was able to kibitz silently. Every time Jule looked his way, he frowned. A puzzled expression came to her face. And, presently, as Jones continued to grimace, she stuck her tongue out at him once and for all, and thereafter looked at him no more.

Rebuffed, Jones strolled out to the deck. For a moment he stood at the rail inhaling the night air, then turned and started back toward the smoking-room. But, all at once, he stopped short.

A woman stood on deck, peering intently into one of the smoking-room windows. The turned-up collar of her evening wrap just failed to hide her face completely. But, to Jones, the fact that the collar was up at all on a warm night at sea suggested furtiveness and a desire for concealment. He started forward again. And as he did so the woman lit a cigarette without taking her eyes off the window. In the flare of the match, Jones recognised Miss Genia La Varre.

"Now what," Jones inquired of himself, slipping catlike past her absorbed figure, "would she be doing here? I thought she was in seclusion, battling with mal-de-mer."

After the bar closed, he found Jule in a chair on the deserted afterdeck.

"Enjoy your game?" he asked solicitously.

For a moment, Jule gazed out at the dark sea.

"Yes," she said, a little doubtfully. "Only I lost thirty-eight dollars." There was a catch in her voice. "A mere bagatelle, of course, to a girl who only had two hundred to start with. Furthermore, Jones, it didn't help to have you scowling at me."

"I wasn't, exactly," said Jones. "I was trying to warn you not to play for money."

Her eyes came quickly up to his. "Why? Wasn't the game on the level?"

"Oh, sure. But I know something about young Jarvis. He's a bridge shark and always insists on high stakes." Suddenly he reached into his pocket, brought forth a wallet and counted out thirty-eight dollars. "Here you are, my charming stowaway. You can repay me in some palmier era."

Jule's eyes became two dark pools. She pushed the money away gently.

"You know, Jones," she said softly, "you're sort of swell. But the answer is no. I always pay for my own foolishness."

"So be it," said Jones. "But if you want it in Bermuda, ask for it. Meanwhile, might I suggest that you—er—shun Mr. Jarvis?"

A little smile played on Jule's lips. "A touch jealous, Jones?"

"Maybe," Jones's voice was cool. "Incidentally, how did you meet him?"

"He contrived to meet me . . ." Jule began.

"He would." Acid lay in Jones's interruption.

Jule laughed. "Jones, I do sense the presence of the little green god. But, as I was saying, I was sitting on deck when Mr. Jarvis and that couple came along and asked me to play bridge. I couldn't see any harm in it, so I accepted. Of course, they did arrange pretty high stakes. But what of it? It's all in a lifetime—and Jarvis is charming, *n'est-ce pas*, Jones?"

Jones was silent a moment.

"I wouldn't know," he said, somewhat stiffly. Then he recovered the Jones *savoir-faire* and grinned. "I go below now for my beauty sleep. But if you want anything"—the grin widened—"just call for the steward."

"Thanks, Jones, I shall," Jule said. And added in a voice like a low sweet wind, "Good-night, Jones."

"HOW," asked Jule Shepardson, "am I going to get by the port authorities in Bermuda?"

Jones deftly slid a pillow into a pillow-case.

"I have the situation under control," he informed her.

"Really. You're a treasure, Jones. How did you work it?"

"I consulted a pal of mine," said Jones guardedly. "You won't have a bit of trouble. Just walk off the boat and keep your chin up. Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you, you're stopping at the Palm Palace Hotel."

Jule started. "I—what on earth do you mean, Jones?"

"I spoke with the customary Jonesian succinctness," said Jones. "I have made reservations for you by radiogram at the Palm Palace Hotel."

She looked at him curiously. "What are you, anyhow? A wizard?"

"I," said Jones, "am the worst cabin steward on the line."

All that day the *Queen of Bermuda* slid through a sea like blue glass. Then, a night hung with stars. Next morning the ship eased along the green and gold shore of Bermuda through water that seemed to have been distilled from emeralds and sapphires.

The clatter and roar of the pier. Hamilton's Front Street, drowsy, sun-filled. Bicycle bells tinkling through golden air. Jule Shepardson drove around the harbour's bend in a white-topped carriage, piloted by a somnolent negro and drawn by an equally somnolent horse. The road was a twist of white limestone. Hibiscus flamed scarlet on pastel-shaded walls. Morning glories lifted purplish faces. The drifty fragrance of oleanders was like sweet wine. They went past biscuit-coloured houses, green-trimmed. Past pink houses with blue shutters. Past white houses guarded by slim stately palms. And through a network of green lay the blue and jade of the harbour, drenched in sunlight.

That afternoon Jule hired a bicycle and went into Hamilton. She bought two dresses—a blue linen culotte for knocking about and a light flowery thing for evening. She also bought feminine odds and ends. When she got back to the hotel there was a message from Jones. Mr. Jones, it appeared, was presenting himself that evening.

He came at eight-thirty, in white linen jacket, polo shirt with black tie and evening trousers.

"Why, Jones," said Jule admiringly, "you're positively handsome."

"I'm aping the gentry," said Jones with a sidelong grin.

A sudden worried look crossed Jule's face. "Oh, Jones," she said swiftly, "why didn't you let me know before? I'm . . ."

"Dated?" supplied Jones, quick in the uptake.

Jule bit her lip. "I'm so sorry, but . . ."

"But Mr. Garth Jarvis had the forethought to suggest a bit of dancing or whatnot to-night?" Jones eyed her speculatively.

She looked away. "The Jones intuition is working smoothly as usual. But"—her hand fell on his arm—"somehow I wish it wasn't."

Jones made an airy gesture.

"Think nothing of it," he said. "We sailors, you know . . . many ports, many girls."

"But, Jones," her hand detained him, "I'll see you again, won't I?"

He smiled at her enigmatically. "You never know your luck." Then he was gone. A moment later, Garth Jarvis showed up.

Mr. Jarvis had on a fawn-coloured gabardine jacket, magenta tie and white trousers. Dark and handsome, he raised Jule's hand to his lips.

"But how did you come in?" Jule asked. "I've been watching the door all the time, and I didn't see you."

"Ah," said Jarvis casually. "I came by boat."

"Boat?" Jule's eyes lighted. "Whose boat?"

Jarvis smiled. "My own."

"But you didn't tell me you had one."

"No, beautiful, I didn't. I like to save my surprises. She's a honey, though. You'll have a ride in her later. But right now we're dancing."

(*Continued on page* 120)

NEW!—*these Creams with*
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
help Women's skin more directly

FOUR YEARS AGO —A DISCOVERY!

ASTONISHING! Four years ago scientists discovered that when one certain vitamin is applied to burns and wounds, the skin heals with marvellous quickness. They found, also, that harsh skin conditions are often due to lack of this one vitamin. Then they learned why: this vitamin is essential in rebuilding skin tissue. Without it, glands dry up, cells flatten, under-tissue becomes shrunken.

THIS VITAMIN IS IN SOME FOOD—but too often the body uses it up first—to repair internal tissue. Besides, what does get to the skin is constantly being removed by exposure to air and water. As a result the skin suffers—becomes harsh, dull, old-looking.

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POND'S ASKED LEADING BIOLOGISTS to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Creams and study the effects. Tests continued over 3 years. They showed that when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, the skin became smooth, healthy, clear. The microscope proved that oil glands were functioning again, flattened cells were rounded out, the under-tissue was normal.

WOMEN WERE GIVEN the new cream to try. Almost every one asked enthusiastically for more. After 2 to 3 weeks' daily use of Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," they noticed their skin "so much smoother," "pores smaller," "lines fading," "much fresher, lovelier colour."

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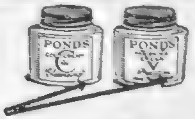

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CVS—82

The Steward's Name was Jones

Black and silver water beyond the Palm Palace terrace. A low sky, dark as wine, over which the gods had shaken stardust. Across at Hamilton the red and black stacks of the *Queen of Bermuda*, bathed in floodlight, were just visible. Sailboats drifted by the terrace like gliding white ghosts.

"I've another surprise for you," Jarvis said. They had been dancing two hours now to music that rolled in a silken flood over the onyx water.

Jule lifted her head from his shoulder.

"You," she said, "are the most surprising man I've met since New York. Except"—she thought suddenly of Jones—"except one perhaps. But what's the surprise? It isn't nice to keep a lady waiting."

"Well," Jarvis said, "you didn't know I had a house in Bermuda, did you?"

"Never dreamed it. Lucky man."

Jarvis's voice sank lower. "Like to see it—to-night?"

The subtle wine of Bermuda had crept into Jule's blood. "Love it," she said, inhaling a deep breath of the scented air.

The music stopped. Jarvis threw money on their table.

"Right," he said. "Let's go."

He drew her swiftly across the terrace to a flight of stone steps that led down to the water. A waiter called out into the black of the harbour: "Mistah Jarvis's boat!" A dark, torpedo-like shape coughed once, then slid in toward the steps. And, at almost the same moment, a tall girl in silver chiffon, who had been sitting at a corner table, rose to her feet.

The dark-skinned driver of Jarvis's boat jockeyed the craft skilfully to the steps. Jule and Jarvis clambered over the gunwale. The bow swung toward the harbour. Then, all at once, a cry went up from the terrace.

There was now a good three feet of open water between the steps and the stern of the swinging boat. But it seemed to make no difference to the gentleman who came racing down the steps. He simply gathered himself like a cat and sprang. The boat trembled with the impact as he landed on the rear seat, staggered once, then stood up solidly.

"Thought for a moment I was going to miss it," said the imperturbable voice of Jones.

Jule gave a gasp. Her lips formed the word "Jones," but barely uttered it.

Jones turned affably upon the speechless Jarvis.

"You're in luck," he said. "What's a boat without a steward?"

For a moment Jarvis goggled at him wordlessly. The native driver, having no orders to the contrary, continued to speed out into the harbour.

"What the devil does this mean?" Jarvis roared, finding voice.

"Well," Jones sat down comfortably, "it might mean a lot of things—a fourth for bridge, for instance."

Jarvis peered at him through the semi-darkness.

"Why," he said, astonished, "you're that steward from the *Queen*. This—this is an outrage. I'll report you to the line first thing in the morning."

Jones sighed. "I very much fear that you will."

Jarvis collected his wits. He spoke to the driver. "Turn around, Martin, and go back to the Palm Palace. We'll drop this supercargo there."

"Martin," said Jones, "don't waste your time. If you tried to put me off, I'd make a scene that would go down in the annals of Bermuda."

Jule spoke for the first time. "This is rather rotten of you, Jones. After all, I'm Mr. Jarvis's guest."

"No doubt," said Jones phlegmatically, "his hospitality could be extended to include me. It's worth a try, anyway."

Jarvis spread his hands.

"Well," he said, "if you insist on making yourself objectionable, there's nothing for it but to take you along. We're going to my house over on Spanish Point. But, I warn you, you won't be welcome."

"Thank you," said Jones, "I accept the invitation to the dance."

Jarvis's house was situated on a point of land that jutted out into the harbour. As they approached the dock the roar of another boat, faint in the distance, came to their ears.

On the dock, Jones faced them.

"The time has come," he said, "for me to apologise for my misplaced sense of humour. I had an—er—an engagement over this way to-night. And I am congenitally opposed to long bike rides and Bermuda trains. And knowing that you lived on Spanish Point, Mr. Jarvis, I thought it just possible that you might be going there, so I hopped aboard your very comfortable boat."

His voice was the incarnation of contrition. Jarvis grew slightly mollified.

"Well, for Pete's sake," he said disgustedly, "why didn't you say so without all that fuss?"

Jones smiled at him. "A bad upbringing, I guess. Well, I'm off now. Thanks for the buggy ride." He waved his hand to them, walked up the path toward Jarvis's house and disappeared in the shadows.

Jarvis stared after him.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he said wonderingly.

Jule was silent. It seemed to her that the extraordinary Jones grew more extraordinary every day.

Halfway to the house Jarvis said, "Wait a minute, I want to speak to my driver."

He ran back to the boat, spent two minutes in conversation with the negro and presently rejoined Jule.

"Well, come on," he said gaily. "Let's invade the old homestead."

The house was large, with wide cool rooms. Jarvis put Jule in a long wicker chair in the living-room.

"I'm off to the kitchen," he said, "to make you a planter's punch. Let the servants go to-night," he added.

Jule thumbed a magazine and presently Jarvis returned, bearing two iced drinks in tall glasses. Jule took a sip of hers. The liquid seemed to be a blend of nectar and fire.

"Heavens, it's strong," she said. "Maybe I oughtn't take it after what I had at the hotel."

Jarvis scoffed. "Nonsense. Can't hurt you." He walked over to the radio, spun the dials. Music flooded the room. "How about continuing our dance?"

Jule did not reply. She was feeling slightly uncomfortable. Jarvis's manner was just a trifle too—well, assured. And she kept thinking of the queer conduct of Jones. Why had he gone to such spectacular lengths merely to obtain a ride to this section of the island? And why had he then disappeared almost as casually as if nothing had happened? She shrugged, giving it up. Jones was an enigma.

The next instant Jarvis had her in his arms, whirling her into a dance.

The music died, went up again. The cool Bermuda night, laden with the perfumes of flowers, swept in at the open windows. Garth Jarvis was a marvellous dancer. Jule's uneasiness began to ebb. She forgot Jones, forgot everything. She drifted, in Jarvis's arms.

And then, suddenly, with a dance tune blaring madly, she happened to glance over his shoulder. A cry left her lips.

In the doorway of the living-room stood a tall blonde girl in silver chiffon. Her arms were folded. There was a mocking smile on her face. With her were two men who had waived the formality of removing panama hats.

The girl's eyes riveted on Jarvis's back.

"Well, Garth?" she said, in a low amused voice.

Jarvis dropped Jule's hand and swung around. His mouth fell open.

"G-Genia," he said incredulously, "wh-what are you doing here?"

"Watching your charming party," the blonde girl said easily.

"B-but," stammered Jarvis, "I—I didn't know you were in Bermuda."

"Of course, you didn't, my pet," Miss Genia La Varre said sardonically. "But I came down on (*Continued on page* 122)

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DON'T WANT THEM
THAT NIGHT
HE WORRIES ME, DEAR. HE'S OVER EXCITABLE, GETS TIRED SO QUICKLY, WON'T EAT
THERE'S PROBABLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE KID. BETTER HAVE THE DOCTOR LOOK AT HIM
AT THE DOCTOR'S
THIS APPETITE TROUBLE GOES BACK TO HIS SLEEP, MRS. KNOTT. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY. HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY
AND IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, OF COURSE CHILDREN GET 'NERVY', DIFFICULT AND 'FADDY'. IT'S NIGHT STARVATION I ADVISE HORLICKS
ONE WEEK LATER
I LIKE THIS CHOCOLATE HORLICKS, MUMMY
I LIKE THE GOOD IT'S DOING YOU, SON, YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER ALREADY
6 WEEKS LATER
CAN I FINISH THE DISH, MUMMY ?
GOODNESS, YOU'LL BURST. YOU'VE HAD TWO HELPINGS ALREADY!
NO WONDER THE LITTLE CHAP'S LOOKING SO MUCH FITTER NOW

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HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

the same boat with you. Only I had the forethought to stay in my cabin most of the way. I knew you'd slip up some time, Garth."

"But who," Jarvis demanded agitatedly, "are these fellows?"

"Oh," Genia told him, "just a couple of gentlemen who came along to take notes. We watched you and your fascinating companion at the Palm Palace. We saw you go off in your boat. But, fortunately, I had hired a boat myself. It"—she smiled almost gloatingly—"it came in very handy."

Jarvis stared at her speechless. One of the men spoke.

"Looks like a good case," he said professionally to Miss La Varre. "The two of them alone 'way to hell and gone out here. The motor boat not at the dock and no carriage waiting. Not even a bicycle for the lady to get back on. Yep, it's the goods, all right."

Jule flashed around to Jarvis. "The boat not at the dock? Wh-what does that mean?"

"Never mind just now," Jarvis mumbled embarrassedly.

Genia La Varre suddenly unfolded her arms, revealing an evening slipper in either hand. She bent and put them on.

"Your convenient habit of leaving doors open, Garth," she said, her eyes glittering, "helped no end. I had to take my shoes off or you'd have heard my heels as we came in. But my friends here are in the gumshoe business. They sneak up on you like cats, don't they?"

"Listen," Jarvis blustered, "I don't get this. If you think . . ."

"You get it, all right," Miss La Varre cut in coldly. "For a long time now, Garth, I've been trying . . ."

She stopped abruptly. A voice, coming from the dining-room, was lifted in song.

"*Alone, alone with my thoughts,*" bawled the voice, not too melodiously.

The next instant cabin-steward Jones entered the room. In his hand he bore a tray with three drinks on it. Perceiving the newcomers he stopped, blinked and jiggled the drinks on the tray.

"Ah," he said pleasantly, "additions to the party. Come right in, friends. Jones is making drinks. A Bermuda experience not to be missed."

Genia La Varre's eyes focused on him like a serpent's.

"Who are you?" she demanded. Disappointment lurked in her voice.

"Me?" said Jones carelessly. "Why, I'm Jones. Just one of the lesser varieties of Jones boys. Call me Bill, for short. Or, if you want to go that far, just my Bill."

"Here," cried Miss La Varre suddenly, "you're the steward from the boat."

"Precisely," said Jones. "And the service is excellent, isn't it?"

"Listen, guy," said one of the men, "have you been here all evening?"

"Well," said Jones, "I came straight from the Palm Palace with Mr. Jarvis and Miss—er—this beautiful lady. I have witnesses to that. One of the waiters at the hotel tried to stop me. And then there's always Mr. Jarvis's boat driver."

The man snapped his fingers. He turned to Miss La Varre.

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid that tears it. If this guy isn't lying."

"When you say that," said Jones, "smile."

Genia La Varre's face was a twist of anger and bafflement.

"All right, Garth Jarvis," she said savagely. "You were lucky tonight. But I'll get you yet. It's only"—her voice took on a deadly quality—"a matter of time."

Then she was gone, sweeping from the room ahead of her two companions.

For a moment no one spoke. Finally Jones took Jule's arm.

"Well, Mr. Jarvis," he said, "I guess we'l be going." He drew Jule away, then raised his voice disharmoniously: "*Thank you for a lovely evening. . . .*"

The next minute he and Jule stood together outside in the shadow-filled night.

"I SING rather well, don't I?" said cabin-steward Jones.

"Marvellously," Jule said. "But what on earth was that all about, Jones?"

"That," said Jones, "was a neat little attempt to get some damaging evidence against Mr. Garth Jarvis. Know, O lovely One, that the streamlined blonde is Miss Genia La Varre, ex-Follies star, from whom Mr. Jarvis is separated, but not divorced. I imagine that the fair Genia wishes to get the well-known goods on Mr. Jarvis and shake him down for fancy alimony. I, Jones, thwarted her little scheme. Jarvis ought to pin a medal on me in the public square."

Jule looked at him queerly. "Why don't you say what you mean, Jones?"

"Eh?"

"Why don't you say that you went to all that trouble to avert what might have been a most embarrassing situation for me?" Her eyes dropped. "You're very swell, Jones. I may have told you that before."

He waved his hand. "'Twas nothing. Just Jones batting for Galahad."

"But how did you know all this?" Jule asked.

"I," said Jones, "am primarily interested in people. Hence, when Miss La Varre informed me that she intended to spend the voyage in her cabin to avoid seasickness, I remembered the remark. Picture my astonishment, then, when I found her on deck looking daggers through the smoking-room window while you, Jarvis and those others were playing bridge. I, Jones, became suspicious."

"So then?"

"Do you remember Miss Blaneworthy, the stewardess, who looks like a cross between a northeaster and a gatling gun? Well, Miss Blaneworthy is an inveterate gossip. She even gossips to me whom she detests. Miss Blaneworthy knew who Miss La Varre was and all about her crack-up with Jarvis. And Miss La Varre tipped her to spy on Jarvis during the voyage. All this Miss Blaneworthy spilled to me. And I decided that if you ran around with Jarvis, you might get into a jam."

"Yes," Jule said softly.

"Well," went on Jones, "I hung obscurely about the Palm Palace terrace to-night. I saw Miss La Varre come in. And during the evening I saw her signalling to those two gents who were at another table. Then when you and Jarvis went, they all got up immediately. And—well, you know the rest."

"But how did you get in Jarvis's house? I thought you had a date."

"Date, my eye. I crawled through a back window and hid in what seemed to be a maid's room off the kitchen. Incidentally, Jarvis is a wrong 'un. He sent his boat away. You might have been — well, compromised."

"Another thing to thank you for. Incidentally, Jones, you're not really a steward. What in the world are you, a detective?"

"I," began Jones, "am a jute merchant, travelling out of Bombay . . ."

She slapped his shoulder lightly. "Come, Jones, no comedy. Out with it."

Jones bowed.

"I," he said, "am an humble professor of psychology. I'm loony enough to be writing a book on the subject. I am also a lover of Bermuda. So this summer I got a steward's job on the *Queen*. It gives me a chance to study people, you see. And the captain of the *Queen* and I happen to be very good friends."

"Ah," said Jule, "that explains . . ." She stopped suddenly: "Then you paid my passage. . . ."

"Let us," cut in Jones, "eschew bagatelles on a night like this. Do you know that we have to walk back to the Palm Palace? It's at least six miles."

"Do we? Why?"

"We've missed the last train. We've nary a carriage or a bike. Shepardson, we walk."

(*Continued on page 124*)

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"Jones, I don't give a hoot in Hades."

"Good." He took her arm and they struck off down the road.

For a few minutes Jones was silent.

"Penny?" Jule said at last, her great eyes agleam.

"In my foolish way," said Jones, "I was just thinking that Bermuda would be a swell place to get married in."

"Jones," said Jule, "you've got something. Isn't it a crime we haven't anybody to marry?"

Jones came to life.

"Hey!" he cried. "Wait a minute. What's wrong with Mrs. Jones's boy, Bill?"

"Jones, is your name Bill, honest and truly?"

"It is," said Jones. "I have a very uncommon name. I imagine there's a Bill Jones for every Chink in China."

"I," said Jule softly, "should care about Chinks, and China. I want to hear more about Mrs. Jones's boy, Bill."

"Well," said Jones modestly, "there are no flies on that guy."

"Oooh, you conceited thing! But if it comes to that, there are no flies on Mr. Shepardson's girl, Jule, either."

Professor of Psychology William Jones stopped right in the middle of the road and put both arms around her. You would have thought that Professor of Psychology William Jones was training to be an octopus.

"It's a date," said Professor of Psychology William Jones.

END

Whom the Gods Would Destroy

(*Continued from page 51*)

"You don't understand, mother. I was a child then, it's ridiculous to bring up these things. These persons you have mentioned may seem harmless enough as individuals, but if Germany is to keep the race pure and strong we must continue to fight the Jewish plague. All great systems are harsh in some measure, upon the individual, but . . ."

"Ah." His mother took a deep breath. "I was afraid you would say that. It is a sentence that has excused brutality since the beginning of the world. Slavery, pogroms, massacres, persecutions, they are all whitewashed with those words I hate above all others. Be gentle to the individual, and let the system take care of itself is what I would like to shout aloud if I made speeches. But women do not make speeches in Germany. Their place, they are reminded, is in the kitchen. And the nursery, Heinrich. But you are my son, and although you are grown up I still see you as a child. An obstinate little boy who is cruel because he does not know what he is doing. But it is my unhappy duty to . . . to . . ."

Her voice faltered, and she bowed her head in her hands.

"Are you ill?"

She raised her head and looked him in the face.

"No. I am terrified. I have prayed to God that I should never have to tell any living person what I am going to tell you now, but He has not seen fit to answer my prayer. You force me to it, because all my pleading cannot move you an inch."

"What on earth . . ."

"Listen, and let me get it over quickly."

As she paused, seeking words, he leaned forward impatiently. His air of sulky resistance had disappeared, he was curious and a little frightened.

"Twenty-two years ago," she said, "it doesn't seem as long as that. Heinrich, I have no excuse to make you for this story, and if I had I would not make it, because I suppose in my heart I am not sorry. At least I know I should do the same thing if I had my life again. Poor Hans was at the front, he . . . he was a good man in his way, but I never loved him. His idea of a wife was typically German. An unpaid cook-housekeeper who bore children at proper intervals and attended to his comfort. I think he found me quite adequate, but after our brief courtship I don't believe he ever considered me as a person at all. I was quite happy really, because I thought all men were the same, and I have never cried much over the inevitable. And then I met Johann. I felt then as if . . . as if I had thrown away my birthright. He was, to me, everything that was marvellous. I think other people thought him a remarkable man. But to me he was like a flash of light that illumined my whole life. He was a Jew."

There was an abrupt movement from the chair opposite, and she stole a look at his face. It was as lifeless as a wax model.

"He was a Doctor of Philosophy at the Berlin University," she went on quickly, looking down at her hands twisted together in her lap. "A very brilliant man, much respected, he had written several books, I have them all in my room downstairs. He was on a lecture tour, and this was his last town before he went back to Berlin. He stayed a long time, because there was no hurry for him to return, all his classes were disorganised by the war. He was very unhappy because they would not let him fight. He had a bad heart, and the doctors said he would be of no use. He hated war, but he wanted to be with his friends. He was bitter and miserable when we first met, but a miracle happened and I was able to make him happy. We were both in a dream, I think. I suppose I must be a very immoral woman, because the extraordinary thing was that I never felt any guilt about my husband at all. I only felt a terrible shame that I should have married a man I did not love, when all the time there was Johann in the world, waiting for me. Then one day he went away on business, and when he came back he said they had taken him after all. He lied about his heart, and they needed men too badly by then to bother. They were sending children and grandfathers. And so he went. He died helping to defend an impossible position, and his mother was sent the Iron Cross after his death. He must have been pleased that a bullet finished him before his heart could. He hated his weakness, and it was a triumph.

"I knew I had started a child before he left, but I did not tell him because there was nothing either of us could do. My husband came home on leave, and since Johann was dead it seemed to me that I had better let things take their course. My life was over, and it hurt everybody less so. You were born at the end of the year, and they thought you were premature. But that was not unusual in war time. The doctor must have guessed, because you were a perfect baby in every way, but he said nothing. I hoped I also should be allowed to keep my secret until it died with me, but I am forced to speak. I cannot any longer watch you hate and despise your father's people. You have persecuted your own blood, and the guilt is mine."

She put her hands to her face. At last she said: "I should have spoken before, Heinrich. But I was afraid. I have said to myself that this Jewish mania of yours would pass. You are very young, and the Nazi movement has gobbled you up body and soul. I waited for you to grow more reasonable, I thought your natural kindness and good sense would bring you through this . . . this fanaticism in the end. But this affair with Karl shows me that I have waited too long. You are like a man under the influence of a powerful and dangerous drug, and the only antidote I have is truth. It is a terrible one to use, but if you will take it bravely I believe it may be your salvation. I have taught you to love the memory of the man you thought was your father. Indeed, he was a good man, and it is better for children to be proud of their parents. But I have never been able to talk to you about your real father. He was as different from the other as a race-horse from a cart-horse. He was a scholar, not a man of action like Hans, but I would (*Continued on page* 126)

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have you remember, Heinrich, that he perished in the same way."

"You are lying, of course. I have only to look in the glass to see that you lie. My hair is fair and my eyes blue, I am tall and straight and . . ."

"Johann was a very well-built man, and his hair was light brown. You take after me in your colouring. I had golden hair before I went grey. I have sometimes wished that you were more like him."

For a second she thought he was going to strike her, and she braced herself against the blow. Then he flung open the door.

"You horrible and filthy woman, get out of my sight."

She went into her bedroom and sank into a chair.

What should she do she wondered? It was terrible to leave him in such a state, but her presence would only make him worse. There is no one can help him to fight it out, unless, perhaps—Karl?

She tiptoed on to the landing, her knees trembling so that it was an effort to walk. She must not wake his brothers. They would want to know what the matter was, and even if they were told, which God forbid, they could not help. So hardly knowing what she was doing she groped her way downstairs to the telephone.

By the time Karl had hurried round to the von Hesselbach house, Frau von Hesselbach was already repenting her impulse.

She met him at the front door, her fingers to her lips, and led him through the darkness of the hall into the drawing-room.

"I had no right—at such an hour," she stammered. "But Heinrich is so upset, something I told him . . ."

Karl persuaded her gently to sit down.

"You look exhausted, liebe Frau. Tell me what is the trouble. If there is anything I can do you know I shall be only too glad. But will he see me? You know what happened this afternoon. . . ."

The shot broke through the silence of the house, shattering his words, and Frau von Hesselbach staggered to her feet. Karl stood as if he had lost the power of movement, then, as she made for the door, he flung an arm round her shoulders to hold her back. She broke away from him, but he ran past her on the stairs, and cannoned into Heinrich's eldest brother, emerging sleepily from his room. "Who the devil fired that shot? What are you doing here?"

For answer Karl pointed upwards, and bounded on towards Heinrich's room.

Frau von Hesselbach had to clutch at the banisters for a while before she could continue her journey.

When she reached the top landing the lights were on, and a maid was screaming. Karl and her eldest son came out and tried to plead with her, but she pushed past them all and dropped on her knees in the centre of the room. Heinrich was lying stretched on the floor, his face turned away from her. He might have been asleep, he looked so peaceful, if it had not been for the blood soaking the side of his fair head.

"He's shot himself through the ear," she heard her eldest son saying, and the other muttered, "I don't care what you say. I tell you it must have been an accident."

The small room seemed very full of people. Frau von Hesselbach stood up with difficulty, and leant against her eldest son.

As she looked down at the sprawled body that had once contained the spirit of her youngest, it struck her as strange that for the first, and last time, he should seem to her so like Johann.

"There's a paper pinned to his chest."

Karl was kneeling beside his friend, and as he spoke he bent over to read the writing.

Frau von Hesselbach found her voice.

"What does it say, Karl?"

His young mouth quivered with distress.

"He was mad, poor fellow. I've thought he was going funny, once or twice of late. It says 'Down with the Jews'."

END

Down in Witch's Hollow

(*Continued from page* 15)

the broken picture. The gashed canvas twisted the portrait's mouth into something resembling a grin.

Lady Cottestone walked forward with Blenkins treading nervously at her heels.

"They hated having me in here," Roger cried. "They glared down at me and wanted me to go. But I was locked in."

Intent on the damaged picture Lady Cottestone missed the smile into which the painted lips had twisted. She looked down at the fragments of porcelain and pushed a piece gently with her toe. But she did not glance at the small boy who had flung himself on the floor in a paroxysm of sobbing.

"I hate them! I hate them!" Roger cried.

"Take him up to his room, Blenkins," Lady Cottestone said. "It is the first time. But he will have to be thrashed. Well thrashed. Send for Marsh to do it. Take him away."

She stood and gazed at the torn portrait and did not turn as Blenkins led the boy away. "His father would have smashed the picture," she whispered. "But he would not have whimpered afterwards. Oh, he would not have cried."

The silver and ebony stick tapped out to the hall, along the corridor, tapped slowly up the stairs following the groom. And tapped softly, regularly on the landing outside Roger's room as she listened to the boy being chastised. It struck angrily as shrill cries rang out and softly as the cries choked off into barely-heard sobbing.

Blenkins and Marsh came out and passed her. She did not speak, but held out her hand for the key. For a length of time she stood there on the landing. Then she entered her grandson's room. On the bed Roger sobbed unceasingly. He did not move and she thought it doubtful whether he heard her soft entry. She went out and did not speak, but on the stairs she whispered: "The first time he has shown the slightest Cottestone trace . . . and I have punished him for it. . . I wonder. . . I wonder. . . ."

Into Roger's sobs broke the click of the key and increased his boyish misery. His shoulders heaved anew. Life was unbearable! he rose and told the picture, the only one in the house, of his mother. He idolized it. About her shapely head golden hair curled, and her blue eyes held compassion.

"They hate me so. They don't want me here and they won't let me run away," he sobbed. "It is to be two years before I am to go to school. I can't stay here until then. I can't."

THIS first thrashing he had ever received was a climax to the cold silent aversion in which he had grown to boyhood, bowed him down with woe and built a wall of antagonistic reserve between the small world of Cottestone and the skinny, sulky-browned, freckled child. Roger's parents had died when he was five, and he had scarcely any memories of them but he remembered bleakly the day his grandmother had come up from the Dower House to take charge of him, and the acute dislike with which his shy overtures had been met.

Because his mother was fair like himself, he had woven round her an ideal which he worshipped. His father's portrait was in the gallery one of the dark company which had frowned down on him. A boy would doubtless receive no love from him.

The chafe on his leg from Slowey's saddle hurt more than the bruises from the groom's belt and that was typical, Roger thought, of the many things which alienated him from his grandmother, for he hated all the things he was expected to like. Horses, beasts and insects. And he was sick at the sight of blood, scared of the great hounds which roamed the stables.

But there was one dog he loved. Dusty, the black and white collie belonging to Old Dan the shepherd. Dusty was so gentle and did not care whether he was dark or fair. She came creeping and wriggling up the Drive to play with him occasionally, so different

(*Continued on page* 128)

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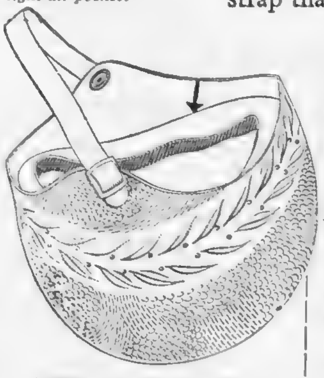

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from the lusty bounding dogs which throated noisily about Cottestone. And she was the only thing allowed to come up from the village to be a playmate. The children were kept away and he was not permitted to visit them or the villagers. It was as though there existed a conspiracy to keep him isolated in lonely misery. As though the world was to be kept from learning that this boy, heir to the House of Cottestone, was no Cottestone, but an intruder. There was another reason but Roger did not know it.

And, dwelling on Old Dan and Dusty, Roger remembered suddenly a remark of the old shepherd. It flashed at him now like an omen, with deep meaning and brought hope.

"I never lose none o' my lambs," the old man had said, speaking in his burring Devonshire drawl. "'cept when 'em wanders down along to Witch's Hollow. Them 'em is lost, zurely. But 'em rarely goes there. Nobody ever goes there. But when 'em does, them is lost, zurely."

Witch's Hollow! No one ever went there! A boy would be lost there . . . for ever! Would never be found and dragged back to a home where he was hated. The moors were so vast, a boy could not escape over them. Blenkins, riding even slowly, would catch him easily. But Witch's Hollow—here was a way of escape! Hot with sudden determination Roger glanced at the window. An ivy tendril tapped on the glass. Come! it said, Come!

He tip-toed across the room and fought to control his racing heart.

Rain had begun to fall and the night drew in. Outside the gardens were grey, sombre. Black yew hedges trimmed into great prison walls. Lawns sloping down to the bowed old trees. And, spreading away beneath him, the bleak moors. Away to an indefinite line they rolled until the horizon was verged into moorland by the white mists.

The ivy tapped. Come! Come!

Roger climbed fearfully out on to the window-sill.

Water from a cornice overhead cascaded on to him, the wet ivy leaves patted him. He leant forward. Below, to the left, was the Blue Room balcony. His grandmother would be sitting there in that room erect, intent upon her needlework, scornfully forgetful of him. Every night when he had behaved and was on his way to bed at the correct time, he was marched into that room to bid her goodnight. And she never looked up from her work. It was so evident that she detested the sight of him.

Roger gazed away from the house.

In the village lights were appearing and the boy's fancy saw happy children who were loved and wanted in those little homes. Behind, in his own room, were toys, books, everything a boy might want . . . and nothing else.

He reached blindly for the ivy and began to climb down.

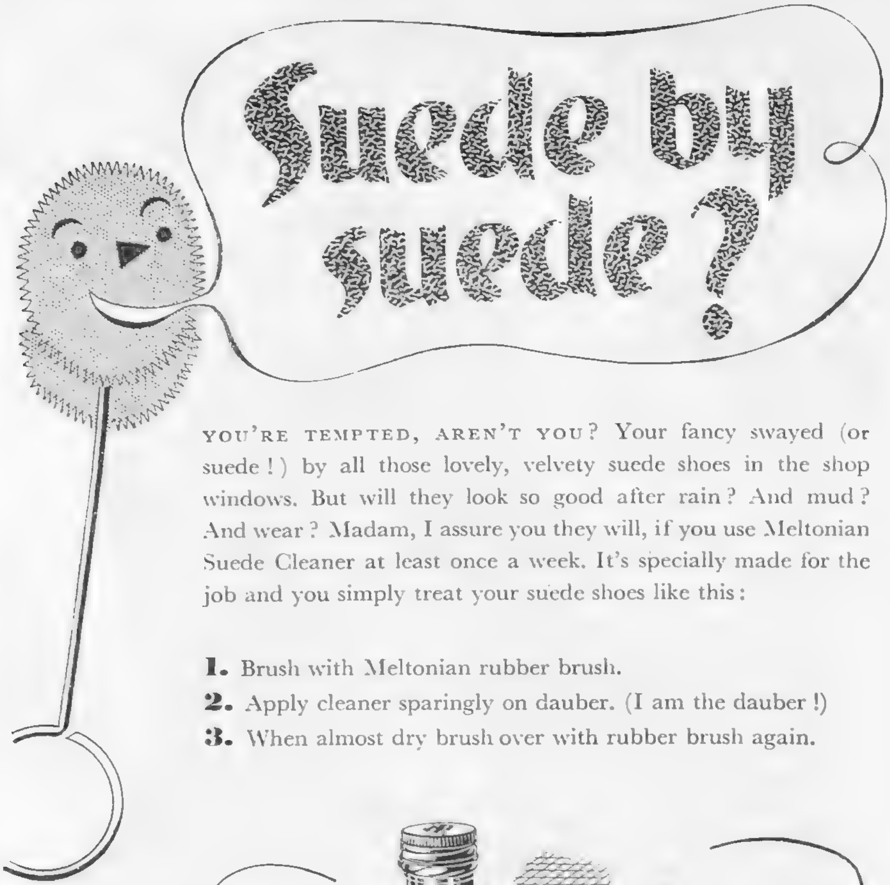
Like a cat he dropped on to the balcony, paused and went on over the balustrade. He had come down this way before, but that was in daylight and he had meant to return. Now day died into an autumn night and rain lashed and he was never coming back. Past the room where his grandmother sat he clambered and he did not peer through the curtains, did not even bother much whether he was heard. Blenkins would not be able to find him where he was going, would not be able to carry him back. No one in Cottestone would see him again. . . .

Over the terrace to the sloping turf, through the shrubs at the side of the Drive, past the gate lodge and away down the narrow road. He avoided the village, pushed into the fields and went furtively along the hedgerows towards Seven Acre Copse and the dread Witch's Hollow.

Once he looked back.

The chimneyed roofs of Cottestone were stark against a steel-blue sky ripped with racing black clouds. Behind was a sliver of green and yellow where the sun had westered.

Plodding through the twilight the lad was assailed by fears, and sought courage from memories of the mother he had envisaged,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but, strangely, the spirit of his father, the dark Cottestone, persisted. The sensation intensified as Roger neared Witch's Hollow. It was as if his father accompanied him, but unwillingly, impeding his progress, urging him to return.

The boy's back goose-fleshed, but he went on stubbornly.

The dying light cast queer shadows, flickered on the shiny leaves and there were whisperings. Roger stumbled on the wet grass, brambles caught at him, tugged gently, released him precipitately. Something intangible plucked at him with a strength almost physical, seeking to stay him from venturing down into Witch's Hollow.

Since Roger could remember this had been a place of evil repute. So evil that it was fenced off by order of Lady Cottestone, and she alone had a key to the wicket in the formidable barrier which shut off Witch's Hollow from the rest of the world. Set in the middle of Seven Acre Copse, dark under clumped trees, the Hollow was a deep, cone-shaped depression, containing a pool which local tradition had it was without depth. A black, partially scum-covered pool with only reflections of birds from the nearbye rookery to disturb its lead-like surface. Irises and rushes edged it and water-lilies floated on it.

Haunted the villagers said. Once every year a tall, black-hooded figure moaned and walked by the water at night.

Roger knew of a gap in the fence. Dusty had pointed it out. He guessed she poached rabbits through it. Now, on hands and knees, he pushed his way in through the long wet grass. He was soaked and the water chilled him near as much as his terror. The night grew and he felt before him in the darkness His hands were scratched, blood was on his face.

Gaunt trees whined under the lash of rain, and from the depths of the Hollow rose the dank odour of decaying plant life. A smell of death.

Down, down, down Roger slithered until he rolled to the very edge of that noisome pool. He struggled to his knees and pressed at his breast to ease his bounding heart. Then gradually, miraculously there came to him a sense of peace. Someone was with him, close, aiding him, comforting him. Not the lovely mother about whom he had dreamt such sweet fancies, but his father, son of the sternly cold old lady from whom he was escaping. And that presence was sufficient to prevail over fear.

Those were not the pallid faces of drowned people in the water. They were lilies, white, beautiful. They were not ghoulish hands clutching up from the rushes. They were irises, yellow, lovely. The rain drenched turf cushioned his knees.

All recollection of what he had come here to do slid easily away. An ineffable tranquility possessed him. All sense of time and place was swirled away. All thought and power of movement was no more.

The pouring rain rasped a thin roughness on to the unstirring surface of the pool.

Until, into that barely-heard whispering came a sound which wrenched away the stupor that had wrapped about Roger like a protecting cloak. His terrified eyes openly widely to the blackness.

Tap—tap, tap, tap!

Down the flagstone steps which had been set in the opposite side of the Hollow, something came. And Roger could not see.

With infinite slowness, nearer, nearer.

The boy wanted to scream, but his throat was dry, constricted. He wanted to run, to escape from out this horrible deep pit, but he was immobile. He could not force movement to his legs, moisture to his throat.

Tap—tap, tap, tap!

He knew that, whatever it was, was coming now from out the darkness, would be discernible in a moment by the water. And he was still unable to run or scream.

All sound ceased. The turf across to the pool was so soft. There was no rain now, and the black clouds raced like streamed smoke across the pale moon. Then it was free of them. Its light diluted down through the trees, strengthened.

A tall, hooded figure (*Continued on page* 130)

Crumpets
for Tea

Bessie says it's messy
Having crumpets with my tea.
Bessie says it's messy
That's what Bessie says to me.
But I simply love my crumpets
With a salt that's crisp and dry,
And I can't stop eating crumpets
However hard I try.

Bessie says it's messy
Even eating buttered toast,
But I don't get very angry
'Cos it's crumpets I like most,
And I'll go on eating crumpets,
Yes, even when I die;
For there's nothing half so 'licious
When the salt is crisp and dry.

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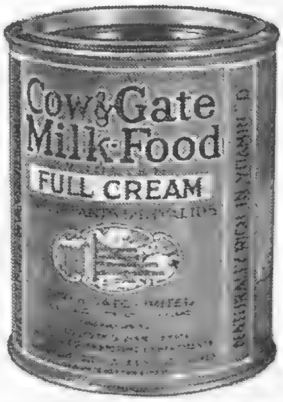

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stood at the far side of Witch's hollow. In one hand was a staff. In the other a sheaf of white flowers.

But the terror which ran in Roger's veins like icy water became, as he was forced to look, of this world. Was not that which welled maniacally from out the Unknown.

And, from across the pool, Lady Cottestone saw a small figure kneeling by the rushes. Moonlight lit his features but his eyes and hair were black in the shadows.

The old lady swayed, leant forward supplicatingly.

"Roger!" she called in bell-like tones. "Roger! My son!"

Her voice held a caressing timbre that the boy, kneeling in fear, had never heard before. He marvelled at it.

But the moon poured molten silver into Witch's Hollow and Lady Cottestone was erect again, stern, cold, angry. She came, carrying her flowers and feeling with her stick, round the pool to her grandson.

"It is you," she said, and the queer softness of her had vanished. "You followed me here!"

"No, grandmother." Roger fought his trembling and rose, faced her afraid.

"You did not?"

"I have been here a long, long time," Roger whispered, "I think."

"A long——" Lady Cottestone gasped. "Do not lie."

"I feel in my heart that I have."

"Why? What do you know of this place?"

Roger was dumb. Old Dan had been wrong when he said no one ever came to Witch's Hollow. This remorseless old lady had followed him here. She loomed over him. His attention fixed on the sheaf of white lilies she carried, and he was violently afraid.

"Why are you here?" Harsh, insistent, she forced a reply.

The boy gulped, sobbed. "I came to be—here for ever—you didn't want me—no one at Cottestone did—you hate me—I came here to . . . to. . . ."

The flowers Lady Cottestone grasped dropped and she caught at her stick for support as she understood flashingly why that small figure had been kneeling so close to the pool.

"You stopped me running away," Roger accused. "But you would be glad if I were dead."

That was not wholly true but, abashed, Lady Cottestone knew there was sufficient truth for her not to be able to answer and deny. She could only say, "Roger!" and again, "Roger!" And Roger did not notice that the softness had returned to her voice, and it brought more denunciation gushing hotly from him.

"It is true. Ever since you came back from the Dower House you have hated me. Because I am not like the Cottestones."

"I was blind to think you were not," Lady Cottestone uttered the words slowly. "Utterly blind."

"I wanted to—love you. You wouldn't let me."

"Because I am a wickedly blind old woman."

"Why are you?"

"I had not eyes to see—until just now. I have never seen you before, until I saw you there . . . in the shadows."

Her voice dragged Roger a step nearer, but he stayed beyond reach of her outstretched arms.

"I know why you hate me. I heard you tell Blenkins there was nothing of my father in me," Roger said, then, musingly, "I felt that he was here with me to-night."

"Roger!"

"Yes. It was funny. He stopped with me, and I wasn't afraid."

Then a strange thing occurred. Lady Cottestone dropped her stick and with one swift movement gathered her grandson in her arms. The boy lay stiff, nervous, then he relaxed to the ecstasy of the first caress he had ever had from his grandmother and snuggled against her with a sigh of content.

"I have been a blind, terrible old woman," she choked. "Roger, will you ever forgive me?"

"Grannie!"

It was a length of time before she spoke again. "Did you not wonder," she asked, "to see me here in this desolate place?"

"I thought you were a ghost, grannie."

"And I you, Roger. I came down here to be with ghosts, and I saw one, with blood on his forehead."

"It was the brambles, I think. I did not notice it."

"My poor, baby boy."

"Did you think I was a ghost, grannie?"

"Ah, yes! I saw my son."

"I don't understand."

Lady Cottestone hesitated. "Roger, you are old enough to know, now. Maybe it is your right. I intended never to tell you. But now—it may aid you to understand, and forgive."

"I have already. Oh, grannie, I have."

"To-night, for the first time, I have seen my son in you."

Roger was touched with understanding. "You mean," he said, "that the shadows made me look like my father?"

"Oh, you were. No! You are, exactly."

"But I am not really like him."

"But you are. Roger, you will never, I hope and pray, discover how much."

"You did not like my mother," Roger said.

"I hate her! There! It is out at long last. She came from a different life, was different. And she ruined my son, your father's life before she left him."

"Left him? My mother is not dead?"

"No. That is why I hate her—for her to be alive! Oh, and that is why I have let my hatred descend upon you! For you resemble her so, I thought. With her fair hair, her blue eyes. Blindly I could see in you nothing but her. I could not see that underneath you are my poor boy all over again."

The strange feeling that his father had come down here into Witch's Hollow with him and given him courage came back into Roger's mind.

"Grannie," he asked, "how did you know I had come down here to—to—how did you know?"

"I did not know." She held him tightly. "Oh, Roger, if I had known! If you had —without my ever having discovered . . . Oh, Roger!"

"My father didn't—couldn't have told you I was here?"

"Roger, no!" she stopped short. "And yet——"

"Then why did you come to Witch's Hollow?"

"I come here in the evening of this day every year," Lady Cottestone said softly. "Once a year I bring flowers and drop them in the water and sit here in the dark with ghosts."

She became aware of his wetness. Her hands felt over him in dismay.

"Why, Roger," she cried. "I did not think. You are wet through."

"You are too, grannie."

"I must be. Pick up my stick. We will go home and have Blenkins make us hot drinks."

"And I will never have to run away again?"

His grandmother's quick tightening arm told Roger more than words ever could.

They went towards the steps and the climb out of Witch's Hollow and the old lady felt suddenly the weight of her years, and leaned as much on her new-found grandson as she did upon her stick. It made Roger very proud and happy.

"This is the anniversary of my son's death," Lady Cottestone said. "Every year I came to remember, and hate. I never will again. There will be no need. My boy, Roger, will be at home in Cottestone with me."

Her voice died to a very faint whisper that Roger could not hear. He thought it was the steepness of the climb. But Lady Cottestone was praying beneath her breath that Roger would never discover that his father had committed suicide down here in Witch's Hollow the night after Roger's mother had fled with another man.

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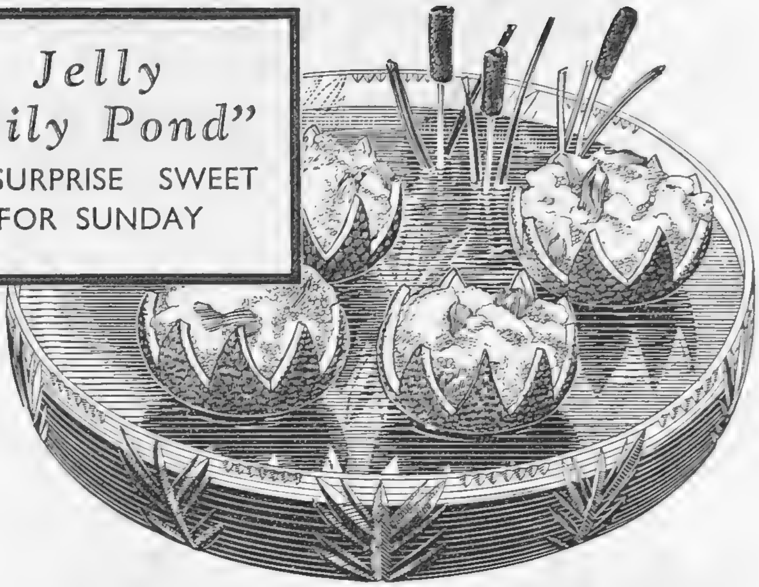

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My Years in Germany

(*Continued from page* 9)

connection is there between our Fatherland and the war in Spain?" Finally, she added, distraught, "If my boy died for his Fatherland, why am I forbidden to mourn for him or communicate with anyone on the circumstances of his death?"

One would think that Hitler, seemingly so sure of power, so effective in his mutilation of human freedom, after five years during which time he proudly states he has welded and united the German nation for a thousand years to come, would now allow himself the luxury of loosening the reins of terror he holds.

It is true one does not see any more overt acts of brutality on the streets or in public. There are no longer beatings-up of Jews, foreigners or anti-Nazis, at least not where one can see them. When we first came to Germany some American was beaten up or knocked over the head every few weeks for not saluting the Nazi flag. There were constant protests back and forth between the State Department, in Washington, and the German Foreign Office. There have been others since, of course, but not for the same reasons.

There are other means of controlling the speech and expression of freedom. Many Germans have told me they would not in their wildest dreams think of using the telephone or the open mails in the communication of confidential information, no matter of what nature. In fact, it is so well known that conversations are taken down on a record or otherwise it surprises me that the Secret Police still continue a practice clearly unprofitable in the face of the expense and elaborate organisation involved.

Letters going in and out of Germany are opened brazenly with the excuse of *money control*. The currency is so rigidly controlled that money cannot pass the border, either way, without the strictest examination and registration. Letters sent within Germany itself are also watched carefully.

Most people believe there is at least one dictaphone in their house. Whenever the telephone is out of order or the electricity doesn't work, or if the occupants go away for a short vacation, they suspect a dictaphone is being installed or repaired. There are actually dictaphones in many homes and certainly in the homes of people who are in any way interesting or suspect to the Nazi government. But the fact that the suspicion, often unjustified, has spread to all classes of people is a victory for the Gestapo in their effort to terrorise the population.

In the last six months only the boldest people would dare to voice a free opinion within four walls. Even in embassies people are so cautious when they speak privately that they put pillows over the telephone, or go into a room without a telephone, and talk abruptly about the weather when the servants come in. Any park or any open space, where human or mechanised ears are out of the question, is a heaven for those who have opinions at variance with the leader's. The psychology of fear is so contagious that I began to suspect everyone who spoke frankly, in an indiscreet place, of being an *agent provocateur*.

But these are things after all that human beings can with a little discipline take into their own hands. The worst aspect of the terror is that distrust of one's dearest friends is engendered. Since it is the noble duty of every Nazi to report any conversation or act unfavourable to the Führer, home life is destroyed, families and life-long friendships disrupted. Spies are in every meeting or parade, in every house, in night clubs and theatres, in offices and at parties, on the hearthstone itself. It is an everlasting tribute to the human spirit that opposition still exists in Germany.

The food situation in Germany is much worse now than when I first arrived. The Germans have had two bad crop years and combined with the strange economic theory that it is better to have guns than food, a shortage results. Good food is very expensive and most of the Germans live on sausages and ground raw meat spread on bread. Natural disasters are, of course, partially responsible for the food crisis. But there should be, in a country of such supreme control, some way of alleviating the distress. Normal trade methods and reduction of armaments would cure the situation.

The women of Germany naturally bear much of the burden of this crisis. Many books have tried to prove that women form much of the fanatical support of Hitler. Obviously the young girls, as with the young men, brought up in the atmosphere of propaganda and education (though they are in Germany really synonymous), trained in schools, camps and clubs, carefully segregated from the past, from the present outside opinion and analysis of events in Germany, are directed emotionally to Hitler and party loyalty.

There are other women, unmarried or of the war generation (when so many men were slaughtered or permanently wounded that vast numbers of women grew up without sweethearts or husbands) who find in Hitler a sublimation, a self-forgetting. Their own starved and unfulfilled lives take on beauty to them when there is a selfless and noble love to which they can offer sublime sacrifices.

One of the maids of the embassy, an efficient but unattractive spinster of thirty-five, has pictures of Hitler on every wall—half of them portraying his love and tenderness for children, a gag of the best politicians.

Human beings in mass have a tendency, as has been proved by many psychologists, to act under the impetus of a single emotion that catches on and spreads like wild-fire. At the huge Nazi Party celebrations, sometimes

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numbering a million people, the men and women are frantic with enthusiasm. At Bucheberg every year there is a harvest festival. Hitler orates majestically about the German earth, *Blut und Boden* (blood and soil), reminds the assembled throng of their duty to the earth and procreation. The women shout, sing songs and "Heil Hitler" passionately. When the long trip homeward comes their enthusiasm is gradually dampened and by the time they are faced again, at home, with the desperate problem of finding food, caring for the children and are chained to domestic duties, the realities of life stare them in the face so intently that their passion is forgotten or even sneered at. The average German housewife, emotionally satisfied, has gained little in the Third Reich.

The simple everyday problems of managing a home are made infinitely complicated under Nazi dictatorship. The cost of living is higher, the wage either lower or the same and the standard of living below that of 1932. Until recently the proportion of women who work in Germany became smaller and smaller—therefore they had to subsist entirely on the wage of their husbands. Last winter they had to procure cards for butter (which is never pure butter) and even then lines would form outside the stores. They are not sure they will get the meat and eggs they have ordered days in advance. One simple old woman was heard to mutter, "What is the matter, why do we have to wait, is there another war, are the Allies attacking Germany?" Most know that war economy is not natural in a country not at war.

Among the upper classes there is almost as much grumbling. The rich too must order their special cuts ahead of time and don't always get them. They find little variety in their choice of foods and are as unsure of the quality of the meats and eggs and butter as anyone.

If shopping for clothes were not so tragic it would be really comical. The current joke, quite stale, but always repeated, records the conversation of two friends. "So you are going to buy a new dress. Tell me about it." "Well, I found the most delightful tender little birch tree in Grünewald Forest the other day, called my dressmaker, and the two of us went out together to reserve it. Now it is the most charming blue and gold brocade you ever saw."

Though these wood substitutes look well enough when you first wear them they begin to show their origin in a few days or weeks. If you have the misfortune to get into a rainstorm or to have them cleaned soon after purchase, you have concrete proof of their inferiority.

Cotton goods are almost impossible to buy anywhere; cotton is used in the manufacture of munitions. A friend of mine went to one of the largest department stores in Germany or in Europe, and was dismayed to learn they were out of cotton sheets. She had to order from England.

Shopping for metal objects becomes increasingly difficult and, of course, more expensive. Chromium, copper, brass, and steel are hard to find in any quantity. I remember the trouble I had trying to find a pair of brass andirons for our library fireplace. After combing the shops for a day or two I found a pair at whose price I gasped, hurriedly retreating. We never succeeded in replacing the ones we had.

Thermometers are scarce because the mercury in them is being used for other things. Camera factories are so busy with orders for the army that you have to order a camera two months in advance. But the most serious difficulties are with food and clothing. It may be exaggerating to say that every kind of material now unobtainable is used directly for the arms industry. However, when the most prominent German leaders reiterate week after week, month after month, that the German people must sacrifice comfort and proper nourishment so they can have the arms by which a great Pan-Germany is to be realised, the least we can do is to take them at their word.

Added to the bitter struggle of the housewife to make short ends meet is the number of taxes she and her husband have to take out of their weekly or monthly wage. The usual income tax is now increased. A big hole in the weekly budget is made by the so-called voluntary contributions to all sorts of charities, including the world-famous Winter Hilfe—whereby the leaders of Germany think they can receive bigger and better sums by standing in person on the street corners and jingling a small cash box. The lottery racket is carried on by voluminous-caped, brown-shirted men, who appear in cafés, restaurants and public gatherings, as often as four or five times in a short night, while one is dining, casting ominous looks upon those who do not venture to gamble. Collections for Nazi-Party days, for the Party itself, for celebrations, as for instance the obligatory purchase of gas masks at five marks apiece, drive the anxious housewife to despair.

Most of the older women or those who grew up shortly after the war are not happy with the rôle the party and petty politics play in their home lives. Their husbands must go regularly under compulsion to party meetings, attend parades, march and stand in the streets, make collections, and so on. Those who are married to party members must listen endlessly to ideological discussions and new plans.

Taught to believe that woman's rôle in life is purely a domestic and procreative one, the men have little interest in women who dare to trespass the boundaries set by the Leader. Men have listened in amazement and some contempt to my description of the activities of American women. When I told one young, but distinguished National Socialist that I wanted to be a writer and that American women are singularly free to pursue their interests in careers of business, government, and the arts, he was both shocked and disgusted. He couldn't believe for instance that a woman could possibly fill a diplomatic or Cabinet post in the United States. He scorned

(*Continued on page* 134)

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the work of Frances Perkins and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, our former Minister to Denmark. He thought any woman interested in the pursuance of her talents either a freak or unfeminine. After talking with him I began to wonder if he actually thought the brain capacity of American women smaller than that of apes.

The women of Germany are forbidden, unless there is a shortage of labour as has been the case recently, or their husbands unemployed, to take jobs and are discouraged from receiving an education. A few years before 1933 these same women were becoming more advanced than any others in Europe. They were in politics, in business and in the arts and universities, independent mentally and spiritually, mothers as well as developed personalities.

Now there is no way for them to express what antagonism they may feel at the place forcibly substituted for them in economic and social life. They must remember that their destiny is to make a huge baby cannon-fodder factory of their nations and their bodies.

Despite loans and gifts of money for large families, the withholding of birth control information, the silent protest of German womanhood is registered inexorably upon books of statistics. The population is not increasing, in fact in a few years it will be definitely on the decline. Hitler, however, has attempted and partially succeeded in distorting the development of women, in re-establishing many economic and moral conditions existent in the Middle Ages.

It is only just recently that women have been welcomed again into industry and agriculture. There is not enough labour and women work at lower wages than men. They can learn to operate armament factories in case their men are called "away to the wars." These are not things planned for in the ideology of National Socialism; they are emergency measures. They can, however, and sometimes must, enter women's camps, semi-military in nature, organisations of many kinds, labour camps where the work is strenuous, agricultural regimentation. They "Heil Hitler," march, wear uniforms, beat drums and wave flags—and are inculcated with Nazi philosophy. Courses in domestic schools are urged upon them. They can attend lectures on husband, child and household management, a form of school for wives.

Women who have children now growing up in Germany, have to face a problem which tests their courage and loyalty to the breaking point. They still have the human desire to control and influence their children, to see and live with them occasionally. This is fast becoming an impossibility. The children go to schools controlled by the State and its propaganda; they learn prayers for Hitler, blood-curdling songs about exterminating the Jews, Pacifists and Communists; they imbibe in their earliest years a social and racial ideology scorned by scientists the world over; they are given substitutes for God and religious belief that are as near to pure paganism as one can find in a civilised race; they are taken out of their homes when they are very young and sent to camps, military and otherwise, so that their parents see them very rarely. They grow up to argue against their parents and reject arbitrarily their experiences and knowledge, based on a life lived under a different system. They become soldiers and propagandists whose fate and influence are not pleasant to contemplate. For fuller information one should read the books and articles of Rosenberg, the arch-prophet of German Kultur and watch the activities of Bohle, chief of propaganda for foreign countries.

The resentment of the Catholic Church to which a large proportion of the German nation gives its faith, has been making headlines for months, if not years. The Protestant and Catholic clergy are putting up a courageous and dangerous fight, receiving prison and concentration camp sentences, or worse, for their efforts. They offer prayers every Sunday for the freedom of the nation and hope they may still save some part of the child's soul and body for the home and religion.

It took me some time to find out what was happening to culture under the Third Reich. Coming from an intellectual family, living twenty-five years of my life within eight blocks of a great university, I naturally had a deep, inborn admiration for German culture. When we were children, my father would often speak with nostalgia of his university days in Leipzig, of his tours through Germany and Europe, his visits to other fine institutions of learning in Germany. He had many bookcases crammed full of books on German literature, history, art and science. The strange looking titles intrigued us and we had a sense of wonder when he spoke fluently the unknown powerful tongue.

As time went on I saw great name after great name disappear from university lists. In the course of five years several thousand professional men have been relieved, in one way or another, of their posts. At one time the august name of Goethe himself was under a cloud and one heard disparaging remarks on his genius. Now the Nazis have by some peculiar process harnessed his world-spirit to the service of their own hyper-nationalist one. But I remember the time when Goethe's tomb was bare while Schiller's was almost obscured with wreaths. Heinrich Heine, one of the most splendid of lyric poets, among countless other literary men of the past, was on the black list, his books burned. That he was a Jew was his unforgivable sin against culture. Not only Jews were eliminated from the heroic cultural tradition of Germany, but pacifists, Liberals, progressive and world-thinkers as well.

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Five years ago one could name without stopping ten to twenty living men of genius, splendid symbols of Germany's gift to culture. In 1938 one has difficulty in naming more than one, still living and active in the Third Reich. That name and that personality has been watched with apprehension by lovers of music and freedom. Furtwängler, one of the finest living conductors, lives and works in Germany—and remains unique in so doing.

Other internationally famous musicians—pianists, violinists, singers—have boycotted Germany because of Hitler's liquidation of German culture. From time to time a foreign artist does come to give a concert and the German people flock to it. This is their way of registering disapproval of their own inadequate talent.

The opera is somewhat better. Goering himself is the dictator of the opera, as Goebbels is of the movies. He has a lot of money at his disposal and a proportionate amount of personal pride and vanity. However, money cannot always produce great voices, though it can help to make interesting and lavish production. And there are no great and no new voices in the regular opera.

If one has followed the German movie industry in the past five years, one does not need to be told what has happened there. Formerly the Germans produced some of the finest pictures in Europe, original ideas, talented stars, brilliant directors. Now the pictures are dull, heavy, uninspired, with inane stories and pointless comedy.

In the legitimate theatre conditions are not much better. There are a handful of quite talented actors and actresses still playing in Germany. The "boss" of the theatre business is Gustav Grundgens, around whose name and fame many controversies rage. I saw his performance of *Hamlet* a year or two ago and compared to John Gielgud's English production it was not much better than glorified ham-acting. Most people, however, think him a good actor. Werner Kraus is another "name" and Agnes Straub who may have been exciting ten years ago, acts in a manner and in plays which would be run off Broadway in a few days. The contemporary plays have little merit, and the production is as pedestrian and out-of-date as that of a provincial town. They have nothing that can in any way be mentioned in the same breath with our musical comedies and revues.

Last summer in Munich, a PURE and a DEGENERATE exhibition of art was held. The dictators of culture carefully went through all German art and chose what they considered to be Aryan and Non-Aryan canvasses. Hitler's final word of course was given on all selection. There were many funny stories in circulation about the complications the choices entailed. Goebbels apparently has different ideas of art from his Leader. One artist, officially accepted by Hitler at the time of the Olympic Games, was chosen by Goebbels—perhaps thinking he would please his master—to be represented in the PURE art show. The story goes that when the two of them walked through the galleries before the opening, Hitler stopped in vociferous rage in front of this particular canvas. He had either forgotten his earlier patronage of this artist, or had changed his mind. He turned on Goebbels angrily and demanded that he rush the canvas immediately out of his sight and into the DEGENERATE art exhibition. Many of the canvasses were shifted back and forth before the directors could make up their minds whether Hitler would consider them degenerate or pure. The attendance at the DEGENERATE exhibition was twice that of its weaker rival.

One of Hitler's favourite pictures is of himself in silver armour, mounted on a black steed, waving a tremendous Nazi banner. The title is *The Standard Bearer*. It calls to mind immediately a very bad calendar advertisement broadly coloured, of an early Crusader.

The way in which art is tampered with and artists scorned, unless they fulfill the requirements laid down by Nazi theories, creates a bitterness among all classes of intellectuals. Feeling their art to be hampered and their intellects cramped they are willing now more than ever before to take part in opposition, a group of former individualists in many cases who now have less scorn of the necessity for organisation.

Since my return to the United States, the question I have heard most often is: "Does a real opposition exist in Germany, and if so, how effective is it?" The best answer is found in the acts of Hitler and the Nazis themselves. The increased use of terror and suppression indicates that Hitler knows and fears the extent to which his enemies do and might go.

His most loyal groups of course are within the tremendous bureaucratic system he has created and in his private army, the S.A., which is now 100,000 strong. Until 1934, most people thought the S.A. or brown-shirted storm troopers supported him with their entire strength. In the "Bloody Purge" of June in that year, he forever dispelled the illusion of their solidarity. He killed hundreds of leaders and reduced this huge semi-military popular army by half. They have not forgotten this, nor the fact that they were his original supporters with belief in a programme designed for their benefit, which he never fulfilled.

It is common talk at diplomatic teas and parties, among foreign statesmen, newspaper men and German officials themselves, that the Reichswehr (the regular army), a conservative and highly organized group of trained soldiers, contains a clique of high officers who do not approve of Hitler's aggressive foreign policy. They fear that his recklessness may lead them into a war before they are ready.

It is an open question whether they would support Hitler in case of a rash military move. If they felt the army to be unprepared they might attempt to establish a military dictatorship rather than obey.

The industrialists support Hitler thus far, and will continue

(*Continued on page* 136)

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The briefest yet . . . for wear with either Tampons or Towels . . . . complete protection in an entirely new-style garment.

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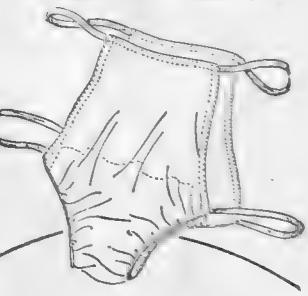

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to do so as long as they get their profits and control his policy. That they are complaining now and fearful of what they call "state socialism," is indicative of what might come later.

The middle class, from which a great majority of the S.A. sprung, and for whom the "revolution" was made, cannot be counted on for indefinite support unless Hitler in some way alleviates their critical economic position; they who put Hitler in power and believed their class would consequently be firmly established in German economic life, have serious doubts whether Hitler has even remembered them. They have borne much of the cost, financial economic and spiritual, of Hitler's Salvation of Germany programme. They grumble and they are restless.

Millions of workers have received jobs in the Third Reich, but workers have a curious tenacity and tough memory. They and the middle class have been tightening their belts notch by notch these last five years. They may not express themselves until there are no notches left, but when that moment comes, it is logical to suppose that even Hitler's despotism and oppression could not stem the tide.

It must be remembered that millions of people in 1932, registered their belief in democracy at the polls. These millions are not yet dead. There is a nucleus of a radical group, composed of Pacifists, Catholic and Protestant leaders and their followers, Communists, intellectuals and former Democrats, very small but very strong, operating in Germany.

Not only because Hitler is financially and economically bankrupt, but also because he can estimate the degree and potential danger of the opposition, he attempts to distract the German people from the realities of everyday life. He, like the Roman tyrants who had as a motto, "circuses and bread," stages big shows, celebrations, anniversary days, displays, a fanfare of uniforms and drums, banners and songs. He tears up a treaty, he regains the Rhine, he asks for colonies, he receives visits of foreign potentates, he bluffs the democracies, he holds out temptingly the rich lands of the Ukraine, he participates in wars already started far afield. Always one hears the refrain "sacrifice, sacrifice for the future glory of the Fatherland."

Though war looks imminent and the psychology of war grips Europe, it is not inevitable. If the opposition would rise and assert itself, or if the democratic powers would unite in taking fearless and vigorous action, there might never be war. Therefore Hitler courts England and Italy at the same time, does everything within his power to keep France and Great Britain and Russia apart—one of his main policies being the complete extinction of the Soviet Union—forms a highly unpopular alliance for strategic diplomatic reasons with Mussolini, which so far has gained him nothing. Hitler knows what happened in the last war and that his raw materials and food supplies could not last more than a few months. While playing off one power against the other, counting on and abetting the dissensions and apathy among democratic nations, he is taking a long chance, and a dangerous one. Rather than allow the opposition in Germany to consolidate and take action, or to find himself in a possible impasse created by strong action of other nations, he might plunge the nation into another international conflict, hoping to get the people behind him, through patriotism and war hysteria—thus to save his own system.

But Hitler's continuous citation of victories in foreign fields, proclamations concerning aggressive acts and ambitions in international politics, are intended to compensate for the economic bankruptcy he has brought upon the people. It is a moot question how long the German people will be satisfied. But in the meantime, Hitler should be checked by the firm international co-operation of all democracies. Nazi-ism will not collapse of itself. Its death will be caused by pressure from within or without. Perhaps both.

END

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MEN ARE CRUEL! If only girls could overhear the remarks men make about them in the cloakrooms at dances, they'd be staggered. A man will often say, "Take my tip, steer clear of Mary J—, she *perspires*."

You may be sure, if your frock gets even a little damp with underarm perspiration, people notice the odour when they come near you. The easiest and quickest way to guard against this is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream*, it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid at Boots, chemists and department stores.

Arrid 1/11 *a jar*

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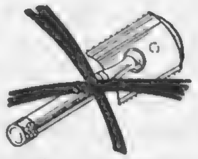
Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories



The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface.* No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 111), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N W.10.

New Beauty for Every Woman

(*Continued from page 38*)

That is the ritual. But your skin will probably have its own troubles. An *ageing skin* needs Vitormone Cream night and day, using it by day as a powder foundation to carry on the good work of rejuvenation. The cream is supercharged with vitamins and hormones, and works wonders restoring glow to a skin that looks worn.

If your trouble is enlarged pores bathe your face nightly with hot water to which a teaspoonful of borax has been added. Pat it dry, and re-cleanse it with Complexion Milk, finally dabbing on Open Pore Lotion. Once a week use Facial Cream Pack to *super-tone.* And before making-up in the mornings use Open-pore Lotion as a powder base; this will effectively mask and eventually closes any unsightly pores round the nose, on the forehead, or in the chin.

Eat meat that is grilled or boiled, steamed fish; avoid rich foods; choose vegetables and fruits that are not acid.

Sallow Skin. Regular, scientific massage is the best cure for this, as faulty circulation is the cause of sallowness. Exercise vigourously, drink plenty of cold water. Meat should be underdone, food lightly cooked.

Complexion Milk will do much to whiten your skin, and a ten minute application of Facial Cream Pack once a week will not be out of place.

Red Veins are caused by sudden changes of temperature, and eating either too heavy, or too hasty, meals.

So, take very light meals, eat slowly, avoid spicy foods and cut down alcohol. Have a light saline laxative each morning, and moderate daily exercise to stimulate the circulation, being careful to avoid exposing the face to strong or cold winds.

Innoxa Green Face Powder will tone your skin down to a natural creaminess, and a persevering use of the Complexion Milk followed by the application of Astringent Lotion will do much to dissipate the veins.

Try these preparations, and be delighted with the improvement in your face. A detailed colourscope gives an ample guide to make-up.

Freshness By Day

(*Continued from page 40*)

If you are to be dressed in soft fuchsia shades, fainting mauves and sunset pinks, Cyclax clover pink make-up is your ticket. If you are wearing cool lime-greens and hydrangea blues, or other high-lit summer tones take Arden's cyclamen. Arden has also a Sun-Fair make-up—no suggestion of tan—which makes the skin look like sun-light and has a captivating sky-pink lipstick.

Avoid moist hands by pressing a few drops of a scented astringent into the palms after washing.

Using a dusting powder which is a fine heat absorbent and will set you apart as being ever-flawless and cool.

Let your hands be paler in make-up than your arms and face, as pale as your neck, only the hint of a tone, but that hint will ensure delicacy and heighten the remaining colour and glow.

Glamour By Night

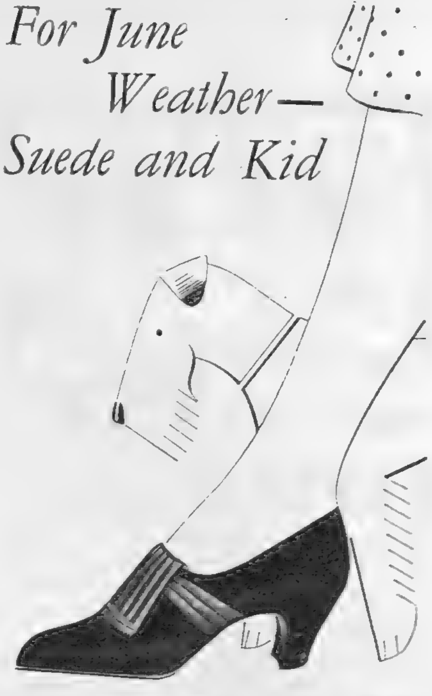
(*Continued from page 41*)

of brown limbs trapped and trammelled—is what sun-tan demands in the evening. There is nothing more youthifying to the face than tan in its full radiance. It moulds the cheeks firmly and gives size to the eyes.

Those whom the hot weather causes to flush, instead of to tan, can find reprieve in a jade powder at night, which cloaks them in becoming pallor.

Your rule should always be to be either twenty times as dazzling by night, or twenty times as unsubstantial, and yet either quality should express the essential *you*, intensified. Write to us for guidance in evening make-ups, which, to be successful, should colour-harmonize with your clothes.

For June Weather— Suede and Kid



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Pearls and a Party

(Continued from page 27)

and hips, and said with a defiant lift of her chin. "If it'd slipped down, it'd slip out. I don't wear enough clothes to stop it."

"Then," said Lindsay in that dry voice, "we'd better shut the door and find it."

"Has anyone gone out of the room in the last half hour?" he added.

"No one," said Richard.

He was looking at Binnie, and his eyes had narrowed, while his foot tapped the floor.

A tall, dark man, whom Loretta didn't know, said in a lisping voice: "Hadn't we better all agree to be searched? I'm quite willing, myself . . ."

And then Lindsay surprised her.

"Hardly necessary, I imagine," he said curtly. "I suggest that we go in for the rather overdone, but useful move, of turning out the lights and waiting for the necklace to be returned. Whoever has it might put it on the roulette table among the rest of the plunder . . . ."

"I don't think so," said Garth Bevan coldly. "That surely means that we shall go on suspecting each other for the rest of our lives. A situation that I, for one, dislike intensely. There's a thief among us. Let's know who it is, and be quit of the whole business."

"I'd rather," said Binnie softly, "have the lights put out."

Her eyes slid round appealingly to the tall dark man, and he nodded.

"Best way out of a nasty affair," he said.

"Nothing doing," said Garth Bevan stubbornly. "I'm sorry, Binnie . . . we'll have it over in private. No one except the people in this room need know anything about it. But I'm darned if I'm going out of this room suspecting all my friends . . . or having them suspect me."

"How right you are," said Richard.

He pushed his chair away from the table and tilted it back, his hands in his pockets. Loretta saw his face change; go whiter than before, and a muscle twitched in his cheek.

Binnie hesitated. She glanced again at the dark man and at something in his eyes. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Very well," she said petulantly, and sat down. "Now what do we do?"

Lindsay walked into the middle of the room and crooked a finger at Garth Bevan.

"Better start on me," he said, "and when you're satisfied that I haven't got the necklace, then I'll take over and go through the rest of the business."

"Right," said Garth.

Garth went expertly through Lindsay's pockets. He finished off, and said with a clipped tone: "No . . . you're all clear."

"Thanks," said Lindsay drily, "I'll do the same for you."

In some way . . . how, Loretta couldn't have said, the women had gone into a huddled group away from the men. They were all together by the Hungarian tapestry in the corner. She stood a little way away from them.

Lindsay was saying something to Garth Bevan, but she couldn't hear what it was. Only Garth went over and pulled a screen of crimson leather out, and one by one the men went behind it.

The silence was so intense that she was surprised that no one heard the slow, heavy beats of her heart. She saw the dark man go behind the screen and come out and walk over to Binnie with a peculiar, boneless slouch. And then Richard went. He went with a jerky walk, his chin lifted, the lock of hair tossed back from his eye. His face was white and his eyes very bright and blue.

As he got to the edge of the screen, he shrugged his shoulders and took his hands out of his pockets.

"Oh, don't bother Lindsay," he said, "here's the necklace. I suppose it's rather childish of me to say that I didn't take it when it is so

(Continued on page 140)

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GWR

CAMBRIAN COAST

obviously in my possession. Still, for the sake of my proper pride, I should like to put it on record before I go out into the outer darkness and gnash . . . that I did *not* take it."

"What do you mean?" said Garth Bevan loudly.

"I mean," said Richard, with a pale, queer grin, "that you still don't know who was the thief in your midst. Someone slipped it into my pocket. I don't know who. If I did, things would be very different. As it is, Binnie, I suggest you send for the police."

"Oh, Richard," said Binnie, "don't talk that way. I—I can't bear all this. Please go away, Richard. I'm sure—I'm quite sure that you can trust everyone in this room not to say a word. . . ."

"I have every intention of saying a word," said Garth Bevan, "every intention."

"So you see," said Richard, turning to Binnie again, "you might as well send for the police."

"Oh, don't be silly," moaned Binnie, and she collapsed into a slender huddled heap in a big chair, her face hidden in her hands.

Loretta stepped forward two paces and said in a cold voice: "Yes, Binnie . . . let's have this properly settled. Garth Bevan wouldn't agree to Lindsay's idea . . . he insisted on someone being shown up. Now I think it's only fair that Richard gets a proper trial."

"If you don't send for the police, darling," said Richard in a casual voice, "I'm going out of this place, and I'm not going to gnash in the outer darkness. I'm going to go round everywhere; and if anyone attempts to throw me out because of this, I shall bring libel and slander actions. I shall say, Binnie darling, that you had your own reasons for wanting those pearls lost to-night; and by the time we're finished, neither you nor I shall have a rag of a reputation left."

"I won't send for the police!" said Binnie.

Richard hesitated for a moment. Then he snatched the necklace from Lindsay's hand, dived for the door, upset Garth with a rugger hand-off, and was gone.

Loretta gave a little sigh, and quietly fainted.

LINDSAY propped Loretta up in an easy chair. He gave her brandy and said shortly: "Stay there, Loretta, and don't talk. I'll do the talking."

Garth Bevan still stood by the door. He looked injured but determined. Binnie was sitting very still, her face very white and her blue eyes clear and bright . . . like sea water on a summer day.

"Better phone the police now, Binnie," said Lindsay. "It's a nasty business, but you've got to get your pearls back."

She didn't answer, and the silence in the hot, quiet room became oppressive.

"Only common sense," said Garth in an unpleasant voice, "and you'd better not waste time. The insurance company will ask questions, you know."

"Perhaps," said Binnie negligently, and she stood up and stretched out her arms, "perhaps Richard will stop being dramatic and bring them back."

"Not after what you did to him," said Lindsay in a queer voice.

Binnie shot a cold glance at him.

"I don't want the police," she said. "It's not the sort of thing that I'd do. He'll bring them back."

The dark man made an inarticulate sound. He looked at Binnie, and his eyes were starting out of his head.

"Don't be a fool, Jinx," she said curtly.

Someone knocked on the door, and everyone stared at it. It opened, and a servant came in with a note. He gave it to Lindsay, who raised one eyebrow, and said politely to Binnie: "Do you mind?"

Binnie shrugged.

Loretta sat quite still and watched Lindsay. She felt quite numb. She had a terrible vision of Richard running, running away, and people after him. The hunt was up! Richard panting, eyes wide, that lock of brown hair

(*Continued on page* 142)

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damp with sweat, plastered down over his forehead.

Lindsay read the note and then he looked at Binnie. "Binnie," he said, "we're all friends here."

He glanced round the room . . . at Garth Bevan, stubborn and angry by the door, at the others huddled like sheep, embarrassed and upset; at Loretta, so pale and so still in her chair; and at the dark man, who seemed to crouch a little as he stood by Binnie.

He said in a deliberate voice: "I think it only fair to let everyone know the contents of this note. Richard Neill has been publicly accused of theft . . . it is only right that he should be publicly acquitted. That is what he proposes. Binnie, he is waiting until to-morrow morning. Unless by then I can show him a signed clearance, he will give himself up to the police with the necklace that was found in his pocket."

Someone sighed. The sound whispered in the still room and died away. Binnie Cardingham stood rigid, her eyes that bright, clear blue, and a queer defiant smile touching her lips.

"He says," Lindsay went on in that deliberate deadly voice, "that the pearls will be Exhibit A. He says with a lamentable flippancy, that even if he wished to steal the pearls, he would not have stolen Binnie's, because he knows for a fact that she pawned her real pearls months ago, and the necklace she was wearing to-night was imitation. He says that somebody blundered and dropped the pearls into his pocket when Binnie gave the alarm. He says that possibly he will not be able to prove that he did not steal them, but that everyone will know that the pearls are imitation, and that it will look very much like an attempt to defraud the insurance company."

"What a bungler you are," said Binnie Cardingham to the dark man, "what a bungler! I'm sorry, my dear, but it seems that I shall not be able to lend you the money you wanted so badly. Probably, I shan't be able to pay my own bills. Oh, well, Lindsay . . . you're right. It's a crash for me. Only I never meant anyone to try and get Richard in a bother. It was this fool here . . . he was supposed to have got out of the room before I gave the alarm. I didn't reckon on you and Loretta parking yourselves by the door like that . . . and you know how it is when people are gambling. They don't notice who comes in or goes out of a room. So you want a signed confession, darling?"

"I don't think so," said Lindsay grimly. "I imagine that everyone here will understand that Richard had nothing to do with it. Only I'd like it made quite plain how the necklace got into his pocket, just to be sure."

"Oh, Jinx shoved it there . . . didn't you Jinx, my poor idiot?"

"I—I . . ." began Jinx.

Binnie tapped impatiently with her small, slender foot.

"Don't jitter," she said. "I gave you the necklace. I suppose you thought it clever to shove it into Richard's pocket."

"I hadn't a chance," said Jinx sullenly, "to tell you that I couldn't get away. As you said yourself, gamblers get absorbed. They don't notice anything. You wouldn't notice me."

"Very pretty," said Lindsay politely.

He glanced round the room again and raised his eyebrows at Garth Bevan.

"Content?" he asked.

"I'll see there's no mistake about it at all," said Garth.

"Then I'll take Loretta home," said Lindsay. "Binnie, we won't be dramatic . . . no signed confessions. But I'll get into touch with Richard and get your . . . er . . . your necklace back."

Garth stood back from the door, and Lindsay took Loretta's arm.

"Come along," he said, and took her out of the room. Behind them, silent and embarrassed, like a (*Continued on page* 144)

Summer cooking in comfort

The principle of ESSE Heat Storage Cooking necessitates heavy insulation which retains the heat within the cooker and does not radiate excessive heat waves throughout the kitchen to the distress of cook. Although the ESSE burns smokeless solid fuel (preferably anthracite) continuously day and night, the kitchen remains comfortable and healthy even on the hottest of days.

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G.F.B. 435

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Charles H. Baber Ltd. *(Near Queen's Hall)*

small flock of sheep, went the other people. Garth brought up the rear.

Loretta murmured: "I told you, Lindsay, that Binnie was a good gambler. She never even cracked."

"I'll drive you home," said Lindsay, as if he hadn't heard.

He drove her home and saw her up to her flat.

She slipped her key into the lock, and then turned and looked at him. Her eyes were bright with tears, and her lips quivered.

"Thanks a lot, Lindsay," she said—"as many thanks as I owe you for that gipsy business. Lindsay, will you do one more thing? See Richard to-night, wherever he is . . . and then come back and tell me what he's doing. Will you? I'll wait up."

SHE waited for a long time. It was all over and finished. Only she wanted to know what Richard was going to do. Perhaps, after all, Lindsay would fix for him to go to Crowe again.

The flat bell rang, and she got up and went to the door. Lindsay stood there, tall and gloomy, his top hat tilted slightly forward, the gleam of his shirt front catching the pale morning light.

In the pale light, now that he had his hat off, she saw that his eyes were sunken, and he looked very tired. She said impulsively: "Oh, Lindsay dear, it's a shame to keep you on the go like this, and you with this case on your hands in court to-morrow . . . to-day!"

"Never mind," he said, and looked down at her and took her right hand in his. "Loretta, I've got two things for you. One is the pawn ticket for your necklace which Richard sends you with his love and remorse; and the other is Richard's note which he sent me when we were still at Binnie's."

She held out her left hand and took the note and the pawn ticket, and very gently pulled her right hand away from his. She skimmed over the first reckless part of Richard's note . . . the part that alluded to Binnie and her necklace, and read the last few lines. "It's pure chance, anyway, that I'm not the thief that you all must think me. In everything else I am. I stole Loretta's love . . . or rather, her young, romantic love. I stole her necklace, which she lent me out of the generosity of her heart. I shall go away after this . . . away from Loretta. It's not in me to love any one more than myself . . . and Loretta deserves better than that. Let her remember me kindly, Lindsay. I think, deep down, that she's always loved you, only you scared her off by your success and your grimness."

She was silent for a long time; and the sun rose, and streamers of gold and rose spread out across the pallid sky.

Then she turned round and said in a shaken voice: "Lindsay . . . I think he's right. About you, I mean."

Lindsay came across the room and held her close to him.

"I've given him the money to pay the usurer, sweet; he's quite clear now. You ought to know that. He can start fresh."

"I hope he will," said Loretta, "quite fresh, with a new life and a new love. Lindsay dear, I think I fell in love with you when you got me out of the bother with the gipsy . . . only you wouldn't encourage me at all."

He held her very close, his cheek against her soft hair; and by and by she said: "I was so frightened this evening, and now I shall never be frightened again . . . never. I shall have you Lindsay."

And suddenly he smiled and kissed her hair and said: "Loretta, we'll live in the country. I'd rather risk gipsies than London parties."

But she put up one hand and touched his face. "We'll live anywhere you like. But we'd always be safe, you and I."

Very far below, through the quiet, sleeping street, came the rattle and clatter of the milkman's cart. . . .

END

You'd think *somebody* would tell her....

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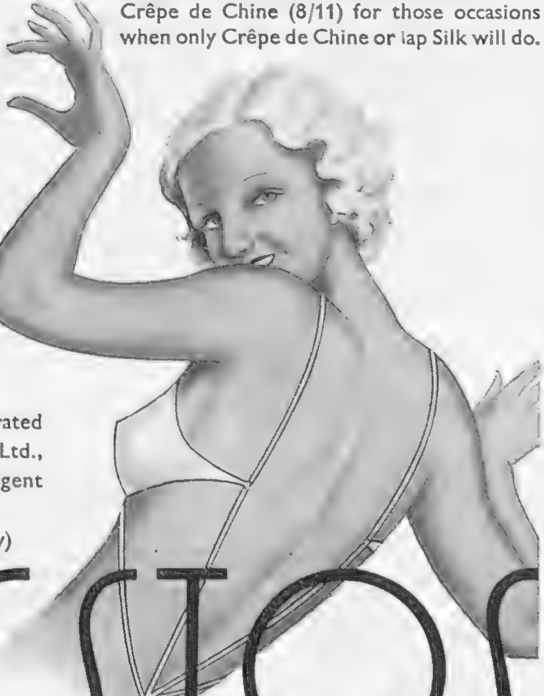

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A Glass of Something Cold

(*Continued from page 72*)

Robinson's lemon barley water by itself is a delicious and comforting drink, well known for its refreshing qualities.

It is also a good base for something more dashing, like the following: lemon barley water mixed either with pineapple, strawberry, or raspberry fruit pulp. Well iced and serve with straws. Definitely thirst quenching.

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Don't forget this old favourite too: one portion of Robinson's lemon barley water in a tumbler, and fill up with iced ginger ale.

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This year, Dr. Barnardo's Homes are asking for 400,000 half-crowns to take them through the "lean" months, and since there is no joy like the joy of giving and no satisfaction equal to that of assisting those who really need help, they hope that all will give as generously as they can to ensure that every child in this great family gets its three good meals a day. And there is no doubt that the children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes need the help of all—they need it very badly. Ten shillings will feed one child for a fortnight. Cheques, crossed, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Winter Holidays in India

IT was announced in last month's "Britannia and Eve" that winter holidays in India could be planned at inclusive prices by the Indian Railways Bureau. The Bureau wishes to point out that, since it acts purely in an advisory capacity, it cannot quote exact prices. However, the cool winter climate of India, its majestic moments and unique life are attracting so many "sun-worshippers" and lovers of beauty that the Bureau is dealing with an ever-increasing number of enquiries; and readers may be sure of a reasonable idea of cost and many helpful suggestions in planning a fascinating Indian tour if they call at 57 Haymarket, London.

A Change of Address

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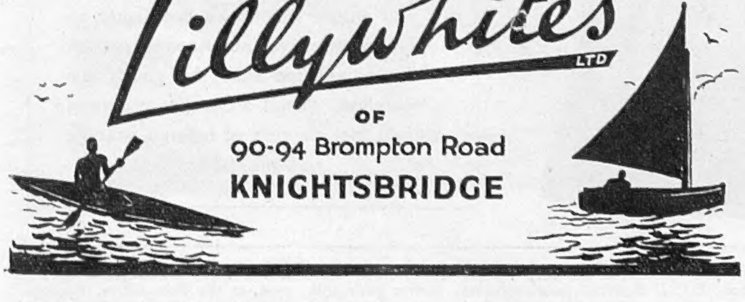

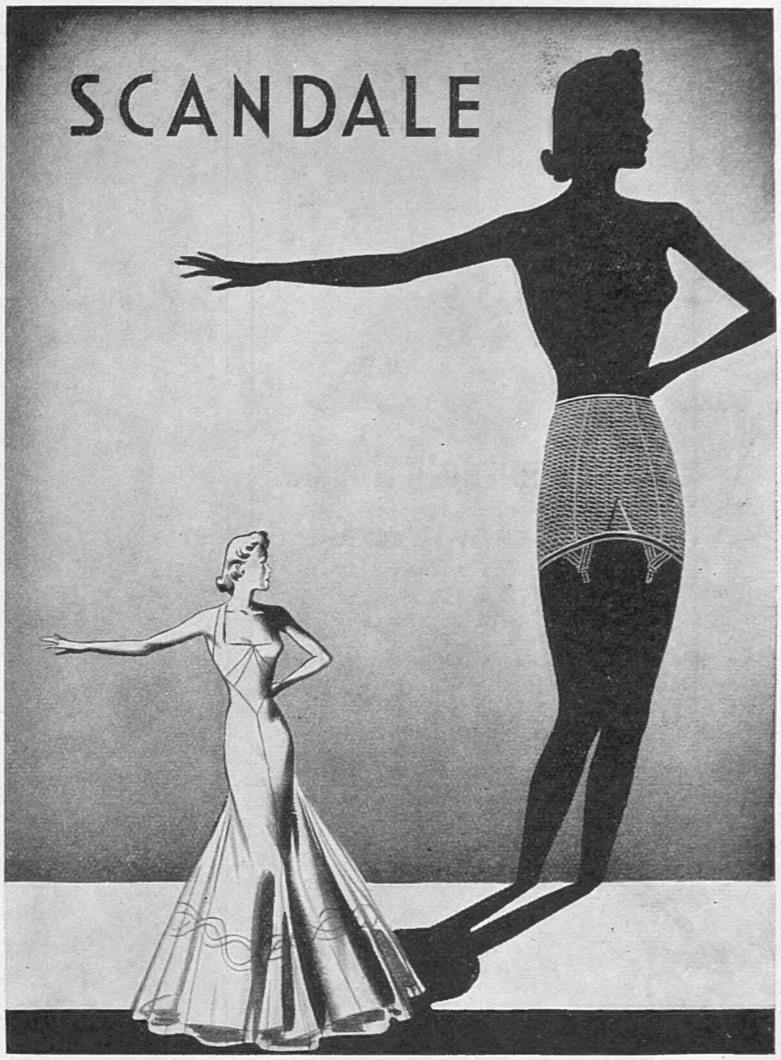

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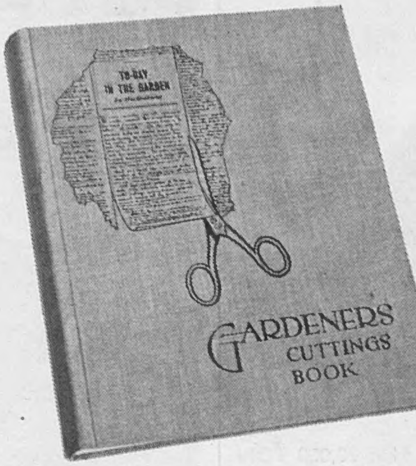
In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Good Buys of *the* Month



Left:
Nearly every daily paper publishes useful gardening hints and information from time to time. In this Gardener's Cuttings Book enthusiastic amateurs can keep those cuttings of particular interest to themselves. Price 2/6. (Postage 4d.)

Below:
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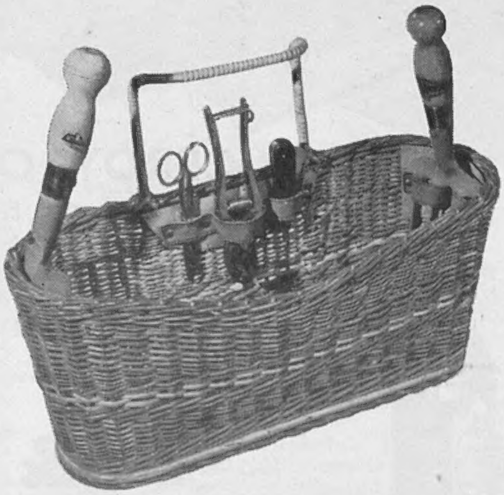

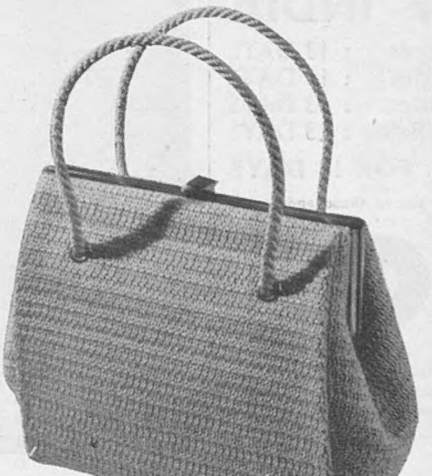

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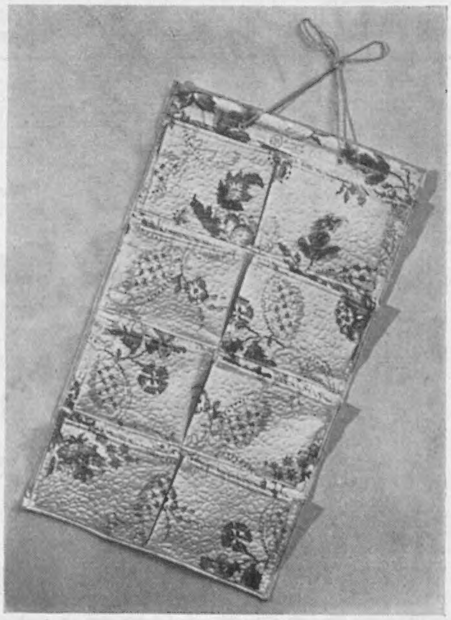

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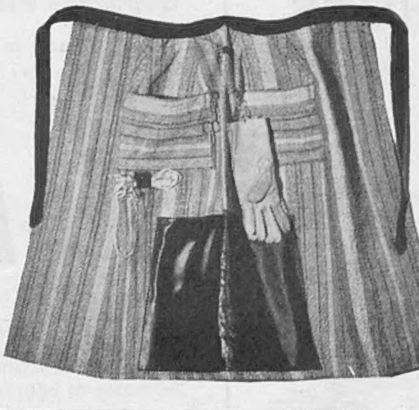

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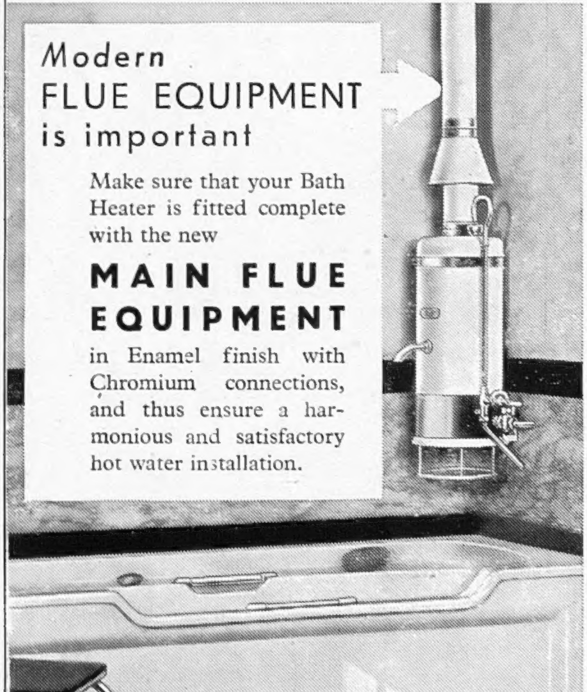

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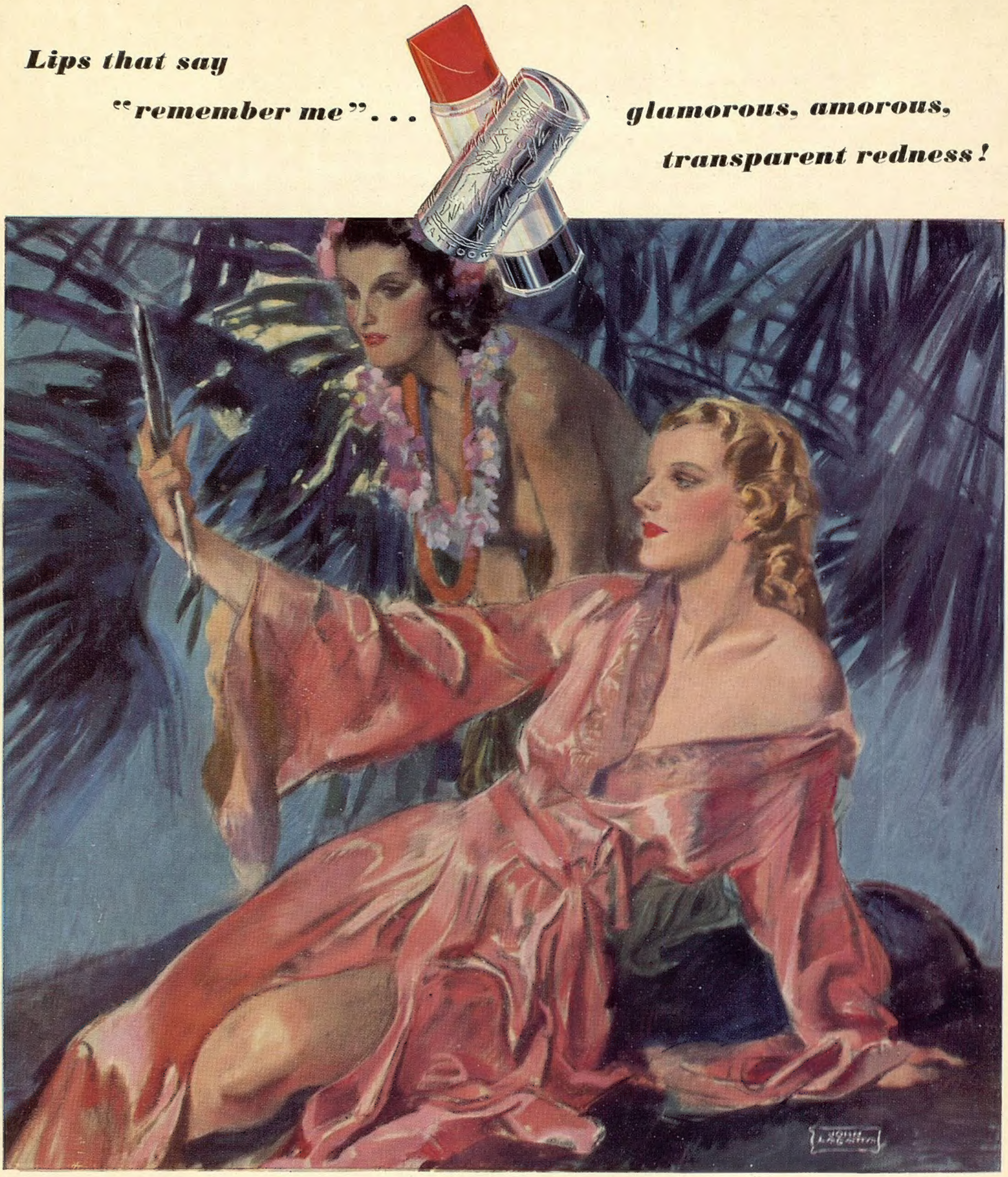
Lips that say

"remember me"...

glamorous, amorous,

transparent redness!



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